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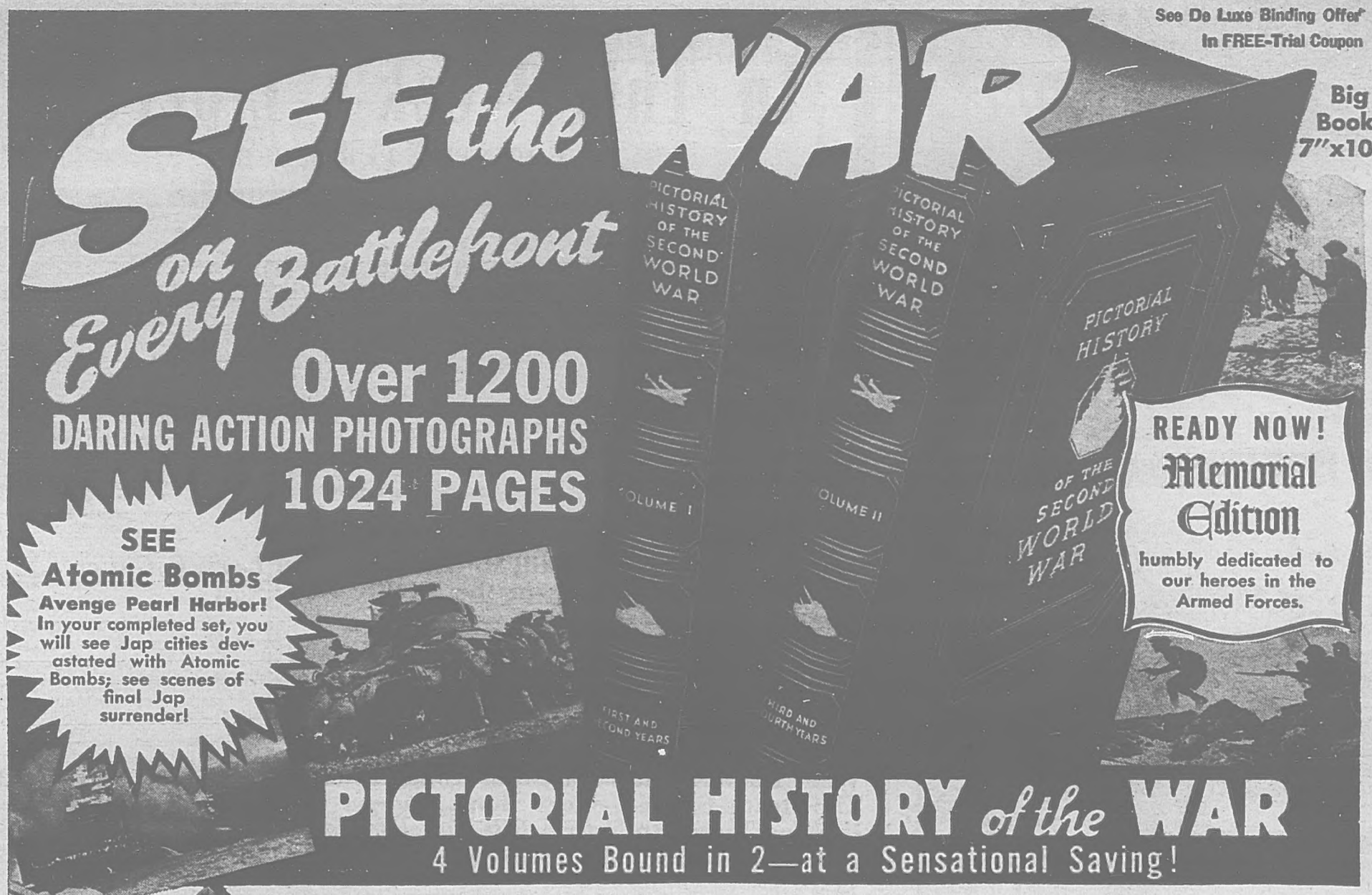
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★ ARTICLES

Are Teen-Age Germans Still Hitler's Children? *Lewis F. Gittler* ... 15
Big Things Are Stirring in the Mighty Northwest *Richard L. Neuberger* ... 18
They've Taken the "Bite" Out of Frostbite, *Albert Q. Maisel* ... 20
Dial-Twisting for a Living, *A. D. Rathbone, IV* ... 22
Shanghai—Last-Fling City, *James Burke* ... 24

★ STORIES

When Daddy Comes Marching Home, *Rhoda Pritzker* ... 28
The Steady-Ender—Short Short, *Georges Carousso* ... 30
I'm Too Young to Marry, *Bill Gulick* ... 32
Some People Have All the Luck—Conclusion, *Booth Tarkington* ... 34

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye ... 26

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Three O'Clock Dinner—*Josephine Pinckney's fascinating story of Charleston—abridged to a reading time of one evening* ... 37

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop ... 6
On the Beam ... 12
Books in Review ... 52
Crossword Puzzle ... 52
Col. Stoopnagle's Fictionary ... 66
Woman-Talk ... 71
Liberty Goes to the Movies ... 74
The Thropp Family ... 78
Veterans' Bulletin Board ... 80

★ EDITORIAL

Fact Finding on Price Control, *Paul Hunter* ... 86

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1319 How to Study
1351 How to Get Ahead
1357 What You Should Know About Law
1427 Law for Workingman
1503 Effective English in Speech and Writing
1504 How to Overcome Self-Consciousness
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1726 How to Think Creatively

Biography

33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
123 Life of Madame du Barry
141 Life of Napoleon
142 Life of Bismarck
253 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
324 Life of Lincoln
343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
395 Autobiography of Cellini
412 Life of Mahomet
490 Life of Michelangelo
506 Life of Voltaire
522 Life of Thomas Paine
523 Life of Franklin
525 Life of Goethe
526 Life of Caesar
528 Life of Shakespeare
537 Life of Barnum
565 Magellan and the Pacific
604 Life of Roosevelt
718 Great Women of Antiquity
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson
1482 Career of Gen. U. S. Grant
1723 Career of Al Capone

Entertainment

606 How to Play Chess
626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
658 Toasts for All Occasions
704 Facts to Know About Palmistry
767 Facts to Know About Astrology
845 Facts to Know About Fortune-Telling
893 Five Hundred Riddles
995 How to Play the Piano
1006 Children's Games
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1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks Exposed
1688 100 Cocktails
1747 Games of Solitaire

Famous Books

1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
313 Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde
337 Pippa Passes. Robert Browning
349 Apology for Idlers
394 Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson
406 Essay on Man. Alexander Pope
785 Ballads of Sir Walter Scott
1196 Girl with Three Husbands
1532 Don Quixote. Cervantes

Fiction

12 Mystery Tales. Poe
21 Carmen
23 Great Sea Stories
40 House and Brain
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
107 The Dream Woman
145 Great Ghost Stories
215 Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw
223 Wanton Wife of a King. Jack London
277 Man Without a Country
290 The Gold Bug
352 Short Stories, William Morris
375 Love Story of an Old Maid
630 Second-Story Man. Upton Sinclair
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
698 Tales of Chicago. Ben Hecht
699 Broken Necks, Ben Hecht
746 A Daughter of Eve
1166 Infatuation
1457 Sketches of Naughty Ladies. Goethe
1458 The Princess and the Tiger. Goethe
1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster
1610 One Lover Among Many
1624 The Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion. Anatole France
1669 The Jolly Beggars. Robt. Burns

Fine Arts

387 History of Painting
403 History of Music
466 History of Sculpture
468 History of Architecture

French Literature in English

3 Fourteen Little Essays. Voltaire
6 Love. Maupassant
27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
28 Toleration. Voltaire
52 Oration on Voltaire. Hugo
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
87 Love: An Essay. Montaigne
103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire
104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
198 Majesty of Justice. France
199 The Tallow Ball. Maupassant
200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire
221 On Women. Maeterlinck
292 Mademoiselle Fifi. Maupassant
314 Short Stories. Daudet
344 Don Juan. Balzac
886 The Piece of String. Maupassant
887 The Necklace. De Maupassant
888 Memoirs of Madame de Stael

Health

1242 Care of Skin and Hair
1321 Fasting for Health
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1435 Constipation: Its Correction
1443 Daily Exercises for Busy People
1478 Poor Posture Corrected by Exercise
1479 Correction of Underweight and Overweight
1534 How to Test Urine at Home
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1563 Marvels of Sunlight

History

50 Paine's Common Sense
83 Marriage: Its Past, Present and Future. Annie Besant
126 History of Rome
149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
150 Lost Civilizations
214 Speeches of Lincoln
276 Speeches of Washington
558 Great Pirates. C. J. Finger
596 A History of Modern Mexico
597 History of American Revolution
627 History of the Jews
1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
1241 Outline of U. S. History
1757 Facts About Alaska

Humor

20 Let's Laugh. Nasby
26 On Going to Church. Bernard Shaw
168 Witty Epigrams. Oscar Wilde
291 The Jumping Frog. Twain
347 Riddle Rimes
348 Best Wit of the Scotch
382 Humor of Lincoln
670 Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon
771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
971 Humorous Anecdotes
1115 Ridiculous Stories
1146 College Humor
1191 Broadway Wisecracks
1199 Laughable Lyrics
1200 Nonsense Stories
1261 Prize Winning Tongue Twisters

Jokes

972 Popular Joke Book
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1184 Book of Best Scotch Jokes
1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
1231 Book of Best Jokes
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
1475 More Best Jokes
1825 Stop, Look and Laugh. 62 Gag-cartoons

Juvenile

44 Aesop's Fables
57 Rip Van Winkle
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
158 Alice in Wonderland
188 Adventures of Munchausen
391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida
516 Real Adventures
554 Child's Garden of Verse
559 Robinson Crusoe
716 Mother Goose
819 Strange Murders
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella

Literature

79 Enoch Arden
95 Confessions of an Opium Eater
146 Snowbound; Pied Piper
148 Strength of the Strong. Jack London
152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
177 Subjection of Women
229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
285 Unconventional Amour
289 Pepy's Diary
513 Travels of Marco Polo
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
799 Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith
829 Voltaire. Clarence Darrow
1569 Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love
1673 Runaway Wife

Love and Romance

106 Frenchwoman's Views of Life
196 The Marquise: Secret Passion
283 Courtship of Miles Standish
404 Romances of Paris
410 French Amorous Misadventures
438 Secret Memoirs of French Royal Mistress
540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
541 French Love Stories of Many Hues
665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
786 Catherine the Great and Her Lovers
810 Some Polite Scandals of Parisian Life
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917 Room No. 11
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919 The Clown
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1047 Mysterious Exiles
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1202 Forbidden Love
1213 Romance That Balzac Lived
1270 Among the Mormons
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1428 Curious Love Affairs
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1587 Amazing Loves of King Carol of Rumania
1620 Merry Tales. France
1622 Five Women and the Grand Passion. France
1656 The Girdle of Aphrodite

Philosophy

11 A Guide to Nietzsche
19 Nietzsche: Who He Was
35 Facing Plain Facts of Life
96 Dialogues of Plato
101 Thoughts on Man. Pascal
153 Chinese Philosophy of Life
159 Guide to Plato
414 Art of Happiness. Powys
520 A Guide to Spinoza. Durant
571 Story of Kant's Philosophy
671 Moral Discourses of Epictetus
839 Anatole France: Laughing Cynic

Religion

4 The Age of Reason. Paine
61 What is Religion? Tolstoy
184 Primitive Beliefs
593 As a Man Thinketh
600 The Essence of the Bible
636 Greatest Thing in the World
684 Essence of Judaism

Russian Literature (in English)

24 The Kiss. Chekhov
45 Tolstoy's Short Stories
100 Red Laugh. Andreyev
105 Seven Hanged. Andreyev
239 26 Men and a Girl. Gorky

Science

53 Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
92 Hypnotism Made Plain
190 Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Behavior
217 The Puzzle of Personality
408 Einstein's Relativity Explained
447 Auto-Suggestion
467 Facts About Evolution
491 Psychology for Beginners
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727 Psychology of Affections
761 Food and Diet
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
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876 Curiosities of Mathematics
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1429 Airplanes, How to Fly Them
1442 Facts About Graphology
1514 Inventions of Edison
1595 Facts About Calendar
1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams
1754 How to Read Finger Prints

Social Hygiene

14 What Every Girl Should Know
74 Physiology of Sex Life
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
98 How to Love. Wood
172 Evolution of Sex. Wood
189 Eugenics Made Plain
203 Love Rights of Women
648 Rejuvenation—Fountain of Youth. Fielding
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
653 What Boys Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
689 Woman's Sexual Life
690 Man's Sexual Life
691 The Child's Sexual Life
717 Modern Sexual Morality
726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases
782 Psycho-Analysis and the Mind and Body
784 Tests Used in Psycho-Analysis
800 Sex in Psychoanalysis
864 Confidential Chats With Husbands

Miscellaneous

986 How to Talk and Debate
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988 The Art of Courtship
1003 How to Think Logically
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
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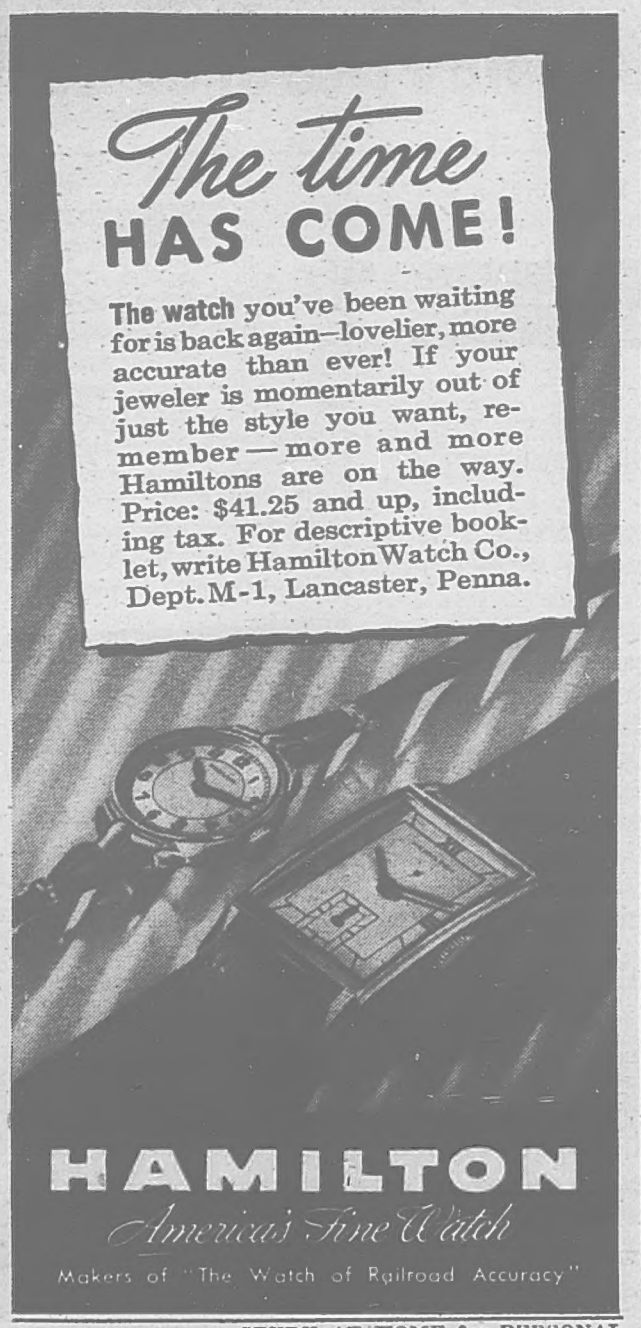
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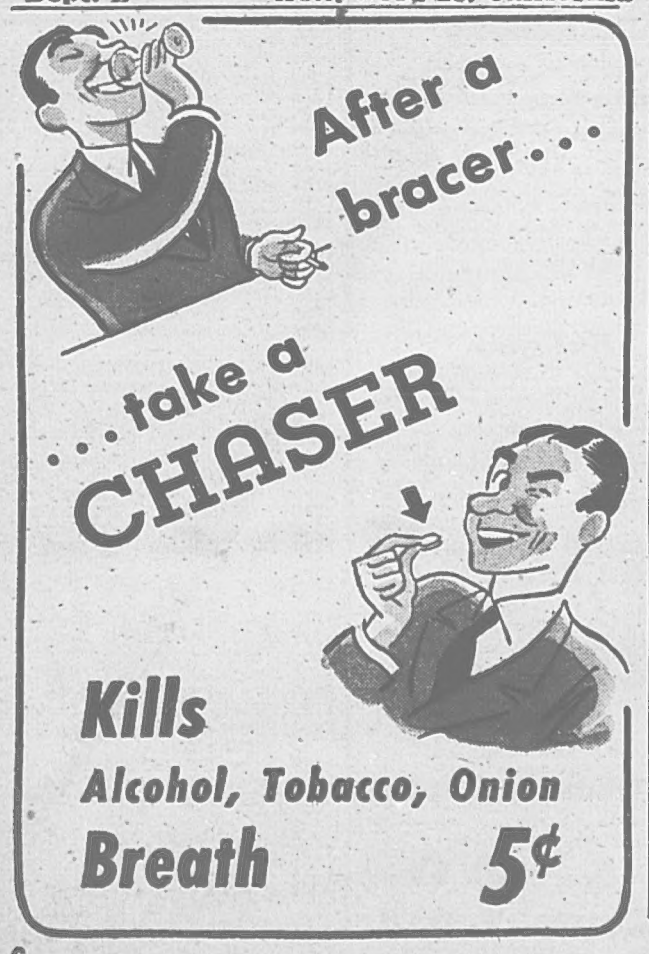

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The Voice of the People

CASH AND CARRY—WITH FINGERPRINTS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I have just finished Myron Stearns' very interesting article, Pen-Point Robbers (December 8), regarding the loss of checks and the expense to business and industry caused by forgers and check robbers.

It occurred to me while reading the article that the required use of fingerprints by all banks would help trace check stealers and robbers. Banks could ask for the fingerprint of the signer of the check beside his

signature. At the same time each endorser should also be asked to put his own fingerprint beside his name.—*Guy P. Boutté.*

CONSIDER THE CAUSES

SWANNANOA, N. C.—The December 8 issue of Liberty carried a very interesting and true article, New Life for the Oldest Profession? by Amram Scheinfeld.

But I disagree with the implication that the discovery by Sir Alexander Fleming of penicillin is injecting new life into the profession and thereby making more difficult one of the most serious social problems. Since the profession is as old as the ages, let's remove the causes before blaming anyone. The numbers may have increased, but surely the problems are half solved with VD under control. Our social institutions can fight the moral issue better now, since the mind and body aren't being destroyed by disease. —*2d Lt. Cecil B. Keene.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—May I be permitted to growl over Amram Scheinfeld's article on prostitution? Mention is made of husbands patronizing prostitutes—*married* men; that they are known to be in the majority.

But one point has been overlooked. It is our marriage system that is at fault. Frigidity, and all that that denotes and connotes, is one rock on which too many marriages are foundering.—*C. H.*

CONSCRIPTION—UNWANTED

SEATTLE, WASH.—Your magazine frequently carries articles which serve the important purpose of presenting to the public issues of major concern. One such issue, which faces the nation now, is permanent military conscription. The case *for* conscription has been given wide attention in the papers, magazines, and on the radio. You could do a real service by printing an article which gives the case *against* it in order that the public may be able to reach a thoughtful conclusion. —*Robert O. Blood, Jr.*

To the hundreds of people who have written to us in the same vein, we can only say, remember Booth Tarkington's anti-conscription discussion in Liberty, April 28, 1945?—VOX POP EDITOR.

THE BLAME FOR PEARL HARBOR

WAYNOKA, OKLA.—I am ashamed of people like Mrs. E. J. Combs who writes in Vox Pop (December 15) that the late Franklin D. Roosevelt is entirely to blame for Pearl Harbor.

After all, whose fault was it that she, and so many like her, were uninformed? President Roosevelt and his staff tried in every way to let the American people know where we stood, but Americans everywhere insisted on sticking their foolish heads in big deep holes. Armament programs were rejected by us, not by the President. Shipments of scrap to Japan could not be stopped by the President, but by us—the American people.

In years to come, when historians record the name of our great World War II President, I hope Mrs. Combs' grandchildren will have the decency to hang their heads in shame.—*Rosemarie Crisswell.*

GRAHAM, MO.—Chas. I. Dewiggins and William E. Durrell (Vox Pop, December 15) seem to fear that some high official in our government may be besmirched if the facts about Pearl Harbor come to light. I say we should have those facts. If our late

(*Continued on page* 8)

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PRINT name of dependent	Date of Birth	Sex	Relationship	Beneficiary
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The Person to whom benefits are to be payable in case of death is..... (Name) (Relationship)

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It all ghost to show how much you'd like 'em all the time

They're cool as crystal:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *—for good!*

(Continued from page 6)

President erred, the truth can do him no wrong. If others are to blame, then his good name is cleared. It is preposterous to say the people are to blame. They were not kept informed.—*J. B. Shields.*

ON WOMEN AND WOLVES

St. Louis, Mo. — Just finished reading in Vox Pop (December 8) about what an American nurse thinks of our G.I. Joes. It seems to me that every time I pick up a paper or magazine, some servicewoman is running down our fighting men. Maybe they are wolves, but they usually know who to "wolf" at.

Take it easy. We girls back home

still think they're tops and deserve the best from all of us. After all, they've done a lot for U. S. servicewomen as well as for us civilians. —*W. L. W.*

HOW TO CUT THE CAKE

New London, Conn.—Paul Hunter's editorial, A Cake Can't be Eaten Until It's Baked (December 15) is a decidedly original presentation of the labor situation.

The cake was baked during the war, it is being baked now, and will continue to be baked. Industry can slice this baked substance in larger slices for the workers and still retain great chunks for themselves.

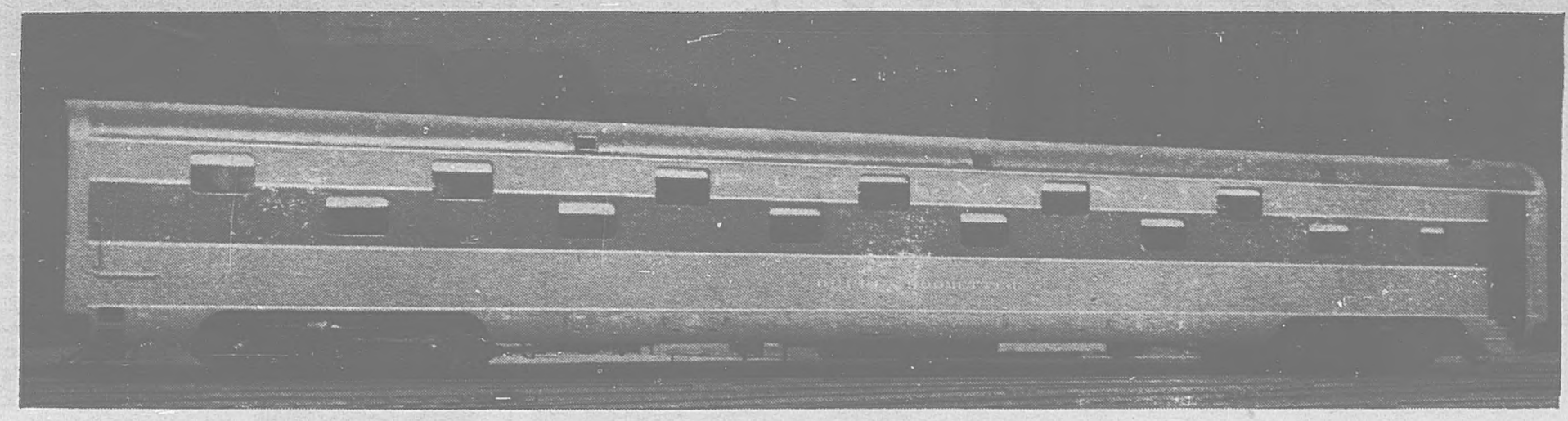
In reference to the idea that profits can't be shared until they are created, time after time it has been pointed out that there can be no profits unless there are consumers. There can be no increase in profits unless there is an increase in wages for the consumers.

Why not ration out the cake already on hand in little larger amounts, while we wait for the postwar cake to be baked?—*Gerald F. Pomeroy, RM2/c.*

TOUCHING SHORT SHORT

New York, N. Y.—The short short, Things Greater than He, by Bernadine Kreis (December 15), about the little colored boy who wasn't invited to a birthday party, is one of the most moving stories I have read in a long, long time.

I intend to contact all my friends and tell them to buy Liberty and read this beautifully written story. —*May E. Harris.*



1. Private rooms at bargain prices! That's what you'll get in new Duplex-Roomette cars like this. There will be other new kinds of sleeping cars, too, but let's look now at all the luxury you'll get *at bargain prices* in . . .

The car with the staggered windows

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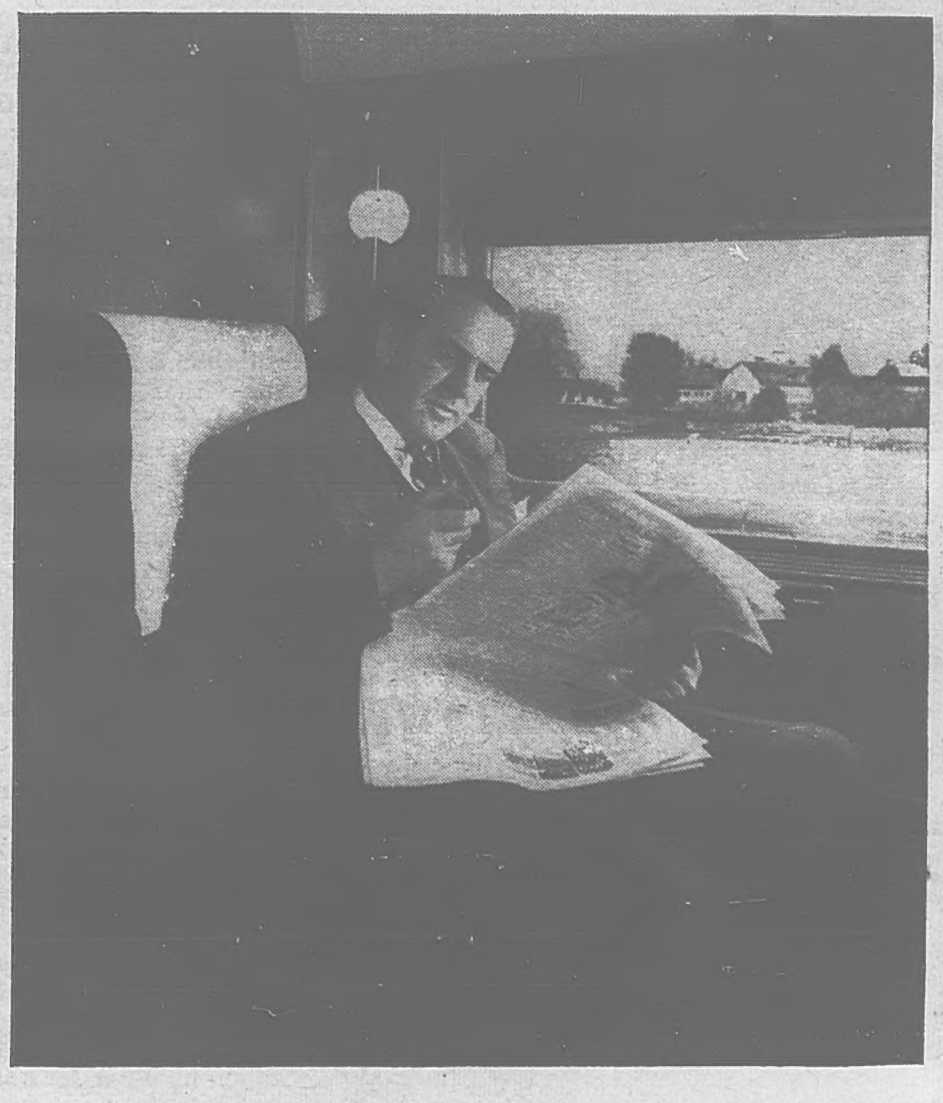

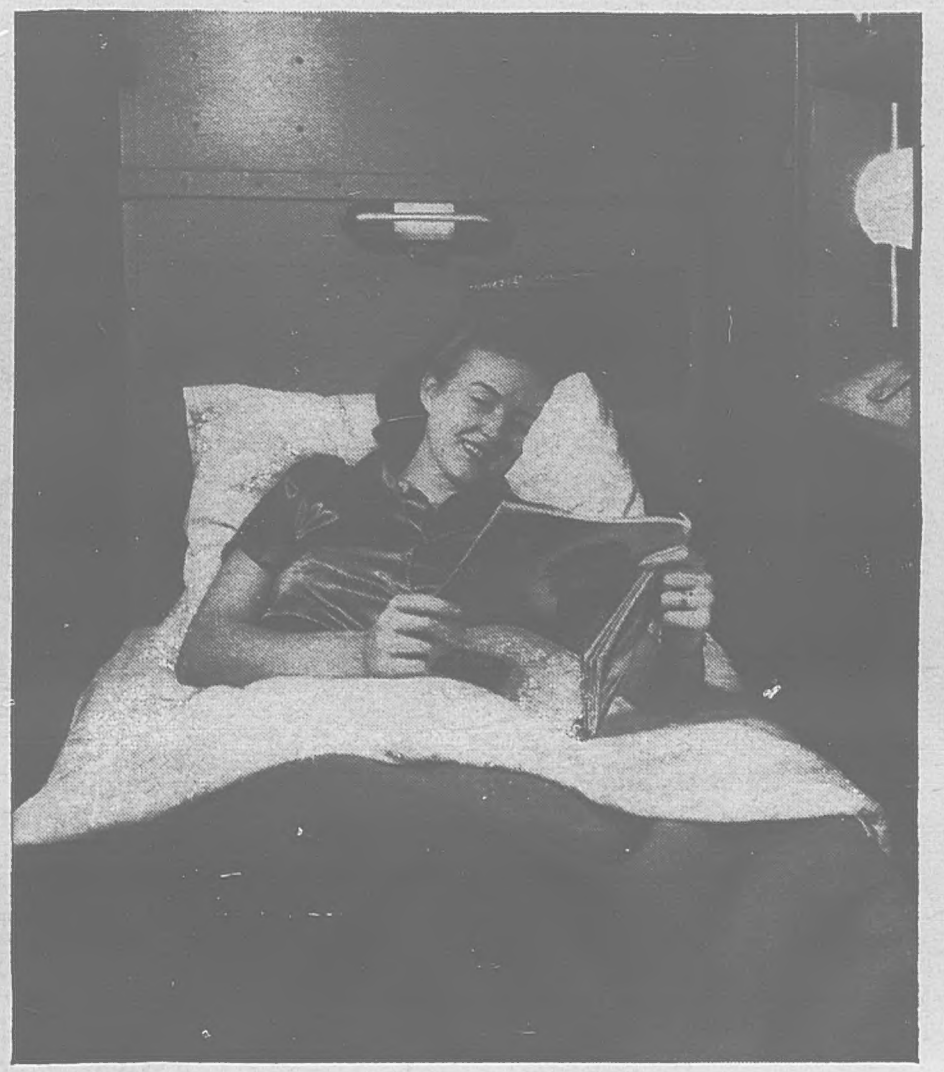

3. A private bedroom! That's what your air-conditioned sitting room becomes when it's time for some good, sound sleep!

Just touch a lever and presto! a big, soft bed comes out of hiding—with crisp, clean sheets all ready to slide into. What a wonderful rest you'll get as you speed *safely and dependably* toward your destination!

4. A bargain price! The *new design* of this new Duplex-Roomette car (indicated by its staggered windows) brings the cost of traveling in a private room *way down.*

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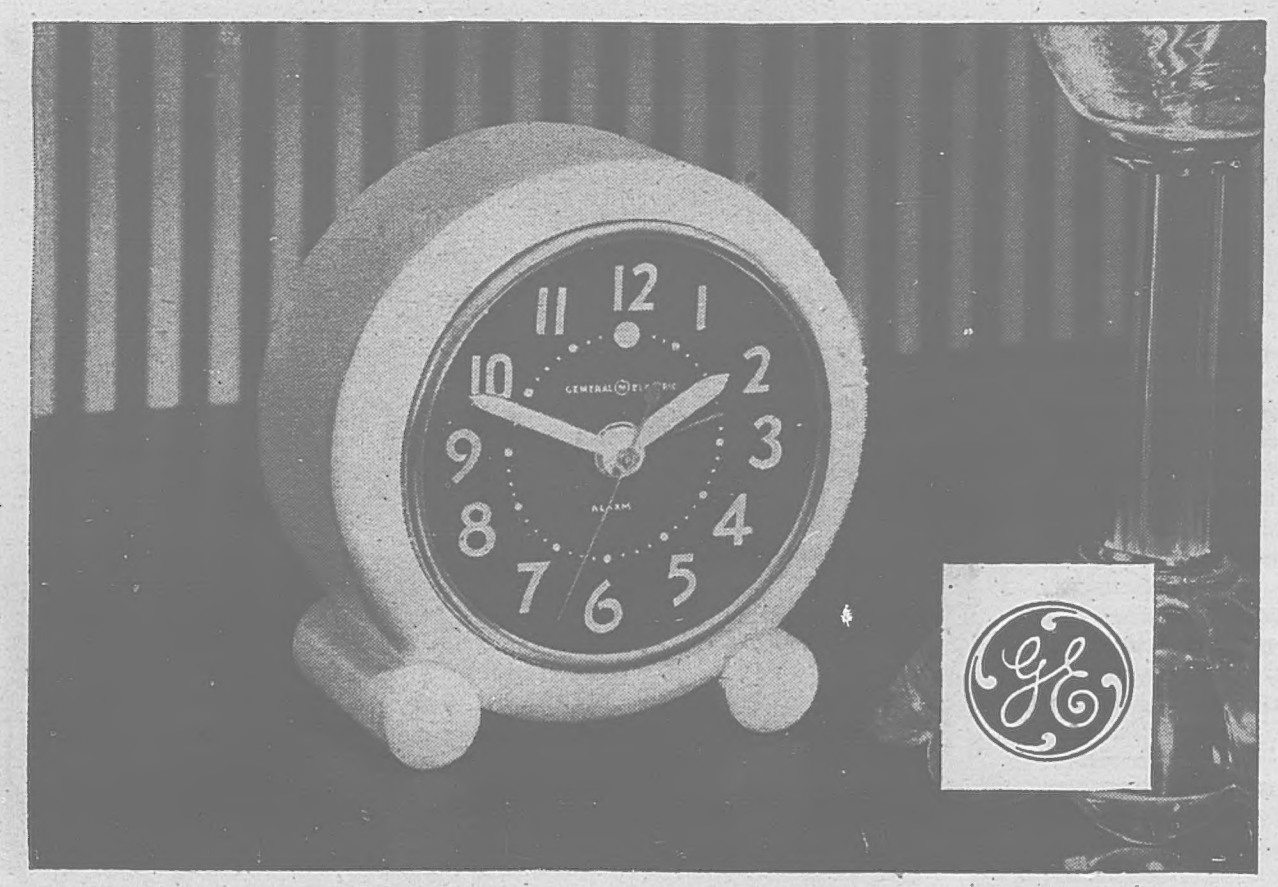

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BEHIND THE BY-LINE

MUCH of the material for THREE O'CLOCK DINNER, this week's condensation, resulted from Josephine Pinckney's civilian defense work in her home town—Charleston, South Carolina—and from her early exposure to the old Southern custom of family dinners. Her novel missed winning an M-G-M prize last year, but Metro bought the movie rights anyway (for more than the prize) at one of the ten highest rates ever paid. . . .In 1942 Richard L. Neuberger resigned from the Oregon State Legislature to join the Army. He served more than three years, mostly in Alaska, and acted as aide-de-camp to General James A. O'Connor who constructed the Alcan Highway. Now, back in Oregon, he says that BIG THINGS ARE STIRRING IN THE MIGHTY NORTHWEST (see page 18). He ought to know. He's lived there most of his thirty-three years, and has worked as Northwest correspondent for the New York Times and feature writer for the Portland Oregonian. . . . Lewis F. Gittler, who answers the question, ARE TEEN-AGE GERMANS STILL HITLER'S CHILDREN? in this week's Liberty, is particularly well equipped to report on life in Germany. From the University of Alabama he went to the University of Berlin. After the Nazis took over, he passed himself off as a foreign-born German and studied at their school for training spies and propaganda agents. During the war he analyzed German propaganda for our government, serving as a political observer in Germany.

NEXT WEEK

WHAT are the Sons of the Setting Sun saying among themselves? Here's a surprising peep into the mind of Nippon's common man by First Lt. Bill L. Dozier, who hears and understands WHAT THE JAP PEOPLE THINK OF IT ALL. . . . How does the male sex hormone figure in medical science's efforts to make life healthier and happier for men and women? Dr. Albert Hemming tells you frankly THE TRUTH ABOUT TESTOSTERONE. . . . For an exciting story of murder and intrigue in café society, read Liberty's Book Condensation, THE LOST CAESAR, by Ruth Fenisong.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

With none but low-pointers left in Europe to fly big transport aircraft, our safety record has tumbled—and so has our prestige

Paris.

ALL through the war I was highly impressed by the job young pilots were doing in flying all types of transport aircraft safely in all parts of the world. Young men with no prior experience were establishing new records and breaking flying precedents by the way they were handling the big planes.

But in Europe the excellent safety record maintained during the war has tumbled down. The first fifteen days of November saw a series of fatal transport accidents, and many other disturbing things were happening.

The reason is that the Army in Europe is attempting to continue heavy-volume air transport with inexperienced or combat personnel and without the leadership and direction of old-time experts.

Laymen cannot often understand why it is that a combat pilot is not suited for air transport work. A pilot is a pilot, they think, and if he can fly a P-47 Thunderbolt skillfully, why not a transport aircraft? But there *is* a big difference, and it is becoming obvious in Europe now that the experienced officers and personnel have gone home and the low-pointers are trying to carry on.

Back in 1934, when the government canceled the air-mail contracts, the Army was ordered to fly the mail in the United States. It was unprepared. Its pilots lacked the training to cope with instrument weather, icing, and low-ceiling conditions. The fatal crashes which resulted shocked the nation.

When war came and fast air transport to all parts of the world was needed, the Army again got into the transport business. But this time it used its head. Lieutenant General Harold L. George, commanding the Air Transport Command, selected some of the best and most experienced air-line men to hold down key posts.

The Naval Air Transport Service, which Captain Paul Richter (since returned to civilian life as executive vice-president of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.) did so much to develop and operate, did likewise. The world-wide transport links did much to help win the war and to gain for the United States world-wide prestige.

Both services have been sharply reduced since the war's end, however, and air-line men have gone back to their civil jobs.

In Europe the ATC has curtailed almost all of its local services and turned them over to a new organization called EATS (European Air Transport Service). The EATS is supposed to provide the European Theater of Operations with its chief transportation, and in Europe everything important goes by air. But there are no experienced men in EATS. It is incapable of doing a good job. Combat personnel often get into weather trouble. Five fatal accidents in two weeks isn't a record of which to be proud. Insufficient care is taken in loading the aircraft; the center of gravity is a serious matter. On one flight no fewer than eight men were seen in the cockpit of an EATS

A flying gun platform, Beechcraft's "too-late-to-see-action" XA-38 Destroyer would have been a fearsome sight to enemy tanks, light surface craft, and subs.

transport during take-off—a highly dangerous number. Another EATS transport got out of control into a tight spiral, and but for an alert passenger who went into the cockpit and pulled out the pilot and straightened up the plane, the whole load would have crashed.

Experienced airmen are advising that the Army close down EATS until adequate personnel can be obtained. Meanwhile, U. S. prestige has been lowered substantially in Europe since EATS took over. Its low record is typical of the general deterioriation of morale and efficiency in Europe since V-E Day. But the safety angle is serious. Something needs to be done.

American Safeguards in Europe

The difference between U. S. and European standards of flying has never been so marked as during last fall and this winter, when long stretches of bad weather have been prevalent over the Continent.

Americans have developed airway aids over the United States and are now installing them in Europe for our occupational air forces and for commercial air lines. But many aids are not yet in service, and the weather-reporting services over much of Europe are far from adequate by American standards.

As a consequence, one sees American aircraft awaiting weather clearances while European planes arrive and take off on schedule. Americans adhere pretty closely to minimum clearances, but European air services have been operating for years in weather conditions which make American airmen shudder. Yet, surprisingly enough, the safety records of some European air lines have been good.

At Stockholm, for example, the minimum ceiling required for American aircraft is 800 feet. But Swedish and Danish transport aircraft go in and out of the field with fifty- to 100-foot ceilings. At Copenhagen the same situation exists. When American-type aircraft ranges are in operation, the U. S. minimums will be reduced, but probably not to 100 feet.

All of which makes old-timers wonder what will happen when commercial services begin on a big scale. During the winter American planes arriving from the United States may have to wait at airports for days while their passengers watch European air lines continue to operate.

The answer is twofold. Most European lines operate slow aircraft, and perhaps when new and faster ones are in use they won't be able to operate under such low-ceiling conditions. Another reason for their safety record is that their pilots have flown over the same routes (most of which are relatively short) so many times that they guess accurately and get by with it. American safety standards, however, would seem preferable.

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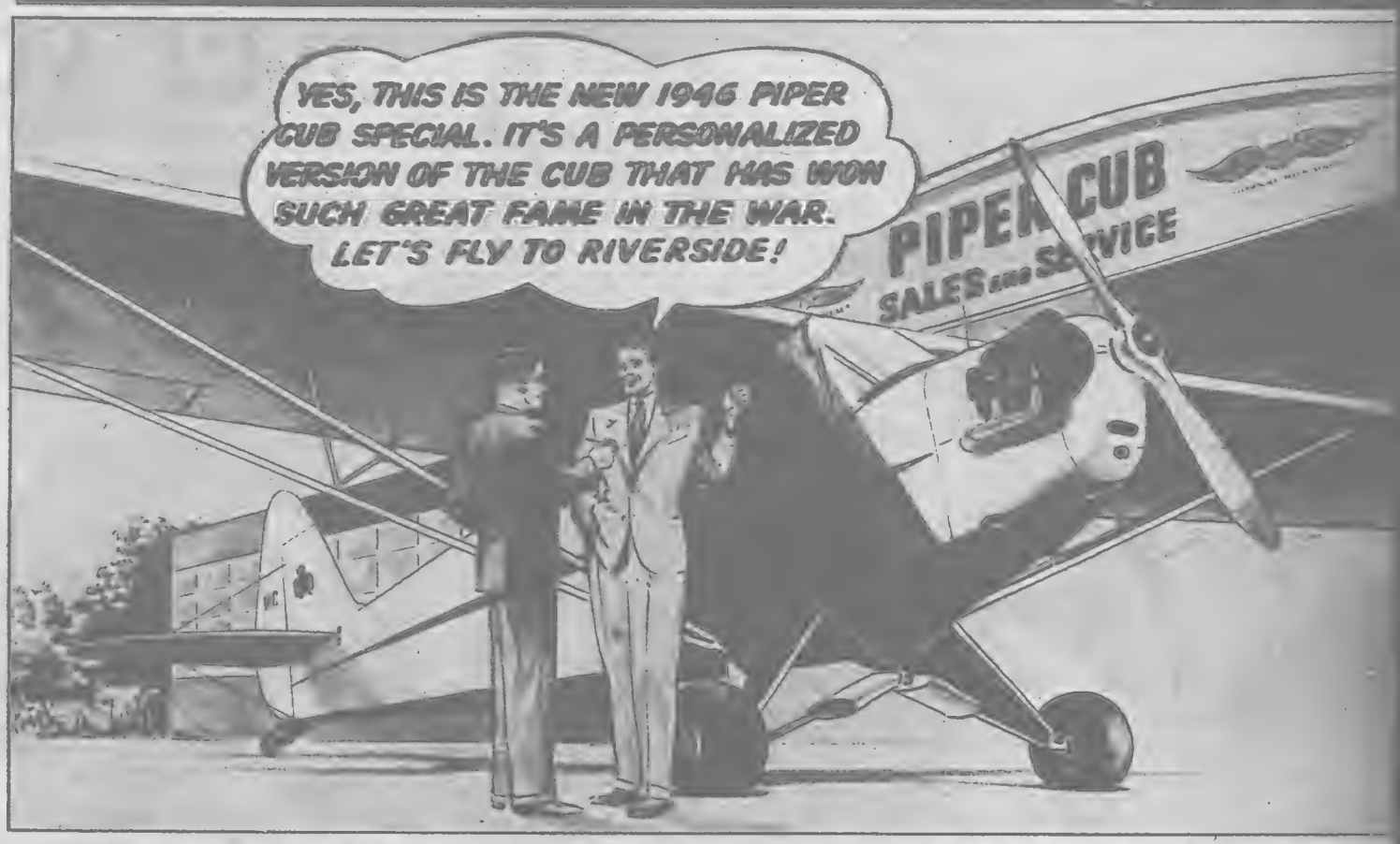
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PIPER CUB
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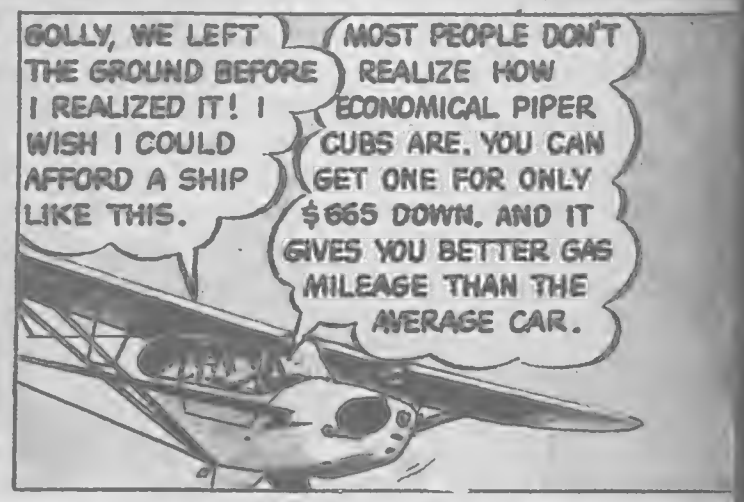
GOLLY, WE LEFT THE GROUND BEFORE I REALIZED IT! I WISH I COULD AFFORD A SHIP LIKE THIS.
MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE HOW ECONOMICAL PIPER CUBS ARE. YOU CAN GET ONE FOR ONLY $665 DOWN. AND IT GIVES YOU BETTER GAS MILEAGE THAN THE AVERAGE CAR.

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I CERTAINLY LEARNED A LOT FROM THAT RIDE. I GUESS A PLANE ISN'T A RICH MAN'S PLAYTHING AFTER ALL!
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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

History alone will give the final answer. But this report by a man who has talked with hundreds of German kids presents some startling facts on what they're thinking today

BY LEWIS F. GITTLER

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Is this German youth of today still yearning for the thrilling, hysterical Nazi regime, or did it get him nothing but grief and disillusionment?

ARE TEEN-AGE GERMANS STILL HITLER'S CHILDREN?

GERMANY ten years from now will be a "young" country, its industry, its commerce, and its government in the hands of the boys and girls now in their teens—the very generation we have been most worried about. These are the youngsters who, we feared, would prove to be young monsters, the generation that remembers nothing before Hitler, permeated from babyhood with the false and horrible doctrines of Nazism.

But the Hitler myth of a better world through Nazism has proved a delusion to the great majority of young Germans now in their teens.

The Nazi system of compulsion, regimentation, and indoctrination backfired. Nazi lies and failures have resulted in an attitude of cynical disillusion and bitter hatred on the part of the German young toward their former leaders.

These conclusions have a solid grounding. It was my assignment as Political Intelligence officer of the Army's Psychological Warfare Division to travel all over Germany, seek out the young people, try to get down to the roots of their thinking, and report to those who had to frame a policy for dealing with education in the conquered Reich. I talked with hundreds of them, and with their parents, their teachers, their priests and their pastors.

The German radio used to warn the Allied armies, when they were advancing into Germany: "Soon our young legions will rise in anger against the invader to preserve German honor." We were warned of the "Baby Werewolves" and the kid guerrillas. It did not turn out that way. It was the fifteen-year-olds who deserted in streams from their trench-digging battalions to come to our lines, often bringing valuable military information and leading us to cleverly concealed caches of Nazi loot and arms. A good number of them proved to us that they had long been meeting secretly in anti-Nazi organizations.

After V-E Day we discovered that the German teen-agers were, in general, orderly, co-operative, almost cheerful, and unmistakably sour on Nazis and Nazism.

Why had German youth begun to doubt and question the precepts which Goebbels had been at such pains to instill? For very simple and natural reasons. First, because Nazism failed; it plunged

KEYSTONE PHOTO

This was 1935, and the Hitler youth wore cocky smiles. But few of these faces are alive today, and the few that are do not smile. Today's teen-age Germans are ignorant and have no ideals. Can we direct them into lives of usefulness?

Germany into a war and lost everything. After all, if you teach young people that might is right, they are apt to believe you. Besides that, Nazism cheated these youngsters out of a normal childhood and adolescence.

THE youth who is now, say, seventeen, was only five years old when Hitler came to power. He has no memory of the early days when there was fun and excitement for the Hitler Jugend—uniforms, hikes, picnics, bonfires, parades, drums, flags, and song. He was eleven years old when war broke out, and all that Hitlerism brought him was misery—forced labor, no chance to learn anything useful, a broken home, with his father and older brothers in the Army, his mother in a factory, his sister drafted to be a servant in the home of a Nazi big shot or a drudge on a peasant's farm. For him, as a member of the wartime Hitler Jugend, there was nothing but farm labor, household chores, and, in the latter days of the war, forced labor at digging useless trenches and tank pits. All this on bad food, danger, no pay, no holidays.

He is through with Hitlerism. And this is good, because it is he and his age group who will take over the running of Germany, and thus be responsible for shaping the nation into whatever it is to be. The Germans in posts of influence today are old men, those who could not stomach Hitler and went into retirement after 1933. In ten years most of them will be dead or wholly inactive. The generation which normally would succeed these old men—Germans now between twenty and forty-five—will not be able to do so. It is estimated that 5,000,000 in this age group were killed in the war.

Among the survivors, an uncountable number were Nazi Party members and therefore are now barred from the civil service or from any job of importance in industry and commerce. Those non-Nazis who do get the jobs now are not going to step aside and give them up, even if the anti-Nazi ban should be relaxed a few years hence. They will be too firmly entrenched and will possess invaluable know-how, contacts, a clique of supporters, all the advantages of the well-established career man. Hundreds of thousands of the twenty-to-forty-five group went into the Army so young and served so long that they never received an adequate education or acquired any vocational skill, and for most of them it is now too late to learn. They are unable to compete for the good jobs. Finally, 3,000,000, at a guess, will be doing forced labor in France and Russia during the next few crucial years when otherwise they might be getting a foothold in a career.

These are the bitter men, the convinced Nazis, the men who remember the days of Hitler's glory. It is a break for Germany and for the world that the control of Germany will skip their generation.

I would not want to give the impression that the younger Germans are admirable—only that they are less perverted than their parents. They are hard-bitten, but they are open to new values and standards. Perhaps their best traits are their eagerness for education and their ambition for useful careers. Their faults are many. They are abysmally ignorant. Few of them have heard even of Goethe, Germany's greatest writer. Of history they know nothing. Charlemagne—this was one of my test questions—lived in the Stone Age, they think. They cannot tell you the name of the emperor who ruled Germany during World War I. They find it hard to place America on a world map.

PERHAPS the most important corollary of this ignorance is that they have no hero on whom to center a dream of achievement. The American youth aspires to be another Lincoln, or Edison, or Ben Franklin. The German youth does not know the stories of the great men of his own or any other country. When I insisted to German boys that there must be some hero they admired, I got halting answers. "Perhaps Heinrich der Germaner," said one boy. Heinrich the German was a medieval robber knight. Another suggested von Hindenburg—"They say he led the last war well. But we lost then, too."

Politically the young German is a moron. He has no idea what to put in place of Nazism. I asked German youths the flat question, "What is democracy?"

Here are some answers: "It is like America, a great rich land, powerful in war and with more resources than the whole world put together."

"It is a country where you don't have to belong to a political party."

"It means you don't have to do everything secretly, and if you work hard you can get ahead."

A baker's apprentice was one of the few who made a fair stab at an adequate answer. "It is a system," he said thinking hard to find the right words, "where students or educated people get together and choose a leader for a certain period. With an Adolf, if he's elected once, he stays in forever."

There are undesirable hangovers of Nazi teaching. The German youth still tends to think Germans are superior to other Europeans. He is still of the impression that if he married anyone but a German the result might be "a dangerous mixing of blood."

The boys and girls I talked with spoke with youthful directness. A truculent fourteen-year-old, when I baited him on his lack of patriotism, snapped back, "You can't be proud of a fatherland that starts and then loses a war."

Another, letting his eye fall on the ruins about him, said to me sarcastically, "Look where love of the fatherland got us."

A fifteen-year-old girl who had been drafted for two years as a housemaid in the sumptuous home of a Nazi Party chieftain, said, "Nazis are fat, selfish men who swindle and do no work but order people around."

A Catholic boy, whose father had tenaciously kept him in the faith, reacted with strong emotion when I showed him pictures of concentration-camp atrocities. "If this is true," he said, doubling up his fists, "and Germans are so cruel and can commit such crimes, then I don't want to be a German any more."

A group of boys whom I broached on the ticklish subject of "patriotic resistance," shook their heads and said, "There's no chance of winning that way. If the Wehrmacht couldn't do it, how can we?" One of them, who looked like their leader, remarked, "It would only mean we'd be fighting for the same old Nazis." Another added, "The Americans would put us in the electric chair." The Nazis had told them of the "cruel, inhuman" methods the Americans have of executing criminals. The Germans behead their condemned men.

HITLER'S propaganda lies turned out to be boomerangs. German school kids had to copy High Command reports every day in their notebooks, and they have long memories. A thirteen-year-old boy pointed to a man walking down the main street. "That was my teacher," the boy said with laughing contempt. "He told us one day that the Americans would die like flies in Normandy. Six weeks later a whole American tank division rolled right into our town."

I remember the boy who said to me with such precocious wisdom, "The victor is big, the loser is small." I asked him where he heard that. "My father told it to me," he answered. The younger generation is still getting a dose of German respect for power.

Many teen-agers, with their respect for the winner and the prestige of the conqueror, want to put on the uniform of the Allies. A twelve-year-old boy in Magdeburg was awed by American air power and had an unsmiling bitterness against Hitler because "he sent my father and two brothers to their death at the front."

I asked him what he wanted to do in the future. "I want to go to America," he said quietly, "become an aviator, and then come back and drop bombs on the Germans." This boy had even become sour on German adults.

During the war, everywhere in the Rhineland and Bavaria, boys and girls in the Hitler Youth organizations began to meet secretly during the blackout. They called themselves *Edelweiss Piraten*. The number of these renegades has been estimated at about 15 per cent of the Hitler Youth membership. They wore their own costume of black shorts or skirt, plaid shirts, red scarf, and long white woolen stockings concealing a stiletto.

They borrowed their insignia and the name of the movement from the edelweiss, the rare Alpine flower worn by Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean rebel who resisted the tyranny of Napoleon in 1810.

I talked with many of these Edelweiss Pirates, both leaders and followers, and listened to their song—a romantic, nostalgic melody that sings of far-off lands and the freedom of pirates, of "true comradeship" and tragic good-byes. The song's punch line is a vow that when Edelweiss "knives gleam, the Hitler Youth leaders will go down in blood."

The Edelweiss was not an organized underground. Its activities were so-called *Kindereien* — "childish pranks" — compared to the great struggles going on inside Europe, but they were symptomatic of a new German youth that had begun to recognize its early delusions and was doing something about it. The Gestapo was so busy elsewhere that comparatively few Edelweiss members lost their lives.

They fought loyal Hitler youths with fists and knives in nightly forays on encampments and in city streets. In the larger cities, like Wiesbaden, there was gunplay against the privileged sons of Nazis who were being given a "superman" training in the SS. academy in St. Paul's Castle. In Cologne, tires on Nazi officials' cars were slashed and arms were stolen from a military depot. In Coblenz, Edelweiss propaganda commandos were seen bicycling fast through the streets carrying placards, "Down with the Hitler Youth."

I collected a great deal of evidence that favoritism and immorality were rampant in the Hitler Youth. Its sexual promiscuity can be gauged by the fact that out of 151 children born in one week in Munich, more than one third (fifty-four) were illegitimate. In contrast, the Edelweiss had a strict moral code and *liebeleien*—"love affairs"—were punished by expulsion. All, too, had to share their belongings with their comrades. There was no stool-pigeoning, whereas the boys complained that in the Hitler Youth "everybody was always fighting and spying on each other."

ACTIVITIES of the Edelweiss had a healthy nuisance value, but there was not a shred of democracy in the movement. They were dominated by a "leader," swore allegiance to him and obeyed everything he ordered. When he left to go into the Army he would appoint a new "leader" to take his place.

But these youngsters were the only ones in all Germany who had the guts to protest. This Edelweiss movement is bound to crop up again as soon as our Military Government allows it. These young Germans under eighteen are vastly important today, and it is up to the Allies to take advantage of their present state of mind.

For good or ill, then, the German youth under eighteen are the Germans of tomorrow. They have their grave shortcomings, but at least they are not the little carbon-copy Hitlers we had expected to find.

THE END

BLACK STAR PHOTO

In spite of a grim winter, these German teen-agers seem a lot happier than when they were toiling as hopeless drudges in Nazi munition plants.

Big Things Are Stirring in the Mighty Northwest

MIKE ROBERTS PHOTO FROM CAMERA CLIX

The mighty Columbia: 42 per cent of U. S. water power and potential source of fertility for a vast wilderness of sagebrush.

In America a new chance has always meant going West. Here's a report on a plan for opening up America's last frontier, which might turn out to be the most elaborate land-settlement project in our history

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

AMERICAN soldiers home from war have always followed the frontier. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the greatest frontiersmen of all, served together under the Revolutionary hero, General "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Pioneers in tattered Confederate gray and faded Union blue first broke the sod in mountain valleys beyond the continental divide. Veterans of World War I took up homesteads in what was left of the vast public domain.

Today, the victorious fighting men of the second World War are looking toward the last American frontier—the dry uplands of the Columbia Basin, in the heart of the State of Washington. This region is now a desert, but water from Grand Coulee Dam can turn 1,250,000 acres of it into what President Truman recently described as "thousands of new family-sized farms upon which returning veterans can secure a livelihood for themselves and their families and create new wealth for the nation."

The first land under the proposed project would not be ready for cultivation until 1947, when it is hoped to have a small section of 6,000 acres irrigated near the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers. It would be 1950 before settlement could begin on a large scale; but by then 400,000 acres could be available for homesteading. This area would be subdivided into approximately 7,000 "family-sized farms." After 1950 the government plans call for opening up 50,000 additional acres each year, until the entire 1,250,000 have been reclaimed.

Congress has already been asked by the President to appropriate funds for clearing the sagebrush and tumbleweed from this area as the first step in changing the high prairie from a wilderness into a Garden of Eden.

Will the development be undertaken by a regional authority patterned after TVA? The principal political and economic issue in the Northwest today is a proposal to establish a CVA—Columbia Valley Authority. It is sponsored by two of the youngest members of Congress: Senator Hugh B. Mitchell and Representative Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson, both of Washington State. Mitchell is thirty-eight, and Jackson, a former Pfc. in the Army, is thirty-three.

As proposed by Mitchell and Jackson, CVA would develop the forest and mountain solitudes of the Pacific Northwest. It would take in all of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, as well as portions of Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, and Utah, a region that contains 14 per cent of the na-

tion's area but only 3 per cent of its people. It includes entire counties the size of New England states that are without a railroad or a paved highway. And countless vistas are exactly as Lewis and Clark and other early pioneers saw them.

An American census map tells the story. White space on this map means fewer than two persons a square mile. The only white space east of the Mississippi is a tiny patch indicating Florida's swampy Everglades. But white space practically predominates in the far-flung 282,000 square miles which Mitchell and Jackson hope to include in their Columbia Valley Authority. The task of the TVA was to restore an old, settled region where soil had been exhausted and forests destroyed. CVA is designed for a region that has scarcely been settled at all.

THE forests in the area contain more than half of America's standing timber. Locked in the swift reaches of the Columbia River is 42 per cent of the water power of the entire nation. A pair of dams on this river, Bonneville and Grand Coulee, are capable of producing more electricity than the 260 power plants in the State of New York. Compare the 114,200,000,000 kilowatt-hours of energy of the Columbia and its tributaries with the 21,075,000,000 available in the basin of the St. Lawrence, for example. On the Columbia's main tributary, the Snake, the U. S. Army Engineers have designed a dam to be wedged into the bottom of Hell's Canyon, a chasm deeper than the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. White Monument, a peak on the rim of Hell's Canyon, towers 7,400 feet above the river; six Empire State Buildings, piled one on top of the other, would fail to reach the height of the summit.

A quarter of a century ago a young man rode along the Columbia on a train that clung to a narrow ledge above the water. On the back of a dining-car menu he scrawled this observation:

". . . When you cross the mountain states and that portion of the coast states that lies well back from the ocean, you are impressed by those great stretches of physical territory, just land, territory now practically unused but destined some day to contain the homes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of citizens like us, a territory to be developed by the nation and for the nation. As we were coming down the river today, I could not help thinking, as everyone does, of all that water running down unchecked to the sea."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt wrote those words—when he was thirty-eight years old.

Senator Mitchell and Representative Jackson recalled this prophecy when they introduced their bill for a Columbia Valley Authority. "CVA will help make Mr. Roosevelt's

(*Continued on page 64*)

First step in converting America's last frontier from fallow waste to fruitful homesteads: laying out irrigation canals near Grand Coulee dam.

U.S. BUREAU OF RECLAMATION PHOTOS

Grand Coulee, man's biggest power plant and key unit of the proposed CVA.

They've Taken the "Bite" Out

AT the Valley School the children piled into their bus, chattering and singing. Snow was falling, and Joe Walsh, the driver, checked his chains, then started slowly up the long hill to the pass.

Halfway to the summit the slide came down, fifty feet ahead of the bus. Only Joe realized they were in for trouble. He tried to turn, but that was hopeless on the narrow shelf. He tried to back down, but the rear end slipped over the shoulder and they were stuck. Joe made his way on foot through the blizzard four miles to a phone.

When the rescue party reached them, twelve hours later, the children were still alive, huddled together in the drift-covered bus. They were brought back to town to warm fires and warm food. No one had died. No one seemed even to have been injured. But their troubles had only begun.

In a day or two, blisters began to form on the feet and hands of about half of the rescued. Their limbs swelled. Open scores developed that took weeks to heal. On two children, they didn't heal. Frostbite had injured the circulation and their tissues were literally dying. Gangrene set in and one boy lost two fingers, another lost seven toes.

This is a story—a composite story—repeated ten thousand times a year in this country alone when hunters get lost, when cars get snowbound, when drunks sleep a "jag" off on the Bowery's icy pavements. And it is the story of an injury we have never known how to cure, an injury that can leave its mark as chilblains or can set its price as a leg or an arm or even death.

But today, frostbite is about to be licked. This winter, for the first time, we have something more than palliatives and old wives' remedies. Doctors can't prevent toes and fingers being frozen, but they *can* eliminate the consequences of frostbite by a new, simple treatment, thanks to a group of New York doctors and a small group of sick people from Brooklyn, living on borrowed time.

Like many another major medical discovery, this one was brought about by doctors seeking the solution to an entirely different problem. Dr. Kurt Lange and Dr. Linn J. Boyd, working at the New York Medical College, weren't thinking of frostbite when, in 1941 and 1942, they made the treatment of strangulated hernias safer and more certain. Dr.

Because of an accidental application of an old drug, the dread fingers of subzero temperatures need no longer cripple those exposed to them

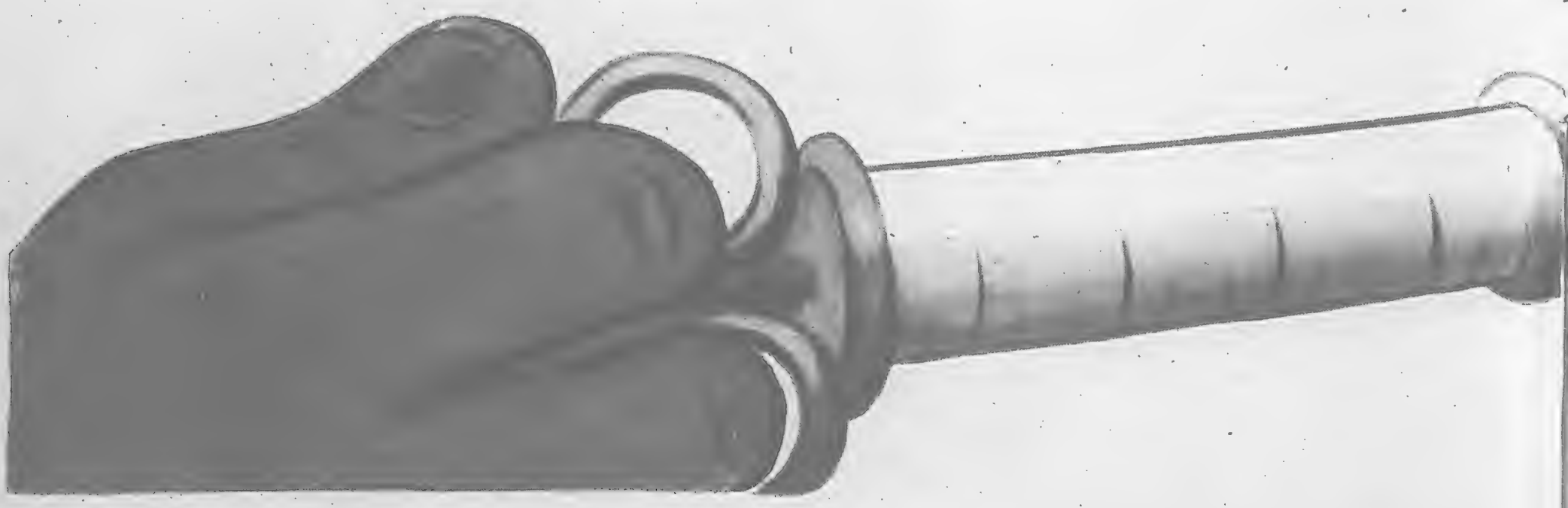
Leo Loewe, the other member of this team, came to frostbite while working on a cure—a successful cure, it turned out to be—for the hitherto almost invariably fatal disease of the heart, subacute bacterial endocarditis.

Lange and Boyd were looking for a way of determining whether and where blood circulation was adequate in the region of a hernia. They had to find what went on in the tiniest blood vessels without cutting into or otherwise disturbing them. The problem had stymied others, but Lange and Boyd came up with a solution so neat and so simple that one wonders, "Why wasn't this done long, long ago?"

They injected a solution of a fluorescein dye into the subjects' blood stream. These dyes are harmless and are eventually excreted. But they can be followed, in their course through the blood stream, by simply placing the subject under long-wave ultraviolet light. In a darkened room this light causes the dye to give off a fluorescence which can be observed on the skin and even photographed. If the blood circulation in the observed area is normal, a given degree of color will be seen. If the blood flow is shut off, in part or wholly, that too will show up by a lightening of the color as compared with other areas to which the fluorescein gains normal access. If the blood vessels are carrying more than a normal supply and, possibly, flooding the tissues as well, the violet light will disclose an abnormally high volume of fluorescein in the area.

They soon realized they had a dynamic test here. Not only could they tell how adequate the circulation was in any area; they could also study the *way it changed.* They could determine circulation time by injecting their dye in the vein of an arm and determining how long it took for the dye to reach the lips. And they could tell, too, just what happened, and when it happened, in any case in which some outside influence affected the circulation of any region of the body.

It is doubtful if Lange and Boyd, or anyone else, would have thought of applying this test to the study of frostbite if the Army hadn't run into an "epidemic" of the most vicious freezing injuries in 1943 and 1944. Air Force gunners whose plexiglas windows were shot away by German flak often had their fingers and faces



# of Frostbite

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

frozen solid. And none of the sketchy treatments being used then, helped much. Hundreds of men were losing fingers and some even lost hands as gangrene set into their blistered, bloodless limbs.

In their New York laboratory, Lange and Boyd began to study the mechanism of frostbite on rabbits. Up to then, everything used to restore circulation seemed to work *for a time* and then failed! None knew how freezing worked its injury.

Lange shaved his rabbits and touched them with tiny beakers of dry ice, freezing a small area solid. Then he watched them under the ultraviolet light. In the ghostly dimness he could see—for the first time—the reason for previous failures.

For a short time after unfreezing, the iced areas showed no fluorescence. That meant no circulation. Then a second stage developed. The blood vessels opened, but far beyond normal, and the area flooded into high fluorescence. Swelling set in, indicating that the blood vessels had become permeable enough to permit the fluid part of the blood to "leak" into the surrounding tissues. Then, eight to fourteen hours later, repeat injections of fluorescein showed that circulation had stopped again!

Now at last it was known why gangrene set in after a seeming cure. For it wasn't the first freezing that worked the injury. That merely set off the vicious train of events. The direct cause was a silting of red cells as the fluid of the blood drained through the too permeable blood-vessel walls. Thus the door to a logical form of treatment was opened. For the obvious point of attack was to get at the silting red blood cells as early as possible, to prevent them from staying stranded and forming permanent road blocks against the blood's circulation.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Using these small disks, Radio Reports records every last syllable of hundreds of broadcasts.

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

Dial-Twisting for a Living

It used to be that people had to be careful only of what they put on paper—but now that goes for broadcasters too. A unique listening post works around the clock taking down mike talk for clients who pay to know what America is hearing

SOME people talk for a living, some sing, others write, but employees of Radio Reports, Inc., make their living by listening. They hear what radio has to say solely for the benefit of others—others being business executives, congressmen, labor leaders, and anyone else willing to pay for an ear glued to a loud-speaker. They supply word-for-word transcripts of any and all broadcasts dealing with subjects in which the customer is interested. At present they are "clipping" mike talk ranging from references to A Bell for Adano to the Zionist movement. They are also lending a professional ear to broadcasts mentioning ball bearings, beer and beauty kits; General DeGaulle, DDT, and Dowmetal; ice, jeeps, and kitchen sinks; life insurance and Clare Boothe Luce; planes, plastics, and Ernie Pyle's memorial; rubber, Salvation Army, and telephone. The list changes frequently, but it never gets any smaller.

This clipping bureau of the air monitors from offices in New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, and Rockford, Illinois.

Why is all this information retained? Who wants it? The answer is national ownership of 60,000,000 radios, a potential listening audience of more millions, and recognition by leaders in all fields of the tremendous impact of radio on the nation's thinking. The 1944 Presidential election was an example. At that time the two major political parties subscribed to Radio Reports. Both sides were interested in what each other said. Equally fascinated by pre-election radio oratory was the CIO's Political Action Committee, likewise a subscriber.

Depending on the service to which they subscribe, clients of Radio Reports receive one of two publications: either the sixteen- to twenty-page summary of items from the previous twenty-four hours, called the Daily Digest of Radio Opinion, or the Weekly Digest. The latter is made up largely from Dailies of the preceding week, as well as other sources, and arrives Monday mornings.

In editorial parlance, "putting the paper to bed" every night is a staff-sized job. It must reach top executives of many of the nation's largest business institutions early the following morning, as well as the offices of publicity and advertising men labor leaders, Congressmen, governmental departments and bureaus representatives of foreign nations, and many others. Clients of Radio Reports include:

Air Transport Association of America, American Iron & Steel Institute, American Bankers Association, American Telephone & Telegraph, Bethlehem Steel Company, Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Co., Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Chinese News Service, Congress of Industrial Relations, CIO Political Action Committee, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Diamond Match Company, General Motors Corporation, French Press & Information Service, General Electric Company, General Foods Corporation, International Business Machines Corp., Greek National Herald, J. P. Morgan & Company, Henry J. Kaiser & Company, Secretary of State (U. S.), National Association of Manufacturers, Remington Rand, Inc.,

U. S. Rubber Company, and U. S. Steel Corporation.

First thing every day the Radio Reports staff goes to work on the "specials" recorded during the previous night and day. These are the verbatim transcripts of entire broadcasts, or portions of them, called for in standing or phoned-in orders of the subscribers. They *must* be speeded on their way, for if somebody happened to make either a disparaging or misinformed remark the night before about the XYZ Manufacturing Company, that organization's president likely is fuming by now and wants the radio speaker's scalp together with his script. If the president's public-relations department can't get at least the latter—and fast—the head of the XYZ Company probably will settle for a series of scalps within his own outfit. That's where Radio Reports steps in. If the substance of a radio script is available at all from a broadcasting company, it usually requires several days to obtain, whereas the transcribed version from the recording is on its way before the boss has had time to get his blood pressure back to normal.

IT'S like the time Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald, in one of their radio discussions, were talking about a train wreck, and Pegeen remarked: "There seem to be more accidents on trains lately." To that Ed added: "The equipment is worn and run to death. Poor fellows have had no new equipment, and it's crowded." Anyone who has ridden on a train in the past year or so knows conditions are tough, but the Association of American Railroads keeps informed regarding operational statistics, including wrecks, accidents, and so on, and it doesn't like to have the public get a wrong impression. In that respect, a subscription to Radio Reports helps. So, on the air a few days later the Fitzgeralds acknowledged a letter from Colonel Robert S. Henry, assistant to the president of the railroad association.

"He listened to our program on July 19," Pegeen says. "He explains this is a common impression, and in one sense it's true that there are more accidents than there were in prewar years, when traffic was lighter. But he points out that, even so, Eddie, there are so few fatalities. It's .023 per one hundred million passenger miles." There followed a little more chatter in which the Fitzgeralds pretty well brushed away any wrong impressions the public may have gotten from the earlier radio broadcast.

A somewhat similar instance occurred when Dorothy Kilgallen and her husband, Richard Kollmar, the producer, in their program, Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick, were

Radio's recording angel—Edward F. Loomis.

bemoaning the prevalence of radio commercials for Twentieth Century-Fox's picture, Junior Miss. Said Dorothy: "Every station, honey, every ten minutes. . . . That is the worst thing ever perpetrated on the public, that commercial . . . do you think that it's bringing people into the Rivoli, or making them so mad that they'll say 'I won't go!'?"

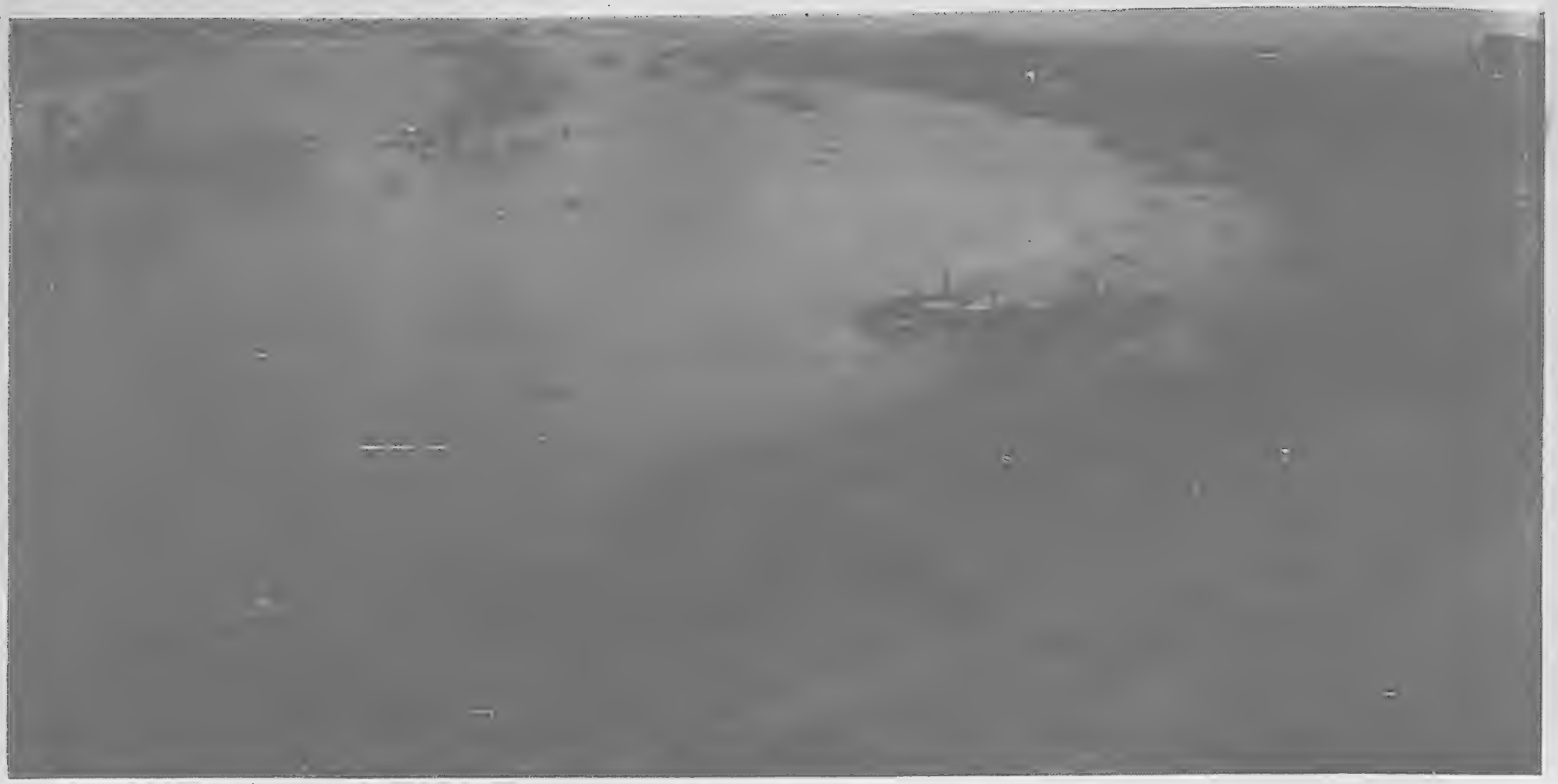
Dorothy soon found out. But what she didn't know at the time was that Radio Reports had sent a "special" to its client, Twentieth Century-Fox. Miss Kilgallen promptly relayed her information to the radio audience with: "I talked to Ted Lloyd yesterday, of Twentieth Century-Fox . . . and since Ted was, I gathered, the one responsible for those commercials, he wanted us to know that they weren't keeping people out of the Rivoli. They were taking them in. . . . I think they probably have the greatest sponsor identification of any commercial on the air, don't you?" To which Dick sagely and succinctly appended, "Apparently," and that was the end of that episode.

HOWEVER, serving as a sort of Better Business Bureau of the air is not the only service Radio Reports offers. Magazines have become subscribers with requests for transcripts of certain types of information which could be helpful in writing articles. For example, the Reader's Digest asked for texts of a large number of commercials extolling virtues of various brands of cigarettes prior to publication of their much-talked-of article on America's packaged smokes. The same procedure was followed with reference to commercials expounding the properties of dental cleansers before printing a comparable piece on dentifrices. The Saturday Evening Post requested the texts of Drew Pearson's broadcasts over a period of six months before running the story, Pugnacious Pearson, which contained comment on the radio columnist's "predictions of things to come."

(*Continued on page 81*)

LIBERTY PHOTOS BY O. F. HESS

The records are played back and their words reduced to black and white.



Shanghai is a heady mixture of wine, women, and song where fun-starved dog-faces play as fast and loose as their fancies and money belts allow.

Shanghai—Last-Fling City

BY JAMES BURKE

> Now it's how you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Shanghai? Its girls, chromium-plated bars, and skyscraper pleasure palaces make being Shanghaied a pleasure. A vivid pen portrait of the wide-openest burg in creation

WHEN the American Army came out of the backwoods of west China into the never-never world of Shanghai, almost anything could happen—and usually did. G.I.s who'd been existing for months in a doldrum of rice paddies and rope-spring beds suddenly found themselves in a whirl of dress uniforms, plush-and-chromium cocktail lounges, exquisitely coiffured White Russian girls, and tile bathrooms. The only thing that seemed real was the outpouring of cash reserves. In a word, Shanghai hadn't changed a bit.

A Signal Corps sergeant, just in from Kunming, gazed with wonder at American officers and men getting out of rickshas and pedicabs (the two-seated bicycle-powered rickshas introduced in volume during the taxi-scarce occupation) with their girls—those beautiful, stylishly dressed girls Shanghai's bizarre international colony produces so expertly. They were bound for the dinner dance in the skyscraper Park Hotel's Sky Terrace Room. The sergeant finally said:

"They can send the Red Cross girls home now."

Another serviceman, Warrant Officer F. W. Hailey of Myakka City, Florida, already is investigating the possibilities of remaining in Shanghai to attend St. John's University under the G.I. Bill of Rights. When Hailey was in Kunming he swore like a thousand other Americans that he was through forever with China and "these damn slopies" (G.I. expression for Chinese—short for "sloping eyes").

Shanghai for the first month after victory was living in a strange sort of vacuum—very noticeable in a city of 5,000,000 inhabitants. Japanese authority technically should have ended, but it had to continue because there was nothing to take its place. The main Chinese armies were a thousand miles away when the war ended. They had to be regrouped for transportation to Shanghai and Nanking. When this finally was done, the U. S. Army planes whisked them into the eastern cities in record time.

After moving in the Chinese, American planes brought American personnel from west China to set up various U. S. Army organizations, including China Theater Headquarters and the Shanghai Base Command. The latter, under Major General Douglas L. Weart, got the great Oriental port back into operation and began the job of shipping American servicemen home.

G.I. surprise at Shanghai's luxuries and pleasures was no greater than the amazement of General Weart's officers at the modern facilities. For example, Major Larry F. O'Connell, commissary officer, found himself operating the ultra-modern streamlined Shanghai abattoir, complete with the latest electric stunners for slaughtering. "This place is twenty years ahead of anything we've got in the United States," the major said, and O'Connell is from Chicago, where slaughterhouses aren't exactly unknown. As a matter of fact, the Shanghai abattoir was designed and built by a Chicago firm, the George S. White Company.

Shanghai street scene: Fabled White Russian girl.

Shanghai is its old gay self, as gobs of gobs again throng the famed Palais café.

While O'Connell was looking into food problems, Captain Harry Katz of the Bronx turned up a couple of items which are proving useful for his Post Exchange: an American-owned ice-cream plant with a pre-war capacity of, among other things, twelve million "polar bears" a day, and a Coca-Cola bottling company with a capacity of 100,000 bottles a day. The latter needed extensive overhauling, because the Japanese had misused it by bottling an ersatz pop made of burnt sugar and colored like Coca-Cola. They'd also used the place for storing dried fish, a widespread Japanese habit which Americans have been countering in Shanghai with copious amounts of chlorine.

WHILE the Chinese and American forces were getting set up in Shanghai, the Japanese kept perfect order, but they stripped many of the luxurious apartments and homes they'd been occupying in the International Settlement and Frenchtown. They carried their loot across Soochow Creek into Hongkew, the original Japanese section of Shanghai. They also started selling the food, gasoline, and other stores they'd been holding for the expected Battle of Shanghai. Hongkew shops and sidewalks were jammed with unscruplous Chinese and foreign merchants willing to buy.

Unloading of goods by the Japanese, plus the Chinese tendency to bring out stocks they'd been hoarding from the Japanese, created a lush market for the first Americans reaching the city. Shanghai was full of goods at dirt-cheap prices. You could get a $200 German Rolleiflex camera for the equivalent of fifty dollars. A bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label sold for five dollars. Fifty cents would buy more than a yard of the finest Hangchow silk, and beautiful laces and linens went for a song. Free-spending Americans went slightly crazy.

But this picnic lasted less than a week. It probably was too much to expect Shanghai, always a city of easy profit, to grow suddenly sentimental toward its liberators—Chinese or American. Prices doubled, tripled, and kept soaring. Some foreign establishments, like Sir Victor Sassoon's swank Cathay Hotel, began boldly charging in U. S. currency, as though extraterritoriality was as firm as ever. Not that this was any worse than the Chinese landlords who demanded five bars (fifty ounces) of gold as "key money" for a small apartment.

Shanghai's currency situation got so fantastically tangled during this time that the old "big money, little money" days seemed elementary. When the war ended, Shanghai's currency was the inflated puppet CRB (Central Reserve Bank) dollar. It exchanged at about 200 to 1 for CNC (Chungking's Chinese National Currency) and around 150,000 to 1 for a U. S. dollar.

Shortly after Chinese troops took over Shanghai, Chungking ordered all prices fixed in CNC. Since there were scarcely any CNC notes in Shanghai then, people had to continue using puppet notes, making brain-breaking conversions to fit CNC prices. There also was another legal tender, the Chinese Customs Gold Unit note, figured at twenty times CNC in Chungking, but slightly less by Shanghai brokers. Then there was trading in Yuan Shih-kai silver dollars, U. S. dollars, English pounds, Hong Kong dollars, and Swiss francs. As a result, money exchanges mushroomed in even greater numbers than before the war.

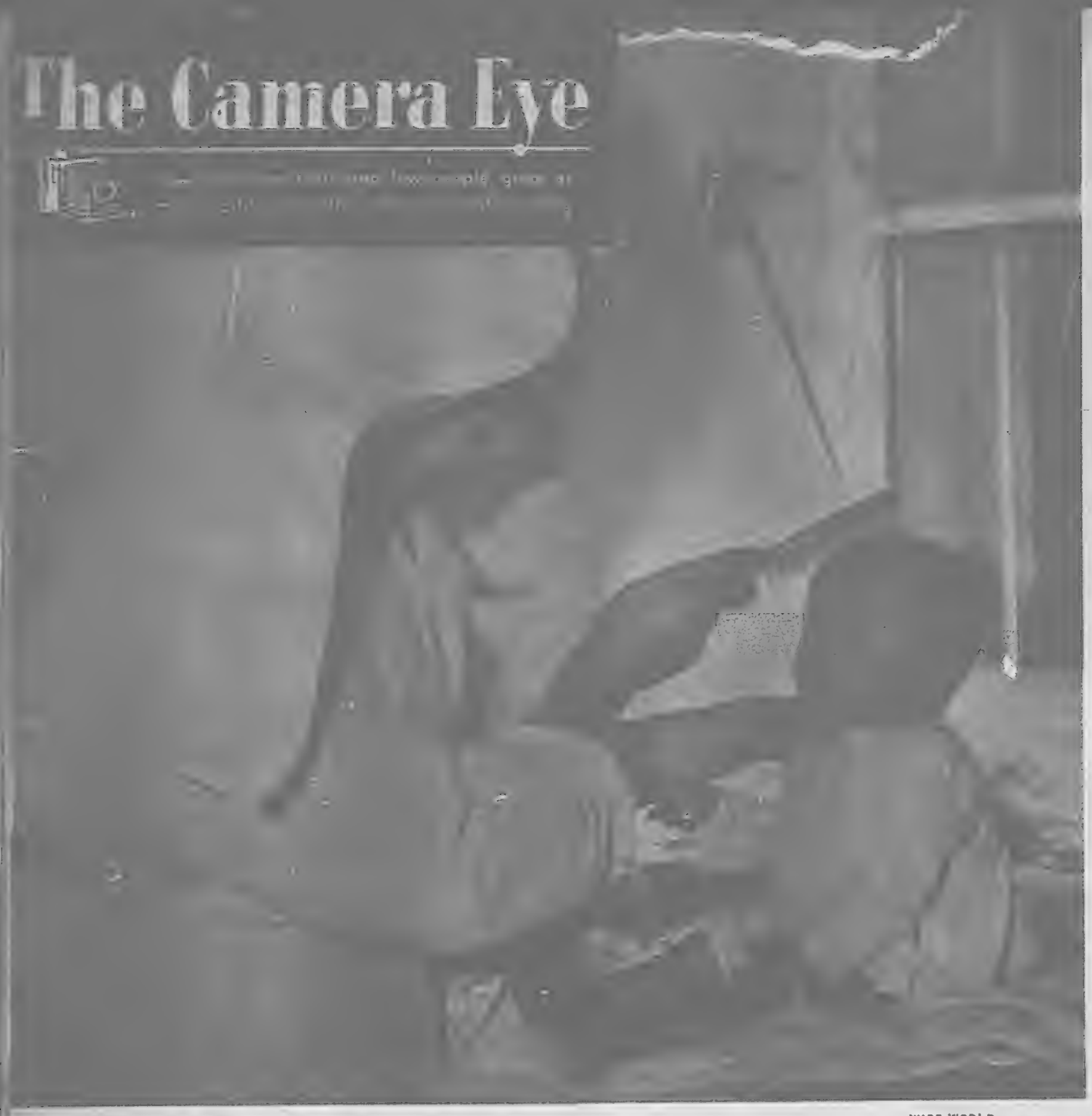
There's every indication, however, that once the Generalissimo's National Government is firmly in the Shanghai saddle, this currency chaos, particularly the use of foreign currencies, will be remedied, for better or for worse. Chungking officials harbor bitter memories of their last eight years and have little sympathy either for Shanghai's well-fed Chinese merchants or for those Occidentals who still live in the extraterritorial past.

MEANWHILE, life in Shanghai goes on in its sprightly way for American servicemen. With the signal exception of Farren's (which died with its owner during the occupation), most of the old night clubs and taxi dance halls—DD's Kavkaz, Paramount, etc.—are running full tilt, having switched from Axis to United Nations traffic with that cynical ease that typifies this cosmopolitan port. The original Blood Alley is finished, but a new one can be expected momentarily from the scores of little barrooms springing up for less sophisticated trade. "Hongkew whisky" still flows into an unsuspecting customer's glass after he's had enough real Scotch not to know the difference. And White Russians and European Jewesses lounge prettily behind the bars, where you can either buy them "special cocktails," which are cherry fizzes at Scotch prices, or dance with them.

It was a great day for these girls when the Americans came. Being realistic, most of them had enter-

(*Continued on page 83*)

The Camera Eye



WIDE WORLD

BRAVE NEW LAD IN A TIRED OLD WORLD—This refugee orphan in a Bavarian monastery shows unmistakably that he likes having that fuzz preened by a gentle hand. His guardian has a big name: United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

GARAGE OR DOCK?—When a northeaster sends surf raging over sea walls on Massachusetts' south shore, the owner of this car calls for a navigator, not a chauffeur.

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

MANHATTAN'S WILD LIFE—New Yorkers will view this Central Park scene with envy, for here peaceful folk enjoy luncheon without getting bruised in the stampede. Food's fresh, too.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

NOT THE PARTY LINE—High cost of living led Rep. Clare Hoffman, Michigan, to wash out his clothes in his Washington office. It's going to be kinda tough licking inflationsingle-handed, Clare.

WIDE WORLD

FRUITFUL PHOTO—They named Lorraine Davies of Orlando as Florida's Queen Tangerine. This shot had to win: exposure and development good, and fruit has sacks appeal.

BE STILL, MY SPINE—Those shivers are by courtesy of Lon Chaney, befurred with yak hair for his role in House of Dracula. Walt DePalma plays ghoul tender.

INTERNATIONAL

BIRD SONGS AT EVENTIDE—Their pleasant chirpings were all that Valente Angel heard when one Willie Costa applied the soporific.

INTERNATIONAL

SOOT SUITS—These Berliners are chimney sweeps clad in the traditional garb of the trade. In their case, stovepipe hats are just right.

When Daddy

BY RHODA PRITZKER

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

She peered into his face and her heart sang, "Dad! Dad!" Then she stopped suddenly, because there was a strange expression on his face and she realized he didn't know she was there.

EVER since the BBC announcer's voice had almost shouted the news, more than a week ago, her stomach had been turning and churning, like before Christmas, only worse. She had never heard the prim clipped voice sound like that, never as long as she could remember. Even when the news was very important, the voice had always been calm, detached, and refined. "This is the Home Service," he would say, and then, after a slight pause, "Here is the six o'clock news." And then would follow the day's news, and everyone would listen attentively, because there would be no more news until nine o'clock. And the sentences would swirl and sway around her head, vague, technical phrases about fighting on the eastern front and rocket bombs and Mr. Roosevelt. Now everything had changed since the BBC announcer had burst out, very suddenly, not

Comes Marching Home

at the usual time at all, his shattering news.

Everyone got very excited and kept screaming, "The war's over! The war's over!" and ran in and out of one another's houses like mad, and most people cried a lot, too. But the girl, although she felt so excited, still couldn't quite believe it, nor understand what it was all about. She was only twelve years old and the war had been going on almost as long as she could remember. It had woven through so many years — violent, unhappy, tearful years.

She hung around the kitchen and watched her aunt prepare dinner. She was a very slender girl, with straight mousy hair and enormous shining eyes. She was quite plain, but the eyes glowed and lit up the pallor of her skin and were a clear gray, so that you hardly noticed her other features.

"Is th-there anything e-e-else, auntie?" she said, enunciating slowly and painfully. She had a pronounced stammer, even though she paused between words and tried to bring out the consonants slowly. She twisted her fingers together, trying to help squeeze the words out.

Her aunt lifted the lid on a saucepan which was simmering on the fire, and peeped inside. A strong smell of cabbage filled the kitchen.

"Nay, that's about all. Did you finish setting t'table?" She straightened her back and glanced across at the girl.

"Y-y-yes. M-may I go out for a b-bit, please?"

Her aunt looked at the clock. "All right, but be sure an' be back in good time for supper. Half an hour, mebbe."

The girl picked up a letter from the dresser in the kitchen, and shrugged into a worn cardigan lying across a chair. She took a last glance into the dining room and checked the table. Eight places, for her uncle, aunt, herself, and five "paying guests." Knives, forks, spoons, salt, pepper—everything seemed to be in order.

OUTSIDE, the air was heavy with brine and a wind whipped along the street and curled through her pleated skirt. There weren't many people around, because it was between seasons in Blackpool, and anyway, since the war, the thousands of vacationists hadn't thronged the streets the same way. As she turned left toward the sea front, she heard her aunt's voice:

"Jill, did you take your dad's letter?"

The girl clutched it in her cardigan pocket."

"Y-yes, auntie."

"How many more times are you going to read it? Not even's if he wrote it himself, neither. An' he'll be home almost before you can read it again. Been expecting 'im all day."

The girl hesitated. "I thought I'd sit on the Promenade and r-r-read it j-j-just once more." Her face turned crimson, flaming red, like her woolen jacket.

Her aunt disappeared into the house, and Jill walked on to the Promenade. Her father's letter crackled in her pocket as she gripped it. It had a comforting, familiar feeling, as only a letter can have when you go on for years and years with just an envelope and a sheet of paper to look forward to and look back on.

The Promenade was still fairly quiet, although in a little while some of the big hotels would be emptying their hundreds of evacuated civil servants and they would stream into their lodgings in the side streets. Jill's aunt took in five of them, five government workers taking the rooms of peacetime vacationists. They were quiet, agreeable enough young men and women, with odd twanging cockney accents, contrasting shrilly against the low-toned singsong Lancashire intonation. Jill pitied them having to spend so many years in Blackpool. London, where they worked in peacetime, must be so exciting, so completely different from anywhere else in the world.

She walked along the Upper Promenade for a few minutes, then climbed down the steps to the Lower Promenade. The sulky gray sea splashed over the beach in huge waves, their white tips almost gray under the leaden sky. She curled up inside a shelter, and read her father's letter again. Not that it said much. Only that he was making good progress, that he was expecting his medical discharge any day, and would come straight home.

The writing was neat, scholastic, something like the way Jill's teacher wrote. He had explained, some weeks before, that he was in a hos-

(Continued on page 58)

John Conard realized that it was he who had betrayed the tools. They had done his bidding faithfully. The failure was his alone.

The Steady-Ender

JOHN CONARD leaned on the picket gate leading to the house, and waited for the mailman. He had waited like this every morning for the past two weeks, his old pale eyes expressionless in thought. They brightened only when one of the children going to school waved to him, and then he waved back with a gnarled, veined hand.

Helen backed the car out of the garage to drive Billy and Mellie to the grade school. Billy usually pulled Mellie to school in the express wagon, but yesterday one of the wagon wheels had broken. Mellie would make herself comfortable in the wagon, then Billy would pile all the books on her lap, and when they were ready, Mellie would wave one of her crutches at him like a whip and shout, "Mush! Mush!" and they would go bouncing away. They never seemed to get tired of this game.

I'll have to fix that wagon wheel, John thought.

The mailman came along and nodded a greeting. He went through the package of letters in a leather strap that he carried in his hand. The mailman was slow and deliberate in his motions. John's fingers trembled when he reached out for the stack of letters. They were for his daughter and son-in-law. Bills, ads, and a card from someone on vacation.

Then he found the letter from the Patent Office.

He rested the other letters on the fence rail, held his own up to the light, then opened it. The first words he saw were: "We regret . . ." He didn't read any further. He couldn't. The words blurred and danced mockingly before his eyes. He leaned against the fence and shut his eyes and steadied himself.

He had failed. He was seventy-eight. It was too late now to try again.

Helen drove back from the school and he walked over to her heavily and handed her the mail.

I must fix Mellie's express wagon, he thought dully. He walked to his workshop in his half of the garage, and sat down at his workbench. His eyes passed slowly over the rack of tools on the wall. They were old tools, well kept, dependable. They were old friends of fifty years' standing, yet somehow they had betrayed him. John Conard realized he was not being fair. It was he who had betrayed the tools. They had done his bidding faithfully. The failure was his alone.

His eyes passed from the tools to

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY GRIFFITH FOXLEY

The dream of a lifetime lay broken in his hands—and it was too late to start again. But as despair closed in, a little girl grasped John's hand and taught him a great truth—one that will comfort all who mourn lost causes and unfulfilled ambitions

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

the model of his engine, the model which his hands and tools and thoughts had fashioned after almost a lifetime of work—the engine that was too late. The letter said so. Others had perfected it. Others with more tools and more knowledge.

He went to a corner of his shop and picked up Mellie's express wagon. He pulled out the cotter pin from the axle and began to straighten the mangled spokes on the wheel. Funny to think back on all the toys that he had fixed in a lifetime. Those of his own children, his grandchildren, and all the children of the neighborhood. He could shut his eyes now and see them in a dim procession, walking toward him shyly, holding up their broken toys. He wondered how many still remembered him.

IT was strange, this deep feeling of wanting to be remembered. Maybe that was why he had spent so many years on his engine. Certainly it had not been for himself. He had dreamed of the money that his invention would have brought him, money that he could distribute among his children and grandchildren. He had dreamed of the name that he might have left etched indelibly in the memory of man. His name and his invention for posterity. A small mark, an infinitesimal step forward in mankind's striving, but a step nevertheless. But he had failed. He would die and leave the world as he had entered it, bringing nothing with him, leaving nothing behind him. As if he had never lived.

John Conard stopped working on the wheel spokes and stared at the driveway and the garden outside his workshop door. If he had never lived . . . The shadows and sunlight blended and fused in a dim, invisible fog, and he saw himself as he had been half a century ago, young and frightened, with Alice gone and their three young children left motherless. There was Alice's sister, Bessie, sharp-tongued, determined, possessive as a barbed-wire fence.

"It's a woman's job to raise children," Bessie had said, and the bitter martyrdom in her voice had warned him, somehow. He had held on to his children. He had raised them, too. He had learned to cook, and he had learned to clean the house before he went to bed at night, so it would be neat for the next day. He had even learned to sew, though not very well.

They were not bad, those days so long ago. Up before dawn every morning, breakfast to prepare, the kids to get up and washed and ready for school; the long walk to the factory to save carfare, the droning of the big machines that seemed to talk to him sometimes; then home again, and the kids running down the street to meet him, to climb all over him like a pack of little monkeys. After supper and the dishes, there had been the homework to help with. All the little strings of their lives to hold in his guiding hands until they had the strength and the knowledge to take them in their own.

Helen came out and peered into his workshop and smiled when their eyes met, then started the car and drove away. It was time already to pick up the children. It was strange how fast time went as one grew older.

He picked up the wheel again, and his trained mechanic's fingers ran along each spoke, testing it with the exactness of a machine. The car came back with the children, and Billy ran in and stood beside him. And for a fleeting second John thought that it was his son, Albert. But Albert was part of the memory. Albert had been killed in the first World War.

"Hi, gramp! Ma says lunch is ready. I got sixty in spelling."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," John said. "We'll have to brush up a bit tonight. Tell your mother I'll be in later."

"O.K., gramp," Billy said. He ran back to the house. Even when he was pulling Mellie in the wagon, Billy ran.

John finished the wheel and put it back on the axle and spun it with his finger, and it turned smoothly in a shining whorl of spokes. He kept spinning it absent-mindedly, staring at its flickering lights until his eyes grew heavy, then he put the wagon on the floor beside the model of his engine. One of them worked. The other didn't.

He rested his head on his arms on the workbench, and covered his eyes, and in the darkness inside his lids he could still see the shiny spinning of the wagon wheel revolving smoothly on the axle. The tap-tap of Mellie's crutches on the walk outside woke him.

"Caught you that time!" Mellie laughed. "Bet that's what you do out here all the time."

"Just about," he smiled.

"Gee! You fixed the wagon wheel!" The smile on her face was the smile of all the dim faces in the thin fog of his memory.

"Thanks, gramp," Mellie said. "Come on, now. Let's skip rope."

"Skip rope?" he said.

"Sure! Come on! All the kids are waiting for us. You and I are going to be the steady-enders."

"The what?"

"Come on. You go ahead of me, and I'll explain." He got up and walked obediently ahead of her. He had never noticed before that Mellie always made people walk ahead of her. That way, she would not be holding them back with her slow shuffle.

"We're going to be steady-enders," she explained. "You hold one end of the rope and I hold the other. Since we don't feel like skipping, we just keep on turning the rope. That's what makes us *steady*-enders."

"I see," he said. The waiting children swarmed around them. John Conard was handed a knotted end of the rope, and little Sally from next door explained the technique of turning to him.

"You keep turning steady," she told him. "After you get to do that good, then you can try with a double rope. That's really hard."

He began to turn the rope, and the children stood back and watched his motions critically, then one of them jumped beneath the arc. "Faster!" she cried. "Faster!" And John Conard nodded and turned faster.

HE looked up and his eyes met Mellie's, and she winked at him. They had a secret between them. They were the steady-enders. Without them, the rope would fall. Without them, there would be no laughter or joy. The joy belonged to others, but that did not matter much, because they had given it to them. Each in his own way, as far as his strength permitted. Well, someone had to hold the loose strings together. Someone had to darn the socks, and mend the broken doll, the shattered wheel, the torn stamp album.

Someone had to patch and preserve the treasures of childhood.

His eyes met Mellie's and he winked, and their laughter blended with the laughter of the children. *They* were the steady-enders!

THE END

I'm Too Young to Marry

She studied him closely, and finally said, "Bet you won't last long when the gals in the valley see you. You're kind of cute."

When Joe, the new pole climber, said he didn't like girls, Sally just laughed. It was like her pa said, when he asked Joe if he was married: "They never are when they come here, but they shore are when they leave"

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

Pete came charging across the room like a bronc with a cocklebur under its saddle.

WHEN Joe Burke saw the girl sitting beside the road, he stopped the pick-up truck and stuck his head out the window. "Say," he called, "are you acquainted around here?"

"Ought to be," the girl answered, with a pert toss of her head. "I've lived in the valley all my life."

That, he guessed, would be about twenty years. "Then maybe you can tell me where the Calvin Hope ranch is?"

"Maybe. What do you want to know for?"

She was wearing blue denims and a checkered wool shirt. Her eyes were blue and her nose was freckled.

"I'm going to board at the ranch," he snapped. "I'm the new district superintendent."

"Of what?"

"Look," he said with exasperation, pointing at the legend stenciled on the car door. "It's written right here —for people who can read. Now, if you'll please tell me how to get to the ranch—"

The girl's forehead wrinkled as she read aloud: "Western Power & Light Company." She smiled and exclaimed, "Oh, you're the new pole climber!"

"What do you mean, pole-climber?" Joe bristled.

"Well, it seems silly to call a man a district superintendent when all he has to superintend is a bunch of wires and poles and switches and things. So I just call 'em pole climbers. You see, I knew the two fellows who had the job before you. Why didn't the company send one of them back this winter? Did they pull a wrong fuse, or something?"

"They did something worse," Joe said wearily. "They got married. Now—"

"Doesn't Western Power & Light like people to get married?"

"Not on this job."

"Then you're not married?"

"Of course not."

She studied him closely, and finally said, "Bet you won't last long when the gals in the valley see you. You're kind of cute."

"Listen!" he exploded. "I'm too smart. Now, will you please tell me—"

"What's the matter? Don't you like girls?"

"Whether I like girls or not doesn't make a—!" He bit the word off short, slammed the car in gear, and shouted back, "Never mind. I'll find the ranch myself."

He had driven several miles before he began to cool off. Moodily his gaze circled the valley, growing blue now with approaching twilight. It *was* pretty, what with flat grazing land stretching out to meet the sharp tall mountains to the west and the river winding like a silver thread across the valley floor. But come winter, it would be snowed in tight, he knew, and the prospect of four months of hard lonesome work without even a small town's bright lights to break the monotony was hard to swallow.

NO wonder the two men who had held the job in previous winters had got married—they just ran out of anything else to do. Probably got hooked by some little snip like that redhead, he brooded. Poor fellows, Joe thought. They just didn't have the will power to stick it out.

He slowed the pick-up as he approached a rambling frame house set back a ways from the road. The stencil on the mailbox read: "Calvin Hope, Running R Ranch." As he walked up to the back door, a plump pleasant-faced woman came out on the screened-in porch, wiping her hands on her apron. Before he could speak, she exclaimed, "Why, it's the new pole climber! We've been looking for you. Come right in." Turning, she called, "Oh, pa, he's here!"

Booted feet hit the floor with a thump, then a lean extremely tall man with badly bowed legs came out on the porch. Joe felt uneasy under the peering scrutiny. A hand the size of a steer hide was thrust at him. "Glad to meet you," Mr. Hope boomed, "but I didn't git the name, son."

"Burke. Joe Burke."

"Take him into the dining room, pa," Mrs. Hope said. "Supper's all ready. He's a nice-looking boy, isn't he, pa?"

"Looks all right," Hope said laconically. "Come on, son, stick your feet under the table."

The long table was fairly groaning under its weight of food. Two cowboys looked up as Joe was escorted in. The shriveled white-mustached man was "Limpy"; the burly red-faced young cowboy was Pete. Both grunted "Howdy," and started filling their plates.

When the meal was nearly over, Calvin Hope looked at Joe and said, "Son, you acquainted with Bill McGuffey?"

Joe said he was. "He boarded here a couple of winters ago, didn't he?"

"Yep. Married our daughter Patricia, Bill did."

Mrs. Hope passed him the plate of steak. "Are you acquainted with Jim Peters?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, slightly."

"He's a sweet boy. He married our second daughter, Ruth."

Joe choked as a swallow of coffee went down the wrong way. When the fit of coughing had subsided, he murmured, "That's nice."

SUDDENLY Mr. Hope leaned forward and asked, "You ain't married, are you?"

"No, sir," Joe said weakly.

"They never are when they come here," the rancher exclaimed with a wink at his wife, "but they shore are when they leave!" He slapped his thigh, his guffaws rocking the room.

"Pa," Mrs. Hope scolded, "that wasn't a nice thing to say."

The back door suddenly slammed and a girl came hurrying into the room. On the threshold she paused, smiled, and said gaily, "Hello, everybody! Am I late for chow?"

(*Continued on page 54*)

Henry was through. He was running away from the bride of his soldier days and their baby—until he chanced to greet a buddy and his wife and see how it was with them. Things then began to happen, as Henry discovered

As Horace brusquely put her fur coat on her, Mrs. Cooper said, "Think of breaking up such a party just when it's getting good!"

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

AFTER nearly two and one half years of service overseas, Henry Wharton Brown was home—with his wife, Mattie; his father-in-law, Mr. Mern; his baby, Henrietta; Hen the cat and Henny the dog—and he wasn't sure that he liked it. He looked out of the window at the uninspiring view, and wondered what he was doing in this dreary town of Emmonsville, and why Mattie didn't seem like the girl he had married so romantically five days after meeting her on a train. Shortly after the wedding, he had sailed. During his absence Mattie had bought this cottage out of her earnings at the electronics plant near by, but now she had given up her job so Henry could take it over. Galled by this, as well as by the combination of dismal rain, crying baby, muddy animals, and his father-in-law's prosy conversation, Henry grabbed his raincoat and fled out of the house. At that moment all he wanted was to be on a bus heading for his old home in the mountains of New Hampshire.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

OPPOSITE the street corner that was the bus station in the midland town, Emmonsville, stood a one-story building cheerily painted apple green and labeled accordingly, The Apple-Green Tavern. Henry Wharton Brown halted before the tavern door. His raincoat gently dripped chilled drops bestowed upon it by November clouds; his hatbrim did the same, and shadowed under it, his lips moved, forming soundless words. "Just too tough for me, that's all. No, I couldn't take it. I tried—I did try; but no. Her old man—talk and eat and talk, talk, talk, all about how noble he is himself! Oh, my, that baby! Just squeal and holler and make faces—and noise and confusion—and dogs and cats! I expect maybe Mattie's good as gold—but no, I—"

He slowly entered the Apple-Green Tavern.

Its interior also was apple green, a large inviting room spotted symmetrically with apple-green small tables, apple-green chairs, and the glistening variation of two silverlike chromium bars, one a milk bar, the other just a bar. Henry, wincing under more and more kickings of conscience the nearer he came to liberty's door, sat down droopingly at one of the tables.

THE tavern was just emptying out upon Main Street the few last business men of Emmonsville who had snack-lunched in the place, and no bartender stood behind the bar—Emmonsville plainly didn't drink this early in the afternoon. The only attendant remaining was the agreeable-looking girl, apple green of both dress and apron, who took Henry's order for coffee and a fried-egg sandwich. When she brought them, he asked, "Know if the eastbound bus is pretty regularly on time?"

"Most days it is," she replied. "The one you mean's the four-fifteen through bus that goes all the way to Albany, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Quite a trip," she said affably. "Just going home from the Army, aren't you? I bet your folks'll be glad to see you."

"Guess they will."

"Sure will, soldier! Better eat your sandwich before it gets cold." Still she lingered; something about him seemed to puzzle her. "Look," she said suddenly. "Aren't you—I mean, I think you must be the same fella I saw going into Hebber's grocery yesterday with that nice quiet girl that worked in the electronics and's bought the cottage way down at the end of South Street—Mattie Brown. Listen. Aren't you married to her?"

"Guess so." Henry drank his coffee botheredly, and the girl, after a musing, final glance at him, went to the milk bar and, taking a small ledger from a drawer there, occupied herself with mathematics and a fountain pen. Henry looked at her from time to time and thought she seemed neat, competent, and rather pretty. Probably she'd have talked to him longer if she hadn't happened to find out that he was married.

It's the way dames are, I guess, if they decide you're married, he thought. Skip right off and don't give you a chance to take any interest in 'em. Well, it's one more. He meant that it was one more reason a man ought to know he'd been haywire, going plumb nuts over a girl on a train and getting himself all married up just because he was in the Army and didn't know if he'd ever get back from overseas. What had been eating him to make him do such a thing? He could think of four or five girls back home in New Hampshire he maybe wouldn't much mind being married to—if he'd only waited till after the war, when he could take a good look around.

For that matter, he could likely enough not have got all so upset over being married to Mattie if she'd stayed the way she was those few days before he got shoveled onto the ship. She was a right attractive girl then—just terribly devoted and sensible. How many thousands of times he'd hoped he wouldn't be shot up too much to get back to her! But gosh! when he did—that homely baby, that father-in-law, those pet animals, and settling down in that cottage in this flat country to a job a woman had held—no, he couldn't; he couldn't take it!

HE was slowly finishing his second fried-egg sandwich when the bartender emerged from an interior door and, humming loudly I Gotta Have Love, slapped the apple-green waitress coquettishly on the back as he passed her. She seemed pleased, and the lone customer envied the bartender. Bachelor, Henry thought. They like single men to make passes at 'em. He looked at his watch, then ordered beer and drank it glumly.

By three o'clock several more apple-green waitresses had appeared. Two or three people were upon the stools alongside the bar, three or four were at the milk bar, others sat at tables; then, when across the street a bus rolled in from eastward

(*Continued on page 72*)

Smart new interiors - you'll be sitting pretty!

It's here! The big, new roomy Ford—with more advancements than were offered in most pre-war yearly models . . . Inside—outside—there's bright new beauty in abundance. Colorful two-tone interiors with new upholstery fabrics, rich plastics—smart, distinctive trim. A broader hood that sweeps back from the massive new-styled grille. So clean and youthful in design . . . And matching this, there's new performance! Power that's livelier—plus new over-all economy . . . New oversize hydraulic brakes that act quickly—quietly—with less effort. And a smooth, level ride—made possible by new multi-leaf springing . . . Take your choice of two great engines. The 90 horsepower Six—or the V-8, now increased from 90 to 100 horsepower . . . Yes, everywhere you look you'll find advancements. Ask your Ford dealer about these smartest, finest Ford cars ever built.

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Three O'Clock Dinner

By

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

A Liberty Book Condensation
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

JUDITH REDCLIFF floated up from the timeless and bottomless world of sleep. The punctual dread hung there again above her awakening. She had waked to its inexorable presence every morning since the death of Fen, her husband, two years ago.

She rolled over and looked at her watch. A little after six. She liked to wake early—there would be time to do some work in the garden before the sun climbed too high and Sarah, the cook, came and put on the coffee.

She hurried into her gardening sandals and an old blue linen dress. She grumbled over the job of combing and tying up her thick, unmanageable hair and half-resolved to whack it off, but though she didn't care much about clothes—for she considered herself plainer than she really was and consequently spent little time before the mirror—she knew short hair was not her style, which was tallish and inclined to be angular. When people told her, as they occasionally did, that she had a good figure, she didn't believe them, especially now that she was a little lame, so the compliment left her tongue-tied.

She went down the steps into the hushed hall. The furniture still stood kneedeep in night and sleep, but at the opening of the front door the day rushed in; the mahogany table, the lamp, the silver cardtray sprang to life, and Rags, her terrier, hearing her hand on the latch, began to claw and clamor at his prison gate. Judith sped to let him out of the kitchen yard before he should rouse the neighborhood, and they pawed at each other with a wholly uncritical enthusiasm.

Presently she drew on her loose gloves and knelt down by the herb bed. Pulling out the weeds, getting her fingers into the fresh-turned leafmold, brought her an inexplicable ease.

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Fen's death had robbed her twice in leaving her no witness in flesh and blood that he had loved her. For Fen's falling in love with her had been a miracle, a constant source of astonishment to her and (she was aware) to their friends as well. With his good looks, confidence, his general ease and well-being, he was one of the gay ones of the earth and could have had his pick of the marriageable girls. And he had chosen Judith who was plain and shy, unready with her tongue, not popular in the social sense. In five years of marriage it had never become less miraculous.

To be beloved—and then to be denuded of love. How could the human constitution endure that violent change of climate? Judith stood aloof, lost from the garden, her head bent.

Half an hour later she sat on a shady corner of the piazza, severely combed and clean in a light brown chambray dress of the tailored kind she habitually wore. The street door opened and slammed, and she looked up to

see her father-in-law, Fenwick Redcliff coming down the piazza, followed by his son, Tat.

Fenwick Redcliff was in his late fifties. Thinning hair and a fine skin drawn tightly over the bones of his face made his head look small on top of his tall, white-suited figure. Not clever, the family said about Wick, no intellectual giant, but a swell fellow.

"Hello, my dear," he said, sitting down beside her with his Panama in his hand. "Today is going to be a scorcher unless all signs fail."

"Good morning, Uncle Wick." Judith had long since adopted, to escape the formality of "Mr. Redcliff," the nickname given him by the children of the family connection. "Hello, Tat. Have some breakfast?"

"No, thanks, Judy." Tat's round-arched eyebrows stamped his face with a look of perpetual slight surprise behind his spectacles, as if the world of appearances, breakfast, his sister-in-law, the sunny flagstones brought him unquenchable hope and expectancy. "As a matter of fact, I can't stay—I have to run along to the filling station; lots of people will be out riding this kind of weather. Can I borrow your tango records? I have a little party on tonight and we need some more dance music."

"Help yourself. What kind of party?"

"Don't ask indiscreet questions," he said, delighted to have baited her into asking. "It might upset the family if I gave the particulars. My friends aren't registered Sacred Cows."

"Anybody that loves bull the way you do ought to like cows!" His father flapped the open fronts of his coat in irritable dismissal of the subject.

"Well, I don't. And they needn't parade their Sacred Heifers in the Charleston marriage market for my benefit—it just disgusts me."

"All men come to the marriage market, as to the grave. The women demand it—"

"I know some that don't! At least—" Tat came to a dead stop. Both men looked at Judith for a moment, hoping she would say something.

"I'm not going to get into *this* family cutting scrape!" she exclaimed. "The records are in the living room, Tat."

Tat disappeared indoors and came out in a moment with the black discs under his arm. "Thanks, Judith, these will be O. K. Well, so long."

Wick looked thoughtfully after him for a minute. "I was hoping he'd leave so I could talk to you a little about him. I hoped you could give me an idea of what he's up to."

"No," said Judith. "I don't see Tat very often, except when I run into him somewhere. He doesn't like my friends much."

Wick Redcliff held his Panama up to shield his face from the sun's glare, or perhaps from Judith's curious eyes. "Did he have our attractive neighbor with him when you ran into him?"

"Lorena Hessenwinkle? No, he didn't; but I know he goes with her a lot. Do you think he meant her—just now?" She paused, gathering up details in her mind and trying to fit them around a picture of Lorena.

THE Hessenwinkles were a noisy and numerous family whose house stood back to back with the Redcliffs'. Judith, on her visits to her in-laws, had often passed Lorena walking on the Mall of a Sunday, a tall girl, usually smiling, smartly but rather loudly dressed.

There were those stories about Lorena . . . But Tat always got furious when people gossiped about her; he said she was really a swell girl, kindhearted and full of fun, the old cats were just jealous of her looks and independence; and Judith inclined to accept his view.

"I have an idea he's with her all the time these days," Wick Redcliff said. "Tat is so touchy about his privacy that he covers his tracks—that is, from his parents—even when they don't go anywhere; but he's very fond of you, and I thought perhaps you were permitted to know about his doings."

"No; I only run into them at the movies every now and then. But they've been going together for two years—or longer. I don't see anything to get excited about." She smiled at him.

Wick's ready smile did not answer hers, and something in his expression reminded her of Fen. She remembered that serious look on Fen's face once when they had argued a little on this same subject. It was the first time she had ever seen Tat and Lorena together. . . . That must have been the autumn after her bout with infantile and before Fen's death. She and Fen had met them coming out of the movies one night, and Tat had suggested that they should go to The Hangover for a beer. But Fen said brusquely that it was too late.

"Oh, it isn't really late!" she said. "Come on, Fen, we have time for one glass"; for she could see that Tat's feelings were hurt, and besides, she was full of curiosity about them.

There was nothing then for Fen to do but go, which he did with bad grace, grumbling about having to work tomorrow, and at the beer parlor the two brothers spat at each other across the red-checked tablecloth while she tried to be pleasant to Lorena. But her wifely attempts to cloak these family squabbles from the stranger ended in a disconcerting impression that Lorena understood the boys very well, and, in a curious way, knew what this antagonism was all about. . . .

"I think you're taking it too seriously," Judith now smiled at Wick again. "Lorena's no child; she's been married once and divorced—or was she? I never could get it straight."

"Neither could I exactly. She seems to go by her own name now. I used to see her walking on the Mall with her Marine; then she married him rather suddenly and went off to Cuba. I don't know just what happened there, whether she left him or he deserted her—it was several years ago—but I have an idea that when he died another wife bobbed up. At any rate, there was a lawsuit."

"Well, she's old enough to know what she's doing—she's older than Tat," Judith said.

"A little, yes—she and Fen were nearly the same age,

as I remember, and she undoubtedly knows her onions. But it isn't exactly a question of age. When a man from the upper reaches of the social set goes after a woman who isn't 'in society,' there's a sort of seduction in it; the chances are she'll assume that the socially superior are also morally superior—which regrettably doesn't follow—and indulge in some wishful thinking about the future."

He played with the little cowlick that stood up from his forehead like a hand. "Take Lorena's father, for instance. I've known August Hessenwinkle for a great many years. His father was a baker who baked so successfully he left each of his children a small inheritance, which August has used to go up in the world and become a wholesaler and commission merchant. He's a solid citizen, August, a good man to do business with, and I don't think Tat's revolt against the dictates of bourgeois morality will find sympathy in his bosom. I have a pricking in my thumbs that tells me this affair is going to make trouble."

"Do you think they are really having an affair? I mean. . . ." There was a certain eagerness in Judith's voice.

Mr. Redcliff smiled confidentially. "Well, you know how it is in summer. Etta and I go to the mountains, Tat stays in the house alone, the town is dull, the weather is sultry, and when a siren lives just over the back wall . . . Oh well, I must go along, I have a busy day ahead of me." He stood up and squeezed her to him in a quick, casual parting. "Let me know if you uncover any fresh evidence," he said, "and I'll do the same."

"All right, we'll keep each other advised."

She waved good-by and turned back as the chimes rang quarter past nine. Snatching up her hat and bag, she ran for the garage.

IN the office of the Fuel and Welfare Society, she managed to slide into the chair behind her desk unobserved by the presiding genius of the Society. Mrs. MacNab was a strict taskmistress, but today she appeared to be suffering from sharper irritants than Judith's lateness.

"Just what does the city treasurer expect us to operate on?" she was muttering, dealing bills with angry resignation into a pile. "Does he think people just don't cook or eat when our funds are held up? Here's the Friendly Hearth Wood Yard now, sixteen hundred and eighty-five dollars, outstanding since the middle of last winter. O'Dell's reminders are getting pretty sharp—though I can't say I blame him."

"As a matter of fact," her secretary said, "he hasn't complained personally so far; the letters have been signed by his secretary, Lorena Hessenwinkle. Maybe she wrote them without dictation."

"Is Lorena Hessenwinkle his secretary?" asked Judith in surprise. "Funny, I was just talking about her this morning."

"Yes. She's his niece, you know, and she seems to have a job with him when she wants it."

The office quickly filled with cases. Judith forgot in-laws in her absorption with the dilemmas of Mrs. Discopoulos who wanted a larger allowance for food and Mrs. Maguire who wanted to save a doctor's bill by having the girls prescribe for her little cousin. He was off his feed—and while they were figuring out what ailed him, she'd just run to the ten cent store a minute.

On her way out to dinner Judith found Mrs. MacNab's secretary hanging over the playpen on the piazza where they had put Mrs. Maguire's young relative. "She says she's keeping him for her niece—a poor working girl, husband dead, etc. Sounds fishy to me. I suspect he's a little cuckoo in somebody's nest."

"You always suspect the worst," said Judith.

"Well—you get suspicious in our line of work. This cuckoo is going to have rickets if he doesn't get better care. That's my diagnosis."

"Who does he look like?" Judith asked, teased by a flickering resemblance. "Somebody I know—"

"I don't see any likeness, except to some old man. All babies at the jowly stage look like Hoover or Churchill."

After dinner the matter of the unpaid wood bill was again discussed. Judith spoke up suddenly from her desk. "Let me go and talk to Lorena Hessenwinkle, Mrs. MacNab. Maybe get a line on how serious O'Dell really is about that bill. Then, if it seems a good idea, I can tackle him too. I'll go now while we aren't so busy."

O'DELL, in his late forties, had kept a well set-up figure; his green shirt, dark green tie, and tan trousers were carefully chosen for style and color. The fleshy vertical lines about his mouth accentuated the length of a face molded by determination and close attention to the business of life.

Lorena looked like her uncle, Judith noticed. Her face would some day be like O'Dell's, when it lost the full curves of youth that gave it better proportions. Her coppery hair curled thickly about her face. Her eyebrows were plucked to a hairline and her full, mature body exhaled a warmth and richness at once human and disturbing.

"I came to see you about the Fuel and Welfare Society's bill, Mr. O'Dell. We realize that you've been kept waiting an unconscionable time—" Judith paused, feeling she had chosen the word badly; the others were weighing her statement and finding it stilted. She tried again to conquer this shyness that made her stiff with people and continued. "Mrs. MacNab went again today to the Treasurer's office to stir him up about our money—"

"Listen, lady, I know those birds at City Hall well," O'Dell interrupted. "Now, I don't like to be put in the position of squeezing you ladies at the Welfare. I know you have a fine, loyal little outfit and do a lot of good. But I have to run my business—and it's a bad idea to mix it with charity. I take care of certain charities, of course: the Orphan House and the Catholic fund and forty other things, but I keep 'em separate from my business. Now, as to this account, we don't like to carry our coal and wood bills over the summer—you'd be surprised how people forget about the coal man when hot weather sets in."

"Uncle Harry's one of the biggest contributors to charity in this town," said Lorena, on the defensive. She smiled at her uncle. "The Welfare bill is outstanding since February—"

"I know—I know," Judith reassured them hastily. "And we really don't expect you to put us on your charity list. The money will be forthcoming."

"Well, now, of course if any of you ladies in the office wants to guarantee it personally—" O'Dell sat down and smiled.

Judith didn't know whether he meant her to take him seriously or not. "I'm afraid none of us is in the position to do that," she said, stiffening.

"You might ask your father-in-law. I'll wait a good while if Mr. Redcliff puts his name to it."

"Leave Mr. Redcliff out of it," said Judith, not smiling.

This made a poor impression; they thought she was being high hat, she saw, and it united them against her. It began to seem almost a matter of hostile clans—the O'Dells against the Redcliffs. "He's so busy," she added, "I don't like to bother him," which, being untrue, sounded lame as she said it. "He doesn't know anything about the Welfare Society. He has other charities, like you, Mr. O'Dell."

The last words came out more naturally and O'Dell immediately met her half-way. "See here, Mrs. Redcliff, I don't mind so much waiting for the money—though I could use it now if I had it; but I doubt that old lady MacNab can wring it out of City Hall. Now I know Butch Tracy down there, and some of the other boys, and now and then they put things through for me. But Mrs. MacNab doesn't have what it takes."

Judith saw with a sudden widening perception how Mrs. MacNab looked to the O'Dells—the Scotch Presbyterian lady, conscientious, dowdy, unaware of the possibilities that lay in making friendship a business.

"Mr. O'Dell, it's a gent'man here to see you." A colored man, his clothes covered with sawdust, held the screen door open and spoke through the crack.

"O.K.," said O'Dell, rising. "Excuse me, ma'am; I'll be right back."

Judith sat back in her chair. This was a break, this chance to be alone with Lorena. In a comprehensive

glance she read the language of the other's clothes: Lorena's pink crepe blouse fastened, a little too low, with a row of gilt buttons; on a hook behind her hung a white beret and the blue crepe de Chine jacket that went with the short, tight skirt she wore. Her fingernails were lacquered blood red—but even as Judith made her mildly disapproving inventory, she thought enviously: it doesn't matter if you're as pretty as that. She saw that Lorena was making her own inventory and she began, disconcerted, to picture herself in the O'Dell frame.

Shaking off her ill-ease, she plunged at her subject. "Have you seen Tat lately?"

"Yes," Lorena said indifferently. She seemed to smile at someone behind Judith's head. "I see a lot of Tat."

"It's more than I do. He's so busy with the filling station and all his pet projects—" There was a pause; Lorena didn't help her and she added, to justify her pursuit of the subject, "I know you've known the boys a long time, living so near them."

"Sure, I've known them all my life." Lorena seemed to be taking up a challenge. "We all used to play together on the Mall when we were kids, and I used to go with Tat and Fen and my brothers when they built their rowboats on Town Creek. I never was much on playing with girls—the boys were always more fun." She smiled a sudden disarming smile, her natural magnetism made a flash appearance. "Say—have a coke?"

"I'd love one. Thanks."

Lorena brought glasses and two bottles. She moved with a sort of lazy sway that was agreeable and, somehow, included Judith for the first time in the sweep of her friendliness.

"I never will forget the day Fen got his first job," she said. "He stuck his chest out and said, 'Look at me—I'm a working man, Lorena—I got a job.' He was funny as a crutch, and we had a party, him and Tat and me. We went to the State Fair—Fen just had to spend that dough. 'Course he hadn't gotten his pay envelope yet, so I don't know where the cash came from, but long as he was working for his father I don't guess he had any trouble drawing an advance."

"But Fen never worked for his father," Judith said. "Fen started in at the Drydock Company. At least, that's what he always said. If he'd worked for his father I think he'd have mentioned it."

Lorena's face turned pink. "You can't tell me—he worked up at the plant for a couple of months before he went to the Drydock. I know because in the evenings his clothes smelt of fertilizer." She swung around in the chair and ran her pencil through her reddish curls.

A wave of anger rose inside Judith. She changed the subject swiftly. "What was Tat like in those days?"

"TAT? Just like he is now. Only more so, I guess; more serious. He takes things awful hard. Tat's a sweet boy and has plenty of brains, too." Lorena shot a defensive glance in Judith's direction. "People seem to think that because Fen was brighter and quicker on the uptake he had more sense than Tat; but Tat's more brainy and independent than Fen ever was."

Some force that Judith could resist no more than the pull of gravity drew contradiction from her lips. "That's not quite true. Fen had a good mind, and he was good at his job—even at college he did well while Tat flunked out; because Fen was better balanced, he didn't fly off the handle the way Tat does. Not that it matters. Tat is a fine person in his own way."

"That's big of you." Lorena's full red mouth had a curious little curve. "See here," she said, "there's no need for you to come here tellin' me 'bout the Redcliffs. I know the boys all right; they been frien's of mine since I was knee-high." Long before they ever heard of you, the words implied.

Judith thought desperately, you're making this into a social matter which it isn't; it's a matter of husband and wife . . . She said definitely, to end the discussion, "I don't question your knowing them, but they're my family, I lived in their house for a while; and after all, Fen was my husband, so I ought to know more about them than an outsider—"

At her words Lorena's body drew up and flung forward, the hand hanging down by her chair mechanically grasped the neck of the bottle standing on the floor. She'd really hit me with it, thought Judith with amazement. She pulled herself together and stared hard into Lorena's face, holding back the blow by the effort of her will. They hung for a moment equalized, the battle drawn; then, utter disgust that she should be sitting there quarreling with a stranger about her family seized Judith and lifted her to her feet.

"This is idiotic—I only came in to see about the bill. I have to go now."

THE morning mail engulfed Wick Redcliff. The way people wasted paper! He hurled a batch of advertisements into the scrap basket just as the feet of the first morning visitor sounded on the stair. He recognized the step, one heavy, one light, before Judith put her head in the door and said, "Uncle Wick, can I come in? I want to talk to you." She rolled her eyes toward the stenographer clattering away at her desk.

"Well, come into my lair." He led her back to a small room crowded with books. "What's on your mind?"

"I've seen Lorena. We—had a fight!"

He understood that she meant not a physical combat but an exchange of the shrill and naked epithets with which women settle their differences. "A fight? But my dear child, that hardly seems necessary."

Judith gave him a swift account of her call.

"I'm sure there's something between Tat and herself!" she added.

Her dark glance was so disturbed that her father-in-law swung his swivel chair away from it and looked out of the window without speaking. It really surprised him to find Judith taking the affair so seriously.

"Uncle Wick, Fen never worked for you, did he?"

"Fen? Well, yes, he did a short turn with us, the summer after he finished college."

"I can't believe he wouldn't have mentioned it—sometime or other—just in the natural course of things."

"Didn't he ever? Yes, that does seem strange. But Fen was an active creature who lived in the present—and perhaps he didn't care to dwell on that episode, because he didn't do very well at the plant." He watched her a moment. "What did Lorena say about Tat that made you think the affair is serious?"

"Nothing very definite, it was more her manner. She was on the defensive about him, and talked as if she owned the Redcliff family. I must admit she made me furious, and everything I said seemed to enrage her. Uncle Wick, I want to pay the Friendly Hearth Wood Yard. The Welfare can pay me back later. I promised them I would see to it; and I won't be subjected to a bill collector."

"I hardly think O'Dell will resort to a bill collector."

"But Lorena will."

"Oh, I see. This is an affair of honor among the ladies. Well, it would take a bold man to step between the carving knives."

His sarcasm brought a smile to her intent face, a relaxed, somewhat sheepish smile. She leaned over and took his hand. "Let me have my way this time, Uncle Wick," she coaxed. "You make any arrangement you like; I'll sign a note for the Welfare—or whatever you think."

He spoke with affectionate directness. "You can't afford to be taking quixotic stands about money, Judith. Signing notes is a bad habit—you won't find O'Dell doing that kind of thing. Suppose you let me think it over a bit."

She got up smiling and kissed him. "Uncle Wick, what a help you are. I don't know what I'd do if you ever got really fed up with me. But I have to fly now."

WICK went back to thinking, not without amusement, of Judith's encounter with Lorena. He wished he had witnessed it. That girl had a hard streak. Those stories about her—

But what promise did she see in Tat? She would surely be shrewd enough to know that Tat wasn't a money-maker. When he had failed in his examinations at Princeton he had gone angrily home and taken a job

at a filling station, an act which Wick himself had approved. Tat had plenty of sense but he lacked stability, and a year or so of hard work, of standing on his own feet, would bring him closer to realities, and then they would see what could be found for him.

But Tat had remained at the filling station. He insisted he liked it. He had taken a legacy from his mother's brother and bought a share in the small chain of independent filling stations to which it belonged; for by that time he had identified his job with a crusade against the big oil companies.

The role was not lucrative, and Lorena must know this—or did she assume that the oil business meant money eventually? Wick decided to go and talk to his step-brother about it. Lucian, who was forty-five, bridged the generations and still spoke the language of the young, an idiom immeasurably subtle and difficult to the rusty tongue of fifty-nine.

Lucian's office was approached through an archway flanked by shops, above which a sign in bold Roman lettering said, LUCIAN QUINTILLIAN REDCLIFF—REAL ESTATE. In Lucian's youth this resounding patronymic had embarrassed him and he had tried to minimize it with modest type that read, "L. Q. Redcliff, Real Estate and Plantations." But he had come to recognize that it had distinction, a virtue he dearly cherished.

Lucian was shorter than Wick and his coloring was darker, but the same bones ran through them both. Lucian barely escaped a too sculptured, almost a death's-head look, by the live movements of his gray-green eyes.

"What do you know about the social activities of your nephew Tat?" Wick began at once.

"Not much," Lucian parried, meaning he didn't intend to tell much until he knew what was up. "Been having parental worries about his indiscretions?"

"Etta put me up to it." Under Lucian's sarcastic smile Wick shamefully shifted the responsibility to his wife. "You know Tat's the apple of her eye, and she's convinced he spends most of his time with Lorena Hessenwinkle. I was talking to Judith about them yesterday," he went on, "and she thought I was making a mountain out of a molehill, until she saw Lorena herself. It seems the Fuel and Welfare Society owes O'Dell a fairly stiff bill and Judith went, ostensibly, to see about it, though I suspect curiosity about Lorena was at the bottom of it. At all events they had one of those feminine hair pullings—"

"Did they?" cried Lucian enthralled. "And what sort of hand did O'Dell play?"

"Don't know exactly, but no doubt he would like his bill paid. Judith has her head set on paying it; she's talking about taking some of her own money."

"She and Lorena must have had *some* hair pulling! cried Lucian enviously. "I can imagine Judith putting on one of her dedicated moods, and Lorena would be just the girl to take her apart."

Wick laughed, noticing as he had before that Lucian was often a little nasty about Judith; it wasn't clear why, unless some obscure jealousy came of it, some envy because Judith had had happiness and fulfillment and even sorrow, a gamut of experience that Lucian himself had missed. For in spite of his sharp cracks he was devoted to Judith and saw a great deal of her—

"Well," said Wick, "I'm going to see O'Dell about this disputed bill, and I'll try to sound him out about our family connection."

NEXT day Wick got home at two and found dinner not quite ready. Bekah, the cook, was slow-motioned and he suspected Etta of conniving with her about dinner, for in marrying Etta he had also married Bekah and the house with its set schedule. Wick was ready to compromise with modernity and have the midday meal at two o'clock, but while Etta acknowledged his masculine right to set the hour, she invariably added, "In Papa's time we dined at three," and somehow it was always nearer half past two when the soup came in.

The dining-room shutters were bowed in against the midday heat when the three Redcliffs finally sat down in the high-ceilinged gloom. The long white tablecloth, the polished floor, ran with a thin green stain from the leaves outside. Twelve damask tablecloths had been part of the dowry Wick had acquired with the hand of Henrietta Tatten, and while he had not allowed them, he often told her, to influence his choice unduly, food looked better and therefore tasted better and therefore digested better when served from a fresh, wholesome cloth than from the treacherously skidding bits of fripery then called mats.

Before the meal was finished Tat excused himself and dashed upstairs, and presently Wick and Etta went out on the side piazza to drink their coffee. Wick, determined to be ready to talk to Tat about Lorena, was thinking he'd have to get rid of Etta somehow. He plotted vaguely behind the *Times*. Before he could hit on a plan, Tat reappeared.

"Will you be here for supper, darling?" Etta asked him. "I'll have Bekah make you some clabber ice cream."

"No, I—I won't be here tonight." Tat sat on the railing

and wound his legs about the balusters. He seemed embarrassed over his refusal.

As if summoned by the magic of her spoken name, Bekah materialized in the doorway.

"Oh, is that you, Bekah? I want to speak to you—" To Wick's relief Etta went indoors.

Wick looked sidewise at Tat. Then he said with a show of casualness, "I had a talk with Harry O'Dell yesterday. He approached me about buying timber and in the course of our conversation he spoke of your attentions to his niece, Lorena. Have you any idea how her family feels about it?"

He saw Tat's legs tighten round the balusters. "What business is it of theirs?"

"Well—they want to protect her—"

"That's her business and mine, not theirs. Or yours."

"That's where you're wrong, Tat. It reaches out and touches us all. An affair like this—it becomes our business in spite of all you can do. Are you sure Lorena understands?"

"She's not a half-wit. And she's not going to take any crabbing about her morals any more than I am."

Wick felt himself put in the wrong. He tried again. "I just don't want you to overlook the fact that to the Hessenwinkles you represent a group—a group higher up the social ladder, and your conduct is going to be judged accordingly."

"The Hessenwinkles are very democratic. They accept me in spite of my class."

"That's handsome of them. But just don't forget that the Hessenwinkles also have a tradition—as tight as yours, or tighter."

"Tradition—hell. I'm sick of the past, sick of hearing about it." Tat's face was hard as a nut. He sprang off the railing and vanished through the door.

Presently Wick heard the front gate creak on its hinges. He stood up and looked along the piazza. Tat had come through the passage under the house and

was throwing a suitcase into his car. He got in after it and drove off.

Wick went indoors. Bekah stood in the pantry door talking to Etta with the family servant's precise admixture of respect and familiarity. They continued seriously discussing the Affairs of the House, and Wick waited a moment to be recognized, having been trained not to interrupt with matters of less import.

"Has Tat gone away?" he managed presently.

"Yes. He said he'd be off for three or four days."

"He didn't say where he was going, I suppose."

"Of course not. You know how he protects his privacy—I don't know who from," Etta concluded, tartness routing syntax.

She followed Wick up the wide staircase. "I have an idea he's gone on some business he's been talking about. I think they're planning to open a filling station on that new highway to Florida."

She went into the sewing room and Wick drifted after her into that jealous sanctuary. The house had been designed with a long drawing room on the second floor, but the room had been cut into unequal parts, making the large bedroom which Wick occupied with Etta and, next to it, the high narrow apartment which she used as a sewing room. Umbrageous carving and ornamented moldings consorted oddly with the catch-all contents, the retired washstand, the sewing machine and Miss Jinny, the plush-bosomed dress form which Etta still used when the sewing woman came.

Miss Jinny made Wick suddenly think of his stepmother, Aunt Quince; the dress-form had a queer, sharp personality, and was cut to the same pattern. Once he and Etta had come back from a summer in the mountains and found Miss Jinny attired in an old ball-gown. Etta said she believed Aunt Quince must have done it (Etta belonged, on Tat's account, to the Anti-Quince faction and liked to take a dig at the old lady). But Fen, who was living there that summer while Judith stayed in the mountains getting over infantile, said he didn't see a soul go into the sewing room.

Wick went back to the office, pondering Etta's idea that Tat had gone away on business. The new route was obviously a good field if it wasn't already oversold. Tat would, of course, have to go and make a survey. . . .

WHEN Wick drove home to dinner the next day, he stopped by Tat's filling station, ostensibly for gasoline. Tat's partner had gone home to dinner, so he gathered no clues about the mysterious journey.

He made himself ready for dinner, and then walked around the garden inspecting the shrubs while he waited.

A Western Union boy rolled up the street and tipped his bicycle against the gate. It was Fritz Hessenwinkle, and Wick went down the steps to meet him.

"Hello, Fritz," he said, taking the envelope the boy held out. "How are you getting along?"

"Pretty good, sir. Only the hours aren't so good. I can't get to baseball like I used to." Standing astride his bicycle, Fritz gave Wick a disarming grin and added politely, "I certainly do thank you, though, for getting me the job. It's O.K."

"Glad to hear it. How's all the family?" Wick was working round to the topic that was on his mind, but Etta, coming out, interrupted his plan.

"What's that—a telegram?" she exclaimed, fussily alarmed.

"Yes, here—it's addressed to both of us, which means it's for you. An advertisement probably; people waste a lot of paper these days on advertising by telegram." He handed her the envelope and she went up on the steps with it.

"And they sure keep us on the jump," said Fritz. "Uncle Harry sent out a thousand last Christmas: 'The Friendly Hearth Wood Yard sends Warmest wishes for a Cozy Christmas.'"

"Your Uncle Harry did?" exclaimed Wick, seizing this lead. "And by the way, how's Lorena? Is she still at the wood yard?"

"Sure. She's on a vacation now, but she'll be back there next week—or at least—I guess she will."

"Vacation, eh? Where's she gone?"

"I don't know exactly. Momma said she might go to see Aunt Mary Maguire over in Christ Church Parish. I wasn't home when she left. Well, I have to be getting along, I have some more deliveries. Good day, sir." Suddenly formal, Fritz mounted his bicycle and rolled away.

"Fenwick!" cried Etta, down from the deep shade of the piazza, her voice sharp with fear and pain.

LUCIAN was lying on the sofa that had belonged to his maternal grandfather, the late Lucian Quintillian Jones, when his half-brother's call came.

"Lucian, will you come over right away? There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Sure—I'll be right over. Any news?"

"Yes. Plenty."

Whew, bad news, thought Lucian, putting down the receiver.

The half-darkness from the bowed shutters and the silence in which he found his brother and sister-in-law sitting made a little chill on his skin. Wick got up and came forward.

"We've had a great shock, Lucian. Tat and Lorena Hessenwinkle were married this morning."

Lucian stared from one to the other. "I never expected *that!*"

Wick handed him Tat's telegram which said merely that they had been married at Myrtle Beach and would get home on Saturday evening. It seemed scarcely pos-

sible that the stark words could contain the explosive reality.

"Have you any idea where they are?"

"No," said Wick, walking back and forth between the sitting room and the hall, "they didn't give any address. I telephoned the filling station, but Jim Bland says he doesn't know anything except that Tat supposedly went to study traffic conditions as far up as Myrtle Beach."

"Well, we can catch them there," said Etta energetically. "How long will it take to drive to Myrtle Beach?"

"Four or five hours, the way we travel."

"We'll have to drive faster. I'll pack."

"Etta, my dear," Wick said, "there's something you must face. We can't do a thing about this without Tat's co-operation, and we have no way of knowing that he wants to get out of it. After all he's twenty-nine years old."

"But he's still a baby," exclaimed Etta. "And he's so generous and warmhearted, he's just the kind to get caught by an older woman."

"W-e-ll, Lorena can't be more than thirty-five."

"Don't be idiotic—she's years older than he is in experience." Etta jumped up. Words poured from her. "And you just sit there like a bump on a log and let an adventuress ruin your son's life . . . don't think I haven't seen her lying in wait for the boys out there on the Mall . . . first, Fen—and when she didn't get him, Tat. . . ."

"Come now," Wick protested, "she's not as bad as

that." But Lucian considered Etta's words attentively; females understood each other's predatory instincts.

Wick's reasonableness was the last straw to Etta. "You men make me sick!" she cried. "You're no help—you've never been any help." Covering her face with her hands she sank on the sofa behind her, crushed down by sobs.

"Etta . . . Etta . . . don't do that, don't." Wick went over and sat down by her.

Lucian fled on tiptoe. He went outdoors. He leaned against the piazza rail and fanned himself; he looked at his watch. Nearly three o'clock. He was ravenously hungry. He walked round to the back door of the kitchen.

"Hello, Bekah; anything cooking in this house today?"

"Yes, Mr. Lucian, it's mos' ready. You stay an' take dinner here; dey gonna be need'n' you."

Returning to the dining room, Lucian heard the argument still going across the hall. He went to the dining room door. "How about some dinner?"

"Bless my soul," said Wick, "it *is* late. Take a little soup, my dear; it will make you feel stronger."

"Soup!" Etta's stinging contempt made it sound like gunpowder. "Just go away and leave me alone, will you? That's all I ask."

The Redcliff brothers wolfed the hot soup and rice without conversation of any sort. As their tension relaxed, Lucian's mind began to function again.

"By the way, I wonder if the Hessenwinkles know anything about it?"

"I wonder. Maybe they'll know where Tat and Lorena are." Wick looked at Lucian, a little dismayed by this contingency. "We'd better find out right away." He put his napkin on the table.

"Why don't you let me go?" Lucian began, but Wick glanced at him distrustfully as he put on his coat.

"No, it's better for me to deal with the Hessenwinkles. You stay here in case anybody should come in or telephone."

AFTER Wick had gone down the back steps and through the garden, Lucian sat on in the dining room to finish his coffee. Then he went out into the garden where an old wistaria vine proffered a shady seat among its coils, and wriggling himself into a comfortable position, he took a short nap.

What waked him was the sound of Wick's returning feet on the brick walk. "It's true," Wick said, coming up, "they've had a telegram from Lorena. She gave no address either, which is probably just as well."

"How are they taking it?"

"They are confused just as we are, and at present very much on the defensive, which is only natural. That mother of Lorena's was a little inclined to gloat, I thought, but Hessenwinkle is level-headed and knows it isn't going to be plain sailing for any of us, especially for his daughter. He said his family had made the place they have in this country by their own efforts, which I took to be his way of telling me he disapproves of marriage as a means of social advancement."

"What did the telegram say?"

"Just the same as ours did except for one addition. Lorena's wound up: 'Don't worry, I've got the certificate.'"

They both laughed with good relaxing laughter.

When they went inside Etta was still on the sofa in the sitting room. She gathered herself together and sat up abruptly.

"What time is it?" she said. "I'm horribly thirsty—and hungry too, I think. Tell Bekah to bring some coffee, Wick, while I go wash my face." She got up and went unsteadily out of the room.

When she came back her appearance was ordered. Bekah brooded over her with a tray. She ate with relish the hot soup and cornbread, and they all drank coffee and talked with the excessive affability of people released from strain. In the midst of the trivialities Etta said suddenly, "When do you think they'll get home?"

"Who?" said Wick, taken aback.

"Tat and Lorena, of course."

"Oh. They said tomorrow evening."

"That will give Bekah and me a chance to fix the company room for them. Tat keeps his such a sight."

"They may not expect to come here," Wick parried. "They may prefer to stay at a hotel. I would if I were in their shoes." It was plain that this was a hope as much as a wish.

"I should think they would naturally come here," said Etta. "His parents' house is the proper place for Tat to bring his wife."

"Aren't you moving a little fast?" Wick asked.

"There's nothing for us to do but accept the marriage, is there?"

"Nothing, nothing," Wick said gustily.

Lucian stood up. "Well, I think I'll be trotting along," he said. "Are you going to release the news right away? I'm afraid you've got to expect that it will stir up quite a huff-snuff in our little circle—in fact, some people are going to get an unholy pleasure out of it."

They were all silent for a moment while their minds took stock of public opinion, of the wave of talk running over town. Then Wick smiled a little acidly.

"In any case you must tell Aunt Quince. I wonder how she'll swallow the H.'s as in-laws?"

"I take no responsibility for my mother's actions," Lucian disclaimed hastily.

"She'll have to accept the Hessenwinkles as we will." A fanatical wrinkle grooved Etta's brow. "Tat and Lorena will be here for Sunday dinner, won't they? I think that we should invite the family to come and meet them. And I think that we should invite Mr. and Mrs. Hessenwinkle."

"For Heaven's sake, Etta, we don't have to break our necks about this. Give us time! Let's see how things stand!" Wick batted the air helplessly with his spread hands.

"We know how things stand and you've been saying that we have to accept them. Well, I've accepted them . . . so what's to be gained by waiting?"

She went to her desk and got out a pencil and paper. "Let's see, the Hessenwinkles, Tat and Lorena, Aunt Quince and ourselves. And Judith. I'll write notes and invite them."

"You haven't much time; this is Friday."

"Well, you can't give out invitations of this kind on the telephone. Bristol can carry them out this afternoon."

"My car's at the door," said Lucian. "I'll be glad to take them as I go downtown."

"I believe that's the best idea," Wick agreed. "They will want to know all the circumstances and if Lucian tells them, that will save us a lot."

"Very well," said Etta. "It won't be necessary, will it, Lucian, to say he went off like that without telling he was going to be married? You can say it was a sudden decision . . . on the road . . . because I'm sure that it was."

"You are probably quite right," Lucian assured her. "Leave it to me. I'll tell them all a good story."

She turned round, her features compact and practical again. "Shall we say three o'clock, Wick? That seems more formal, somehow—more suitable for an occasion like this."

"Why not say half past two? Remember, lots of people dine at two nowadays; some people even eat at half past one. They'll be ravenous by three."

"If they take a glass of iced tea and a biscuit after church they won't be ravenous."

"The Hessenwinkles probably eat at twelve thirty," Lucian offered. "They'll either be ravenous or have their dinner already inside of them."

Etta's face hardened. "We'll have dinner at three because that is when we have dinner. The Hessenwinkles can come full or empty as they choose."

ON Sunday, as Bristol let the first guests in. Wick went forward. He heard Lucian's stage whisper: "This is going to be like a family funeral, only better."

"*Lucian!* Behave yourself. . . ." Lucian had his mother by the arm and Judith followed them. On the top step Aunt Quince stopped and gave a little snort by way of comment on the steepness of the Redcliff's stairs. "Well, here we are," she said with bright anticipation.

Wick escorted her to the side porch. As he turned round he saw Tat at the front railing looking down the street.

Tat had accompanied his parents to church while Lorena went to mass. "Where in the devil do you suppose Lorena is?" he muttered as Wick passed. Then Judith and Lucian came up and engulfed him in congratulations.

"I expect she'll be here before long," Wick told his son soothingly. "It isn't three yet."

"Only twenty minutes of," said Lucian, pulling out a thin gold watch. "We came early so as not to miss anything."

When Wick had seated Aunt Quince as head of the family in the largest rocking chair, he turned to Judith. She looked gay and flushed in her sheer white dress, but the arm she slipped round him when he kissed her clutched him overanxiously. He held her off and made a smiling inventory of her appearance. "Ruffles. White wings and flowers and flounces. How cool and crisp you look. And such pretty pink cheeks."

At his last words she turned her face away with agonized self-consciousness. His light game . . . apparently he had overdone it in speaking of the pink cheeks which she couldn't yet carry off; he had put his foot in it and he hurriedly gave up his idea of mentioning her hair. Actually they didn't suit her, these beauty-salon waves; they spoiled something straightforward and unpretentious that was essentially Judith.

She broke away from him and sat down, looking at her shoulder knot of yellow roses. "Yes, aren't my flowers lovely?" She smiled across the grass rug at Lucian.

Good boy, thought Wick, shooting his brother a grateful glance. It was like him to divine that this would be a hard day for Judith and bolster her morale with flowers.

THE squeak of the gate announced new arrivals and Tat went off like an arrow to the front door. In a moment he came round the corner with Mr. and Mrs. Hessenwinkle.

Wick sprang forward with such cordiality that he tripped over Aunt Quince's chair and nearly measured his length. But he couldn't stop to decide whether her leaning forward and tipping up the rockers at that moment had been accident or design. He pumped the newcomers' hands. "Howd'y do, Mrs. Hessenwinkle; howd'y do, August; *delighted* to see you. . . ."

The Hessenwinkles had slowed down involuntarily at the sight of the group on the piazza, and stood together with unexpectant faces, much as the early Christians might have tried not to believe in the lions. Wick drew them along; childishly he wanted Etta to come . . . where the devil was she? But he guessed she was staying indoors to meet her daughter-in-law for the first time without the inspection of curious eyes.

He performed the introductions with flourishes. "Aunt Quince . . . the mother of the bride! My stepmother, Mrs. Redcliff, senior. . . ." The Redcliffs, even Aunt Quince, rose with a unanimous roar of chairs over the floor-boards. "How do you do . . . so glad to see you . . . take a chair . . . do sit over here. . . ." Above the hubbub Wick went on waving his arms like a cheer leader.

The Hessenwinkles seemed stunned by the volume of the welcome. They allowed themselves to be plumped down, snatched up, resettled, murmuring the while in subdued voices, "Thank you, ma'am . . . pleased to meet you." Then the noise died down as suddenly as it rose and for a long moment the group sat conversationally becalmed.

"My, it's warm today, ain't it?" said Vinny Hessenwinkle, feeling the eyes on her. "Quite a storm we had yesterday. I hear the Manettis sold their fruit store to a chain and are gonna move to New York." This exhausted her repertoire and she fell to fanning herself with one expansive hand.

"Do have my fan." Aunt Quince held out that nearly inseparable member. The extent to which this was a sacrifice, an olive branch, was lost on Vinny, but she was grateful for the attention from old Mrs. Redcliff.

"What have you done with the bride?" Wick asked.

"Martha O'Dell didn't get out to church this morning—she didn't feel good—so Rena went off after mass to see her," Vinny explained. "Harry said he'd shoffer her round, and I guess they stopped by to see friends—when those two start out visiting, I never can get them home."

"I expect she'll be here soon." Wick smiled at Tat.

The talk was going now with great amiability and laughter, but it seemed to Wick that he had been at it for an age when the bell at the gate made a sweet tinkle. "There she is!" He and Tat rushed for the front.

Escorted by O'Dell, his daughter-in-law crossed the rectangle to the steps, smiling up expectantly at the house. Her pink and green plaid dress made, immediately, a new bizarre pattern against the checkered marble pavement. As she came briskly forward one high heel wabbled awkwardly for a moment, but the uneven old tiles merely slowed without halting her confident approach.

Tat ran down the steps saying, "Where in the hell have you been, Rena? I thought you'd sneaked out on me. . . . " They threw their arms around each other and rocked back and forth, frankly delighting in the sense of physical support at this moment.

"Me sneak out?" Lorena exclaimed, pulling away and laughing. "Lemme tell you something, honey—if I ever leave you, the whole neighborhood'll know about it."

Wick came down to the lowest step and took Lorena's hand. He bowed over it, looking down on her with eyes that misted. "Welcome, my dear—welcome to this house. . . ." His voice creaked and stopped.

His display of feeling threw Lorena out of her stride. "Oh—thank *you*—it's mighty nice of you to say so. . . ." Her smile became forced, her thickly reddened lips trembled a little.

Tat, in a flutter of pride and delight, said, "Well, let's don't cry about it." Tucking Lorena's arm under his he led her up the stairs.

Wick held out his hand to O'Dell. "Good morning to you. We were beginning to think you had lost the guest of honor somewhere. Won't you come in?"

"I guess I better be moseying. . . ." But O'Dell glanced up at the corner of the house from which the sound of revelry came and a wistful look softened his shrewd face. This unexpected guilelessness touched Wick.

"Oh, come in, come in! You have time to have a drink with us anyway."

They overtook the bridal pair at the door of the house. "Tat, take Lorena in to see your mother. And tell her the guests are all waiting. We'll go this way—" He took O'Dell's arm and steered him away from the door and along the piazza. As they rounded the corner Bristol was just bringing out the big silver waiter with its garden of frosty green.

"I have another customer, he's just in time. This is Lorena's uncle, Mr. O'Dell. . . ."

WHILE Bristol passed the mint juleps Wick sat down by Mrs. Hessenwinkle and surveyed the guests. Vinny was got up regardless in a tiger lily print, and fondled a pink kid bag of grand proportions. August looked neat as a pin in a pepper and salt mixture; a very recent haircut ringed his round head with a pale halo. Lucian's raw silk suit was like thick cream.

Wick's survey was cut short by the entrance of the bride. The long window opening out from the dining room enclosed Etta and Lorena in a strange embrace. Lorena's gay plaids and brilliant make-up made Etta look pale and dry; those forthcoming curves were cruel to the straight folds of the older woman's figure. Yet Etta's unapologetic plainness gave Lorena's red hair and redder mouth, gave even her youth, a spurious look.

Everybody shouted at the bride. Vinny rose with the others and waved the pink bag to encourage the demonstration. This time Aunt Quince sat firm and so did August; this is a little overdone, their steadfastness seemed to say.

Wick came out of his trance and took Lorena's hand. "Come and sit over here—I'll get you a julep—" He drew her through the group that pressed round her smiling and shaking hands, toward an empty chair on the other side of the circle. Judith, pushing in from the periphery, stopped in front of them.

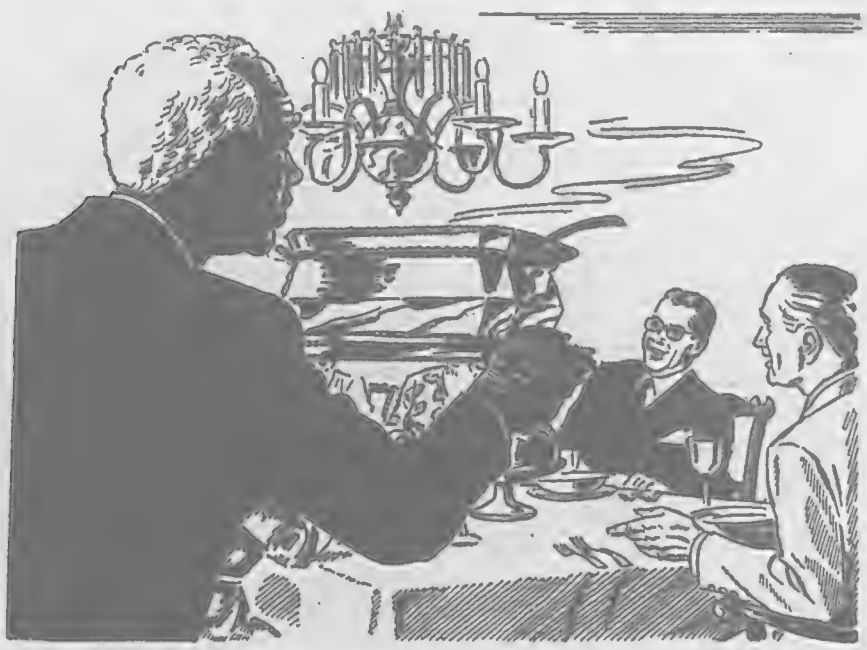
"I want to wish you every kind of luck, Lorena," she said, holding out her hand. "You've got a swell guy. Tat's as fine as they come—and I hope you're both going to be very happy." She smiled at Lorena with tremulous friendliness.

Good! Wick thought. My cure's working. He slipped an arm round her and brought the two girls closer. But Lorena looked back at Judith, on guard, yielding nothing of the new ground she had gained. "Thanks, pal," she drawled, managing to make her handshake ironical. "But I'm pretty happy right now." She dropped Judith's hand and took Wick's again.

Turning sidewise, she brushed past Judith, drawing Wick along now in her wake. He turned back and murmured, "Good girl!" They left Judith standing alone in the middle of the ring.

A small annoyance invaded Judith that her effort to make up with Lorena had been brushed off. Of course she was furious with me because I was critical of Tat . . . maybe they were planning to get married then, and she wouldn't like my saying he was spoiled and all that. But I tried to make her understand that I really love Tat, I said nice things about him. . . .

Judith closed her eyes; she called up from above and around her the immediate sensory memories of Fen with



which this house was hung and laid them like leaves on her bruises . . . Her bridal dinner here, and the first breathless weeks of her married life. . . .

BRISTOL announced dinner.

The company rose with alacrity, for it was now half past three, and milled about disposing of empty glasses. Etta and Wick exchanged looks.

"Stay and take dinner with us, O'Dell; we're about to go in—"

"Say, is it that late? You must think I stick around like a burr in a mule-tail. I meant to be on my way long before this. But you can't blame me for liking such nice folks, now can you? Still, I guess you've got your table all set, Mrs. Redcliff—"

"We have plenty of room." The words plopped from Etta's lips like smooth little pebbles. "We'll be glad to have you stay."

They streamed toward the long window into the dining room. Judith had one foot on the low step when she heard Uncle Wick and Lorena just behind her and drew back to let the bride go first. Her short leg threw her off balance a little, and she caught at the shutter rather awkwardly.

"Hey there, what's the matter?" said Lorena, with sudden expansiveness. "The juleps haven't got you, have they? Go ahead in."

"No, no; you go first—"

"Oh, go ahead—we got all the time in the world." Riding on the crest of the wave, she seized Judith's arm and boosted her over the threshold.

The gesture was full of the kindness of the perfectly healthy being for the handicapped one and it made Judith conspicuous. Wincing, she pulled away from Lorena's excited grasp and rearranged her rumpled sleeve.

Etta came quickly in through the other French window and had Bristol set a place for O'Dell.

Wick drummed on the table for silence with the handle of his knife and said grace. The antistrophe of amens died away, the gentlemen in unison stepped behind the ladies' chairs and pushed them in a sort of religious schottische.

Bristol and Bekah brought in the soup. Etta's shrimp soup was the result of long and artful collaboration between Bekah and herself, and it went to the spot. Aunt Quince and O'Dell, now in close alliance, bandied pleasantries. Judith sat withdrawn in her private discipline: Lorena, at the other end, talked too much in a high, nervous pitch; and Wick laughed a little too loudly at her sallies.

From under the wide brim of her hat, Vinny Hessenwinkle gave him a sharp look. You talk too much, she thought. For a smart man you haven't done so well. If I'd had your start. . . . Well, now Rena would. Across the table Rena, all life and color, was kidding Mr. Lucian Redcliff like she owned the shop. And so she did, miraculous Rena. Vinny cast about for the right thing to say, to show she also belonged.

"My, you've got some beautiful old antiques here."

But Mr. Redcliff didn't answer because he was all eyes for Rena, who was kidding him now. She had him eating right out of her hand.

Actually, Vinny didn't mind being left out of the conversation; it gave her a chance to get a good look at the inside of this house. Her first reaction was disappointment—the Redcliffs weren't somehow as stylish as she'd expected. The rooms she looked into from her side of the table were handsome with their high ceilings and shining floors, but those plain white summer covers made the furniture stand up kind of ghostly . . . if I had all that money I'd get me some snappy cree-tonne. And mixed in with the antiques was a lot of old stuff like you'd see in anybody's house, a black wicker settee with the paint bumped off and a Morris chair with mashed down cushions by the fireplace. . . Husbands must be alike (Vinny gave a startled glance from Wick to August) both high and low . . . there was always some old chair they thought they had to sit their bottoms in.

She could hear August at the other end of the table smacking his mouth over the chicken fricassee; this was just the type of food August liked. He was eating with a moony look on his face, a kind of thoughtless enjoyment. Vinny never enjoyed anything thoughtlessly, but she was glad he was having a good time, after he kicked up such a ruckus about coming.

Down the table Tat was saying, " . . . there isn't any such thing as a necessary war. All wars are destructive; nobody wins anything except poverty, famine, and disease. We can do more for democracy by keeping out of imperialistic wars and building up a real program of social betterment in this country."

Tat was O.K., Vinny thought. Even if he was no great shakes as a provider. But had he not already provided Rena with a place, a starting-point from which to scoop up with both hands the good things she had a right to? And some day they'd have his daddy's money. Tat was a sweet boy—you couldn't help liking him, even when he talked that socialistic stuff—he was so sincere. You could see he just knew his luck in getting a swell girl.

How Rena felt about Tat, beyond the obvious advantages of the match, Vinny was not quite sure yet, but she seemed gay as a lark across the table there. She sure looked good in that taffeta dress. Vinny had never been able to fathom Rena entirely, which was one reason why she admired her eldest so much. Take that business with Fen . . . he was a handsome young feller, but he was married and didn't have much money. . . .

Vinny thought of the all the trouble she'd been through with Rena. A vast relief flowed through her.

LORENA was on top of the world. Mrs. Redcliff was being just lovely to Tat and herself; look at all the trouble she had gone to about this party.

"Mrs. Redcliff, this ice cream is super," Rena called down the table. "You must of known peach is my favorite kind."

Etta gave her a friendly smile. "Is it? I'm delighted; I'll have to remember that." Lorena thought she could get on all right with Mrs. Redcliff—and that would please

Tat. She had discovered that he was crazy about his mother. He made fun of all the rest of the family, but not of her, and that was right.

If Lorena had heard her mother's silent query a while ago as to how she felt about Tat, she wouldn't have been able to answer. She might have approached it roundabout . . . not the way I felt about Eleck . . . not the way I felt about Fen . . . But she couldn't have explained how she felt about Fen, except that he had had an easy way, a sense of fun, an instinct for taking the cash and letting the credit go that she responded to.

Fen and Tat weren't a bit alike. Tat talked an awful

lot about love, but she couldn't seem to get what he was driving at. Lorena thought she knew what love was; it was what Eleck had given her, for instance. Eleck was certainly a man . . . she had cried a lot when she heard he was dead, because he had been a good egg and she had been crazy about him, even if another woman had claimed she was his wife. But Uncle Harry had hired a smart lawyer who had gotten the pension for Lorena, so she didn't hold it against Eleck, not after all these years, that he had left her.

There were a lot of little things she could teach Tat.

A family argument at the other end of the table caught Lorena's attention. Judith was reproving the older generation about their eating habits . . . "rice and sweet potatoes and macaroni for dinner—it's enough to kill you. But Bekah makes the best chocolate cake in the world. I wish you'd give me the recipe."

Aunt Quince had helped herself bountifully to all the starches without regard for her figure, so at this she looked grumpy.

"When did you begin to say 'recipe'? I thought you always said 'receipt.' "

"Well—yes; I did," Judith owned. "But I changed when I found it was wrong. The dictionary says 'receipt' is obsolescent."

"Dictionaries!" said Aunt Quince. "They're full of twaddle. I don't see why you should give up your pronunciation for a dictionary. A word can't be obsolescent as long as people use it."

"If you don't go by a dictionary, may I ask what Holy Writ you do go by?" Tat's voice sank into the bass clef with the heavy weight of sarcasm.

"I speak the way I was brought up to speak, boy."

Etta put her hand over Tat's. "I'm afraid he has no such arbitrary rules to go by, Aunt Quince. I've always encouraged him to think for himself. If I hounded him about his pronunciation the way you do Lucian, he'd never speak to me again." She smiled at Tat.

Aunt Quince looped them both in a wiry glance. "I think that might be very restful."

That gritting of the fan against Aunt Quince's cotton voile bosom was getting on Lorena's nerves. How much had the old lady caught on to that summer evening three years ago when she and Fen had slipped into the house and found her there? Nosey—that was what Lorena thought, though she claimed she had come to ask Fen to Sunday dinner, being as his family was all away. It scared Lorena a little to think about it.

Well, Uncle Harry seemed to have wound the old lady round his finger; maybe he'd keep her in a good humor. Uncle Harry could charm the birds outa the trees, that man, but he never took his eye off the ball.

A frond of asparagus fern descending in a long curve from the epergne set Judith off, from Lorena's angle at the opposite corner of the table, in a garlanded frame.

Brushing me off her sleeve like that. Judith wasn't high—oh no, not that fine lady. Well, it had been kind of silly for Judith and herself to be fighting about Fen, because Fen was dead, and today was another day. It had just gotten her back up to have Judith talk as if she owned the Redcliffs, when, if she only knew . . .

JUDITH turned to Tat, and Lorena heard her asking, "Have you decided where you are going to live, or haven't you had time to make any plans?"

"I hope they'll stay here with us," said Mrs. Redcliff. "We have plenty of room—too much, in fact. Wick and I will be lost in this house."

Naturally, Tat was answering, they'd rather build a house of their own than live in a rented one and sometime they would maybe. ("One of those modernistic horrors with plumbing pipes draped all over the front, I suppose," Etta put in). . . . Well, why not? . . . there was nothing sacred about Georgian, and he'd had a bellyful of it, anyway. . . .

Mr. Redcliff waded into the fight now, talking kind of sharp. "Don't throw yourself at their heads, Etta—or rather, don't throw the house at them. We'll live in it as long as we last, and then it will have to take its chances."

"Don't you worry," Lorena hastened to reassure him, "we won't let it fall down. Or sell it either. We're gonna live here some day."

"On *what?*" Tat cut in.

"Never you mind. We can take roomers, if we have to. We can turn it into apartments."

Lorena thought she felt a thud on the air like a far-off explosion. They were all looking at her kind of stupidly. Even Tat. Well, Tat didn't understand, maybe, but she had walked round and round this house all her life . . . and now she was in it. Fen had let her in the back door, and now Tat had let her in the front door, and she was going to live here—for a while at least.

"If you ever *did* want to turn it into apartments, these large rooms don't cut up so good—too much waste space." Vinny measured the ceiling height with an exact eye.

"Quit worrying, Momma; that's a long time off. And for my money, this house is swell. Besides, you could always make enough taking roomers to carry the place if you—if anybody didn't want to change it."

"I don't know—" Vinny thrust her head as far forward as her short neck would allow, not liking her judgment questioned.

"Well, I do." Lorena and her mother argued a lot, Tat had discovered; now they both flushed up. "If you wanted to live here you got plenty of rooms to bring in rent, even if they are large."

"Luckily we don't have to consider that problem just now," Etta said. "Suppose we talk of something else."

But mother and daughter were too far away to feel the sting of hail, or else their hot contentions melted the ice as it struck. "You got three bedrooms on the second floor, Momma—four if you count the sewing room."

Tat looked from his wife to his mother and struggled to break in on this nightmare argument, but his divided loyalties tore his thoughts apart and left him only fragments of words.

"The sewing room's kind of small and dark," Lorena persisted, "but it's the coolest room in the house in summer."

This homely detail fell stonily into the pool of the table; the rim of faces swung like sunflowers toward Lorena, then turned irresistibly on Tat. He drew a quivering breath.

"Course you'd have to evict Miss Jinny. You'd have to heave out the deadheads and get in some paying guests." Rena laughed a delighted, shallow laugh.

Aunt Quince's voice came out in a kind of spurt. "You seem to know this house pretty well."

Tat felt his mother's eyes on him, asking with outrage, what does this mean? Did you bring this girl here . . . ? The blood flew to his ears, he knew he looked twenty times guilty of all he hadn't committed.

"Sure I know it," Lorena said self-consciously. "Anyway, it ain't so different from any other house; it's got bedrooms and halls, ain't it, like any other house. . . ." Her slipping grammar showed she was flustered a little.

But it wasn't like any other house. The ill-shaped, cluttered sewing room . . . his mother didn't like people to go into it; except that Fen, whose room got the afternoon sun, had often slept there because it was the coolest room in the house in summer . . . Fen! Tat looked at Lorena with dumb anguish, imploring her not to go on.

But Lorena didn't understand his entreaty. Aunt Quince's stare, which gave her no quarter, seemed to have some power to overthrow her sturdy self-possession. The table crouched in ravening expectancy through which Lorena's voice sounded large and shrill as she tried to recover her footing.

"Well, we don't have to start out looking for roomers yet, like Mis' Redcliff says. I got a general idea what this house is like." She lowered her voice and added negligently, "Tat took me around it once—on a kind of rubber-neck tour. . . ."

Tat sat and let the lie burn his bosom. His father was smiling at him—covering up for him.

"Well," Wick said, "it's quite natural that Tat should show his prospective wife what she was getting into. She's taking on not only the Redcliffs and their eccentricities but the closets with their skeletons—after all, she had to meet Miss Jinny sometime. But since it's all had a happy ending, let's drink the bride's health."

He rose and bowed fulsomely toward Lorena, his cheeks pink, his cowlick ruffled by the tempestuous air. "To the daring and charming bride—" he bent and kissed her hand, "don't blame us if we Redcliffs find her irresistible."

Tat shoved his chair back. As he jumped up his glasses fell with a light clash and skittered along the waxed floor. "I say we cut out the toasts," he said raucously; "we might as well just skip the whole damn farce. Let her alone . . let me alone . . . and let's get this party over with."

He backed out of the circle of ossified, upturned faces and tramped into the hall without knowing that he ground his glasses excruciatingly under his feet.

Judith got up impulsively and followed him. She put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Keep your hair on, Tat. We suspected, or some of us did, about you and Lorena. It doesn't really matter—"

But he turned on her such a face of pity and anger that her hand slid off again.

BEHIND Judith the diners were scuffling among the flattened debris of the structure they had built up so elaborately. "Tat! *Really*—" "What on *earth* got into him?" "Don't take this outburst too seriously,"—this was Etta—"he's over-excited today, naturally. We'll have coffee in the sitting room."

As soon as she could, Judith escaped upstairs and went to the company room where she was used to staying when she and Fen had visited the family. She took down her hair and combed it back from her face, abandoning with infinite relief her attempt to look smart. Then she went rigid with her comb in the air, like a person who feels a cat in the room.

Lorena came straight up to her. "Judith, I been wanting to say something . . . what do you say we call it quits? I guess I been kind of crumby—but it's no need for us to keep on fighting—"

Judith spun round and stared at Lorena, too stupefied to perceive that this was a different mien, simple and sentimental.

"I figure we just as well forget the past and be frien's like Tat says," the voice went on, still subdued. "It's no use for us to fight about Fen anyway. He's—" she made a little deprecating gesture—"well, he's dead now—and out of the picture for good."

It seemed to Judith that Lorena had laid rough hands on her and dragged her bodily to a brink whose sheer drop she had spent these two years denying. Out of reason she hated, not reality, but its agent who forced on her the knowledge of life and death.

"I'm afraid it's too late," she said thickly, squeezing the words from a closed throat. "I don't see any use in our pretending—let's just say we're different and let it go at that. As to quarreling about Fen, there's really nothing for us to quarrel about, so suppose we drop the subject . . . let's not discuss Fen again, if you don't mind."

An unpleasant red patched Lorena's face where the make-up had rubbed off. "Oh that's it—snobbish, eh? Well, my fine lady, we ain't so different as you might think."

AT a sharp knock on the door they turned, giving each other the quick consulting glance of duelists surprised in the wood. Before they could fend off interruption, the door opened and Tat pushed slowly past the edge. He came in, closed the door and leaned his back against it. He had found himself another pair of spectacles; his mouth was tight and determined.

"I guess we'll have to have this out, Rena, and it might as well be now."

Like a ball player Lorena made a little rush from her base and back to it. "O.K. I'm kind of short-patienced myself, and all this screaming about nothing is getting my stummick upset. If it's the truth you all want, you'll get it—but jus' remember you asked for it."

Lorena walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge, making them wait while she lighted a cigarette. She leaned back on one arm and blew a long puff into the air. To eyes less blinded than those watching, her parade of nonchalance would have been forced and tinny, but she had beglamored both her spectators too successfully for them to see her plainly now.

"It was Fen I was here with, and that's how I got to see the house, if you must know. Fen was crazy about me—"

"That's a lie," said Judith, parroting Lorena's flat tone.

"Oh, no, it's not."

Judith couldn't feel her knees under her any more. She leaned hard on the marble slab of the bureau. Tat walked over and stood by the bed. "Come along home, Lorena; you're talking too much—you've had too much to drink."

"Drunk, is it?" Lorena jumped up. "I'm not makin' this up—not by a long shot!" Seeing Judith's blank face she suddenly shouted, "You might as well know—I got in a jam that summer—I went to Detroit and had a baby—"

Tat put his hand over her mouth, but she tore away from his gripping fingers. "You don't think Fen was in love with me, huh? Well, lemme tell you—you don't neither of you know what love is—"

Like a sleepwalker Tat lifted his arm and hit her in the face.

She fell back on the bed more from surprise than from its force. She lay across the white counterpane for a moment, then raised her head and looked along her body at Tat standing thunderstruck at her knees. She opened her mouth once or twice before anything came out. "You hit me," she said incredulously. "You're just a fake gentleman. You're all a bunch of fakes."

To Judith the scene had the dreadful improbability of a happening in hell. She covered her face with her hands and ran from the room as if it had burst into flames behind her.

She rushed across the hall and nearly overset Lucian who had just arrived at the top of the staircase. On tenterhooks to know what was brewing abovestairs, he had approached step by step, looking up and listening while he hunted for a pretext to intrude on the women's domain. As Judith ran past he fell back a step or two and guiltily pretended to be going down, but she didn't even see him; she made for an empty bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

He stood uncertainly in the hall, hearing voices in the company room.

"Get the hell out of here!" Lorena's voice cut through

the solid wood, and on the instant the door flew open; Tat dashed by him and ran downstairs, his soles rattling like a machine gun on the uncarpeted treads.

Through the open door Lucian saw Lorena sitting on the edge of the bed. Catching sight of him, she leaned forward, her hands on her knees as if making ready to spring. "You get the hell out of here too. I don't want to look at any of you."

Lucian strolled in, sat down in an armchair and pulled up his trousers at the knees before he answered. "Whose house do you think this is, anyway? Firing people out right and left."

"I'll show you whose house it is."

"You don't have to. I'm quite aware that it's my brother's house."

Lorena stared at him as if she had forgotten this.

HURRIED footsteps reached the door. The large oval face of Mrs. Hessenwinkle hung in the gloom of the hall behind Wick.

"What's up?" As Wick came in Lorena pulled down her skirt and began to smooth her hair with a purely reflex coquetry. "Tat rushed out of the house as if the devil was after him."

Vinny followed him into the room. "You all right, Rena?"

"Oh, Momma!" cried Lorena, running and throwing herself on the bosom of that stubborn favoritism. "Tell 'em Fen was crazy about me. They won't believe it! They think I'm not good enough. . . ."

Swiftly Vinny slipped the handle of the pink bag over her arm to safety and clasped Lorena to her. "Well, you certainly are . . . he certainly was . . ."

Lorena's head came up, she looked with streaming eyes into her mother's face. "Even when I told them about the baby they didn't wanta believe me."

"Baby!" exclaimed Wick and Lucian together.

Lorena turned on them.

Wick walked up and put his hands on her shoulders. "Calm down, Lorena, and tell me the truth."

His tallness and whiteness seemed to cow her. She dropped her arms and stood sullen under the rough grip of his hands. "I had a baby—that same year Fen died. I brought him back from Detroit afterwards. My cousin is raising him for me, in Christ Church Parish. She thinks his father was a fellow from Detroit."

Wick let his hands fall and walked away. "This is shocking," he said. "I ask you to give me your word never to speak of it again. It must never come to my daughter-in-law's ears."

The rapid shift in his manner toward Lorena from admiration to severity seemed to flick her pride.

"Too late," she said. Going over to the bureau and picking up the comb Judith had dropped, she combed her hair defiantly. "I told her already—her and Tat."

All three stared at her in the mirror. Their multiplied, accusing faces hemmed her in. She swung around and met them again . . . thus beleaguered, her flippancy broke down, her full lips quivered. From beneath the well-filled plaid taffeta, from beneath even the garment of ripe flesh, Lucian thought he saw a girl come half out, a dryad shape, unaging. Lorena's hardness of heart, he saw, was just that—not meanness, not the desire to wound, but the careless infliction of a pain she was too resilient to learn about.

Wick turned his back and headed for the door, saying, "Where did Judith go?"

"I don't know—across the hall, I guess."

"Rena! What did you go telling Tat for? I'm gonna find Poppa." Mrs. Hessenwinkle went off purposefully, swinging her long arms.

Tact forbade Lucian's staying to witness the interview between father and daughter. He smiled on Lorena with acid benignity. "Good luck with the old man."

A door closed softly in the hall and he moved gladly toward the living sound. Opening the door of the sewing room a little, he saw Wick standing in deep dejection, his face as painfully crumpled as his linen suit. They went downstairs side by side.

The group in the parlor was sitting in a mortuary silence. Etta looked at Wick in anguished questioning.

"I'm afraid the bride and groom have had a—er—little falling out," he said. "Of course such things are to be expected, though it's rather early in the game. The only thing to do is to forget about it—in time we'll straighten it out."

Lucian caught the sparkle in his mother's eye. "I declare, it's most unfortunate," she murmured.

He took her by the arm and drew her into the dining room. "Let's break this up, Mother; you go home. Judith—isn't ready yet. I'll wait and take her home. You've made enough mischief here today to suit even your insatiable appetite."

The antennae in Aunt Quince's little black hat quivered. "There's no reason for you to be disagreeable, Lucian. I only asked the girl a simple question—"

Footfalls thundered on the stairs. The Hessenwinkles came down with an imposing effect of solidarity. August rolled an anguished eye over the group below and was dumb in the clutch of circumstance. Vinny's black glance darted here and there as the others came out into the hall. Only Lorena was smiling.

"I swear, it's a shame we had to go and break up the crockery like this and spoil your lovely party," she told Etta with cheerful frankness.

Catching Wick's eye, August took a step forward. "Mr. Redcliff, I didn't know anything—"

Lorena ignored his interruption. "Well, I guess we all understand each other better now, and that's a good thing. If Tat comes back here, tell him I'm over home—"

Not a Redcliff had spoken. Lorena's bland front and the laws of hospitality double-locked their jaws. Fully aware of the ice that had formed in the hall, she used it daringly to skate toward the door. "Good-by, Mrs. Redcliff; thank you for a lovely dinner. Good-by—good-by . . ." Vinny closed in behind. "Glad to have met you-all. . . ."

Lucian recovered himself first. "I'll see them out."

The three Hessenwinkles had already turned their backs on the big iron gate when he reached it. They walked along the sidewalk at a leisurely pace—a family group, dressed in their best, going home at the end of a Sunday afternoon.

JUDITH felt no interest in the opening of the door, so she did not turn her head but went on looking from her armchair into the nearly dark garden. Lucian stood there beside her like a gate-post. He said timidly, "Do you want to go home, Judith? My car is here—"

She stirred. "I suppose I have to go somewhere." But how to face the decision, when there was nowhere to go that wasn't dreadful.

Lucian took her hand in both of his. "Judith! I'm sure Fen loved you. Don't doubt it!"

"Oh, Lucian—if you could only give that feeling back to me!"

"I'm sure of it," he repeated. "You must believe me. And yet—" He turned away and gnawed his lip. "I don't want to give it back. I don't know that I *ought* to give it back. You've got to come out of that cocoon you've wrapped yourself in. Horrible as all this is, someday something had to tear it open. You see, Judith, it's morbid to cling to anything, even love."

WHEN Lorena sat up in bed next morning, she buried her head in her hands. The events of yesterday trickled into her head again. When they got home from the Redcliffs' August had given her a talking to; he had described her conduct to her in unvarnished terms. She was just a bad girl; bringing disgrace on her family, shaming them before the Redcliffs—before Fen's people.

Well, no use sitting round moping. Lorena got up. In the half-dark room she stumbled over Tat's suit-case, and its sharp corner stabbed her with a thrust that was more than physical. Why hadn't he come home sometime during the night? A bride of three days, deserted. . .

But later, when the gloom of the house had driven her into the garden, she heard his step on the sidewalk. In a moment he turned in the gate and came up to her.

"I was just going home to write you a letter." His voice sounded queer with the tight brake he was putting on his feelings. "I was going to let Bristol bring it over

and get my bag. But since you're here, I guess I might as well say it."

Lorena opened her mouth to shout at him to get the hell out of her sight, but something in his appearance cut the ground from under her. The white suit of yesterday was anguished by wrinkles and stains; the strain and despair that lined his face gave it, unexpectedly, a boyish droop.

"O.K. We might as well have it out. Come on and sit down." She led the way to some chairs.

"I guess there's no point in our arguing—" he began, "But what I can't understand is—" He suddenly began to hurl reproaches down on her: "Why didn't you tell me all this? Why didn't you tell me the truth? That's what I can't forgive!"

"I didn't tell you any lies. If you wanted to think I was different than what I am, could I help that?"

"You didn't tell them, but you acted them—"

"I was gonna tell you," Lorena admitted. "But I can't ever figure out how you're gonna take things—you're funny that way. So I thought I'd better wait till you came down out of the clouds, sort of. Then you see, I had the baby to think of, an' I kind of thought it would be easier—that you wouldn't mind my bringin' him home, if it was your own kin. It seems to me you'd be glad to have your own brother's child—" She looked at him with honest inquiry.

But Tat, she saw, couldn't answer this simple argument. The muscles of his face were stiff; whatever violent refusals churned in his mind, he couldn't utter them.

"We just think differently," he said after a while. "We never could get together, I guess, so the best thing is to just skip the arguments and get the parting over with as soon as possible. I'm going away somewhere as fast as I can, and find a job. I won't have much money, of course, but whatever I make, I'll divide it with you until you can get on your feet."

AS always Tat's clean contempt for money impressed her. Last night Vinny had let fall a remark, throwing out an anchor; no matter what happened, she had said, Tat would have to pay Lorena's support. It was the law.

She said thoughtfully, "Never mind. You don't need to worry 'bout me. I got a job. I can always get along." (She could never explain this decision to Momma.) "I didn't marry you for money, God knows."

"That's right. You didn't. But why did you? You don't love me; admit it."

The word love in Tat's mouth baffled her as always. She thought it over for a moment. "I know you're a decent fellow, Tat; your heart's as big as a house. But I don' know exactly why I married you, and that's the truth. It was partly I let Judith talk me into it, I guess—it burnt me up to have her goin' on like she owned the Redcliff family, when I knew you and Fen both . . . an' her havin' the name an' all."

This explanation sounded foolish as she said it because something was missing from its basis—her anger of yesterday against Judith. Now that she had told Judith everything, now that she was even, her anger had trickled out, she had forgotten it in the press of other grievances.

"So that's why you had that complex about Judith!"

"I guess I did have a complex. But it's funny—I don't hate her now. You kep' on sayin' we'd get along O.K. if we knew each other, an' it looks like you were right. Well, it's too late now; she hates me like poison ivy." It was sad, she thought; the breaks were just bad. With the best will in the world you couldn't change them. She went on, "But that wasn't the only reason I married you. I'm awful fond of you, Tat, honest I am, and women just set more store by bein' married than men—you know that. Then I wanted to get Red back. I'm crazy about him an' I thought I could work him in—I don' know how; but if you wait long enough you generally get the chance you're lookin' for."

"Yeah, it sounds like a perfect marriage—for everybody but me."

"Well, I don't expec' being married to be a picnic like you seem to. I've tried it before, you see."

"Being married to the woman you love isn't a picnic—it's heaven. I've tried it too—for three days."

They stared at each other speechless. Tat threw himself on her and began to kiss her; his lips seemed to sting her face and neck with his passion and despair. As if a shade rolled up in her mind, she saw a little what he meant by love, and what she saw shook her with panic. Because she couldn't give back this love.

"Oh, Rena . . . you don't know how it hurts to lose you!"

"You ain't losin' me, honey, you losin' somebody you dreamed up, an' I ain't her, if you know what I mean. The truth is we never would of made it, not in a hundred years. So let's jus' forget it."

"Forget it!"

"You'll forget it; you'd be surprised how fast you kin forget."

Tat got up. "So that's all it means to you. Well, I'll get my bag and be going."

She let him go. It was better for him this way. It's easier if you are mad at somebody. Besides, she was busy giving up some things herself not easy to lose. Because Tat was a sweet boy, and lovable, a fellow with big ideas. And she wanted to be married, sure enough. And then there was the house. And the being a Redcliff. . .

WHEN August got up from the dinner table he put on his coat and said, "I'm going over to have a talk with Mr. Redcliff and see how we can fix up this mess you-all have got us into."

Vinny accepted silently her partnership in guilt, but Rena answered up. "I've fixed up part of it a'ready and saved you some trouble. Tat was here a while ago, and we decided to split."

"I guess it's just as well you left, ruther than being asked out," said August.

"She's his lawful wife, August; he'll have to give her support."

"I don't want to take any of Tat's money, Momma. I can work and support myself."

"That's right, Rena," August said. "That's good sense. I don't want my daughter beholden to the Redcliffs. We can take care of ourselves. Well, I'm going over to see Mr. Redcliff anyway."

When he had gone, Lorena went to the telephone and called up Uncle Harry and told him she'd be back at work in the morning. She could tell he was doubled up with curiosity, but she put him off until she could get

her story lined up. "Don't ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. And look-a-here—I want a raise."

He sputtered and protested, but after a lot of backtalk, he said, well, maybe—he'd see. Whatever you could say about Uncle Harry, he wasn't mean.

This partial success made Lorena feel better right off. You could always pick up and go on if you set your mind to it. She went out in the garden and lay on the settee.

She must have been dozing when the telephone roused her. Her father wanted her to come over at once.

She put down the receiver with a tingling in her feet

and stomach. As she changed her dress and re-did her face, her fingers were all thumbs. Anyway, something was beginning to happen.

She didn't take the short cut this time but entered the Redcliff house by the front door.

What gave the conclave a solemn look was that they were sitting widely spaced about the dining table. As Lorena came through the door Tat and Mr. Redcliff got up; Mr. Redcliff said, "Howd'y do—" very formally. Poppa had his note book out; he was going to get everything down in writing. Mrs. Redcliff wasn't there. Mr. Redcliff explained that she had a bad headache and was lying down, but this didn't take Lorena in.

Lorena sat down on the chair pulled out for her.

Wick gave a deep sigh and went at it. "My son says that you have agreed to separate. Are you both sure that is what you want?"

Lorena looked at Tat. He sat sidewise with one elbow on the table and his chin in his hand.

"Yes," he said obscurely through his fingers. "It's the only way."

Lorena nodded and said, "Yes." When she had said it she felt a kind of relief.

Lucian spoke up. "There's another question. What are we going to tell the dear public?"

Tat made a convulsive movement. "It's none of their damn business—"

"So it isn't; but you've got to tell them something, and we'd better get together on the story. We can say it was religious differences, or incompatibility, or a divergence of taste in breakfast foods. The more explanations we give, the more they'll be confused and miss the real one."

"It's all mighty funny to you, isn't it?" Tat turned on him with scalding bitterness. "You're going to have the hell of a good time out of this."

For once he put Lucian to rout. "I didn't mean anything," Lucian expostulated. "I only meant—that is—people are going to garble whatever we tell them, so we might as well have the pleasure of garbling it ourselves." But he said this to the air because Tat had rushed out on to the piazza.

"Come back, Tat," his father called, his voice edgy with parental irritation; "let's try to get somewhere while we're all here together."

But August smiled sympathetically and said, "Leave him go out and cool his head off. He'll come back presently."

"He's always slamming out of the door," said Lucian crossly. "It seems to relieve his mind."

"Well, while he's out we might take the opportunity of talking about the child." Mr. Redcliff sat back, folded his arms and blinked at the ceiling. "What sort of person is Mrs. Maguire? Is she a good person to bring up a child? We have to consider the baby's future; that's perhaps the most important thing we have to decide."

"She's kind of shif'less," August replied.

"To me the best solution is for Judith to adopt him," Wick said.

"Not if I know it!" Panic seized Lorena.

Wick ignored her outburst. "She could do it easily through the Welfare—without any scandal. Judith needs something to interest her the worst way in the world. And the child could have his true inheritance."

"It's too reasonable," August sighed. "Women just couldn't do anything so sensible."

He put up his unused notebook and pencil with a gesture that expressed their common frustration. "We got a picture of the situation; too much yeast in it somewheres—" he looked somberly at his daughter. "It's just like you sometimes turn out a batch of sour bread."

THE two who should have drawn closer together after the debacle unfortunately couldn't bring themselves to meet. Tat sent Judith an affectionate message to call on him if he could do anything for her, and she sent back a grateful reply saying there was nothing at present.

The elder Radcliffs telephoned daily, but tactfully kept away. To casual friends and to Mrs. MacNab she maintained the fiction of a bad cold and sore throat which secured her privacy for the time being.

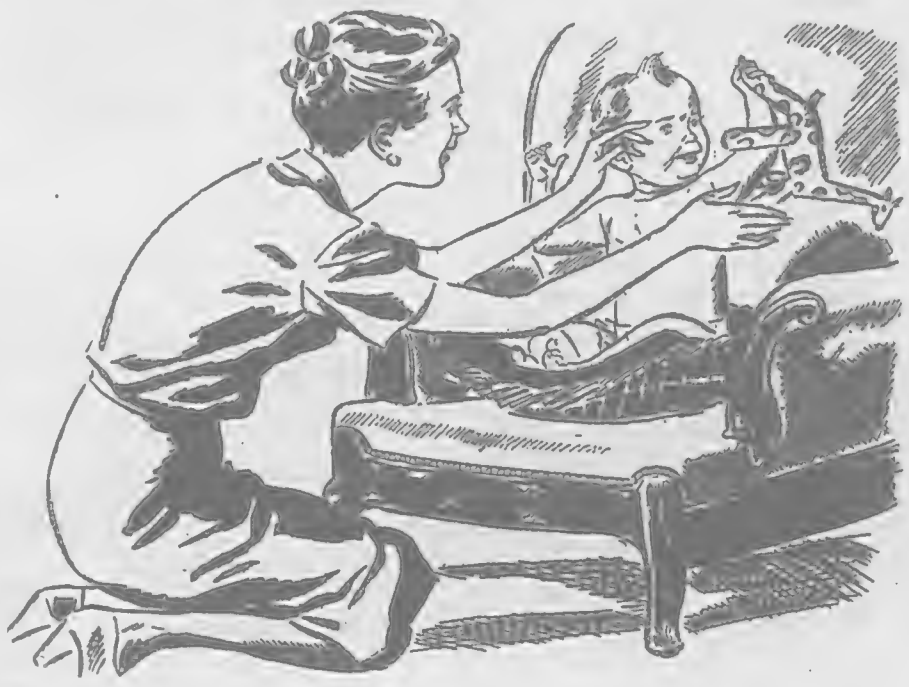
One morning Wick called her on the telephone. "How are you today, Judith? Do you feel well enough to see me for a few minutes? I've had a letter which really concerns you, and I don't feel that I should answer without your seeing it."

"A letter?" she said faintly. "Who—?"

"We can't very well discuss it over the telephone. I'll have to bring it to you."

"Yes, of course; come . . . whenever you like."

Uncle Wick took his time to come—or so it seemed. Following his ring, his step sounded on the stairs—re-



luctant, delaying. When he came in they met with mutual shock, like friends parted for long who find each other distressingly different. He came over and kissed her in silence, then sat down by her. Hesitantly he took an envelope out of his pocket. "It's from Lorena."

She held it for a moment in her hand. Tan notepaper with brown border.

Dear Mr. Redcliff,

Since the other day I have been thinking a lot about the matter, and I guess God just doesn't mean me to have Red. So I've changed my mind, I had to. If Judith will take him, I'll give him to her. I want him to have a good raising like Fen had. Otherwise will you please pay the money to Cousin Mary to keep him.

Because I am going back to Detroit to live with my aunt, then Tat won't need to leave his business just when it's going good. I'm sorry I made all that trouble, but I didn't know when I started it was going to be so bad. I guess Judith will be good to poor little Red—Lord knows he isn't to blame. She's got everything she wants, she can afford to let him have some.

Yours,
Lorena Redcliff.

Judith put the paper quickly back into his hand as if it might stick to her somehow. "I couldn't possibly do it, Uncle Wick, it's out of the question—"

"I didn't for a moment imagine you would," he agreed, too hastily. "But I couldn't refuse without consulting you. And in fairness to Lorena I should add this: it was my idea, not hers. Last Monday we all got together and had a talk, Lorena, her father, ourselves, about what to do with the child, and it seemed a good solution—both for you and for him. But Lorena didn't want to give him up then; anyway, nobody takes my schemes seriously."

"Lorena apparently did."

"Well, I expect Lorena had done some hard thinking since, poor child. She's got her way to make in Detroit, and being a realist, she's seen the handwriting on the wall. I must admit it would be a wonderful solution for us if she would move away. Tat oughtn't to drop his business just as they were planning to expand it, and he's beginning to see that for himself. Tat's coming out of this all right."

He looked at her from under his eyebrows. "I'm not

satisfied to leave that baby with that Mrs. Maguire. He ought to have a better home. Think over the problem and tell me what we ought to do. Lorena has faced it with courage and generosity. She's got nerve—that girl."

LUCIAN dropped in the next day at noon, demanding coffee, but he wouldn't advise her or even discuss her problem. He talked about his business, which with him was intensely personal . . . people and houses.

When he got up to go, Judith said, "You were an angel to come, Lucian. It did something for me, just to have you sitting around—" She got up, too. "I wish you didn't have to go. There should be some way you could have a man you're fond of live in the house."

"There is. In fact, most women do, one way or another." He took her in his arms and kissed her.

When she got over her surprise she saw that Lucian looked a little startled himself.

"Idiot, I wasn't thinking of marriage."

"Well, I'll settle for marriage if you insist."

She pulled away from his detaining hand. "Lucian, you're a darling—but I couldn't. I'll never love anybody but Fen and there's no use pretending."

He leaned over, took her face in his hand and held it up to his intent gaze.

She pushed him away. "Honestly, Lucian—it won't do. I'm sorry."

Her embarrassment infected him for a moment. He said sulkily, "You're probably right." He looked so unlike himself, so dashed, that she leaned over and kissed his cheek lightly. "And don't kiss me in that maternal way." He rubbed it off. "Well, I must admit my timing wasn't very good; I should have waited a while. Timing is important whatever you're trying to sell. The truth is I need some time on this myself; your suggestion of marriage is a new idea to me. I'll have to consider it sanely—from every angle. . . ." He went away, covering his dismissal with verbiage.

Judith stood in the middle of the room and closed her eyes. Everything that happened these days was incredible. She opened her eyes again. In their immediate line of vision Lucian's coat hung on the back of the chair. More than any words the coat revealed the extent to which he had been moved. Imagine Lucian—dashing coatless into the street!

She waited a few moments for him to come back and get it, but self-consciousness prevented, apparently. She took it on her arm and went upstairs smiling.

TEN days later Judith came hurriedly down into her living room. Her knees went to water at the prospect of having to face Lorena.

She turned on the lights to hurry away the last strays of daylight, for they wouldn't come until darkness protected them from curious eyes. The adoption papers lay on her desk, signed by her at the lawyer's office. But at the last minute Lorena had refused to go to the lawyer's to sign, apparently regretting her bargain; and Judith, having brought herself step by step to the acceptance of the child, now drove to and fro in a frenzy of nerves at the thought that he might be snatched from her.

The sharp *ting* of the door bell stung her flesh. Wildly she wished she'd asked Lucian to come—he'd know how to talk to everybody—even Red! The first voice she heard, however, gave her reassurance; Mrs. MacNab was shepherding them along the piazza with kindly clucks.

"Good evening . . . won't you come in?"

Mrs. MacNab came right up and pressed her hand. Lorena, to her relief, merely nodded and said, "Hello," then took the baby from Mrs. Maguire and, finding herself a chair, sat down and settled him in her lap.

Mrs. MacNab rustled the papers and looked round. "These seem to be in order except for one thing. I don't see that you're protected from the child's father; you've got to remember that the father's family may make some claim to him . . . "

The words jerked Lorena out of her abstraction. She and Judith exchanged an agitated glance. "The father's family—I don't expect any trouble from them," Lorena said after a pause.

"But you'll have to protect Mrs. Redcliff."

Lorena looked Mrs. MacNab up and down. "My Dad helped fix up these papers, an' if he says they're O.K., they're O.K."

"I'm perfectly satisfied with the papers," Judith exclaimed. "There's no reason to delay any longer. If you are satisfied, Lorena, please sign them and let's settle it now."

"That's what I say—let's get this over with." Lorena made a rush for the desk.

A dreadful fascination dragged Judith over to her side. Lorena sat down and looked at the papers, but Judith saw she wasn't reading the words before her.

Lorena looked up at her. "Does this mean—for good?"

"Yes . . . I'm afraid it does. Do you want to change your mind?"

"What kin I do?" Lorena cried. "I can't raise him decent where I'm goin'. I want him to have a good home like—like he's got a right to!"

She turned back to the desk and signed.

Judith looked hard at the back-slanting characters with their flourishing capitals. So it was done. A surge of vertigo overtook her. She went off a step or two. "Shall we all have something cool to drink?" she asked.

Lorena drew an uneven breath. "I sure could use one."

"All right—would you like to come and help me—" She nodded toward the other room, offering a refuge.

In the pantry the business of glasses and ice and bottle openers covered the dangerous chasm. But there was still something Judith felt she had to say.

"Lorena, I give you my word that I'm going to do everything I can for—for Red; you must think of him as being loved and wanted. I never had a child of my own, so I'm going to love having him—"

But Lorena had that abstracted air again. "You got a nice place here," she said slowly. "I always wished I could see what kind of home Fen had."

"Lorena! What are you going to do? Have you got friends in Detroit—who can help you? If I can help—"

Lorena shouldered off the naked emotion in Judith's voice. She smiled, poured out a drink, and lifting the glass, measured it with a practiced eye. "Don't you worry 'bout me, honey. Sure, I got good frien's in Detroit. I can always get a job; it jus' takes a little know-how. . . ." She rolled her eyes and swallowed her drink.

Judith could never learn to gauge the O'Dell manner, either its sincerity or its effrontery. She gave it up and said, "Let's take something in to the others."

IN the living room she set the tray down on the sofa and turned to Lorena. "There are so many things I wanted to ask you about the baby, and now they've all flown out of my head. By the way, I hope you don't mind my changing his name."

Lorena looked surprised. "You don' like Red? I think it's sort of cute—it kind of suits him."

"Well—I don't mind the 'Red' so much; it was the Astor I was thinking of."

Lorena flashed one of her broad smiles. "Oh, that! I guess you might as well change that now. I had to jus' pick a name, so I called him Michael Astor. I thought Astor might help him sometimes—you never know what might happen—and it sure looked like he was gonna need all the help he could get. But, Red, ol' boy—I guess Redcliff is pretty near as good as Astor, hey? . . . Well, what do you say we get a move on, Mrs. MacNab? I'm gettin' ready to blow the town tomorrow and I got a lot of important business to wind up. Goo'by, sonny—" She stopped over Red where he was playing on the matting and kissed him with no display of emotion.

Judith had a toy ready for this moment. She took it from the mantel, a giraffe made of wooden blocks. Red looked at it in amazement and was instantly diverted from the grown-ups.

"Good-by, Judith," said Lorena, but she was looking at Red. "Don't spoil him too rotten, hear?"

"Good-by, Lorena, and good luck!"

From the hall door Judith watched them clattering along the piazza and out into the street.

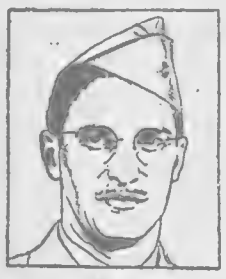
Red tore the neck off the giraffe and joyfully beat it on the matting.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

KEITH WHEELER'S We Are the Wounded is a vivid and moving book. Twice wounded, Wheeler writes from firsthand experience and tells of the uncomplaining courage of the men with whom he shared hospital rooms and transport ships.



Keith Wheeler

The last chapter of Correspondent Wheeler's book should be read by every family waiting for a G.I.

He says, "I did not set out to write a sure-fire recipe for handling a returned veteran. I don't think there is one. And if one exists, it is not handle him at all. Why not just treat him as a member of the family, one who has been gone a long time and a long distance on honorable and interesting business? You won't need kid gloves for that.

"The same goes for wounded veterans—for most of them. It will be necessary to make exceptions in the case of permanently handicapped men. . . . The blind man who falls on a crowded street in Chicago may not find himself quickly picked up and steered in the right direction. Confidence may take some hard knocks when an armless or legless man tries to find and hold a job. Cheerfulness may be difficult to maintain for the man who begins to feel that he is a burden on his family and is not too sure the family doesn't feel the same way.

"For these, the seriously and permanently hurt, the re-entry into and adjustment to civilian life may be heartbreakingly tough. These men will need help—not maudlin sympathy, but intelligent help. Don't forget—they earned it.

"After the last war the shiny plating or prestige quickly rubbed off the status of the veteran, and the glamor of a wound honorably received on a far-off field of battle proved to have little staying power. . . . The ebb tide of the Second World War, too, is likely to leave bitter cripples selling apples and shoestrings and resentful blind men behind news counters. There may be those who will make a grim appraisal of the society for which they gave much of their lives and they may find it wanting."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

GOD BLESS OUR AUNTS, Rachel Meisenhelder's first book, has the fresh and homey charm of apple dumplings.

This is the saga of a family. The Shannons of Maryland invaded York, Pennsylvania, in 1883. York was a Dutch town and the two pretty Shannon girls eventually married Dutchmen. The ensuing results were good, as any reader of God Bless Our Aunts will testify.

Rachel Meisenhelder

Great-aunt Sadie Sheets, who followed her beau to the County Home, was just a sample of the Pennsylvania Dutch stock. At seventy-six, Aunt Sadie had buried two husbands and felt that at her age she could afford to be considered a little fast. Sadie Sheets sent her great-nephew's French wife back to France on a grand tour so that she could tell her what French cats were like.

Here is Aunt Lucy, charming and completely feminine, and Aunt Gussie, who yearned to be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and who finally had to find mild solace with Johnny Walker.

Readers who have no aunts will probably go out and adopt a few after they have read Rachel Meisenhelder's delightful book.

Whittlesey House, New York, N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	U	T	T	E	R	■	R	A	D	I	U	M		
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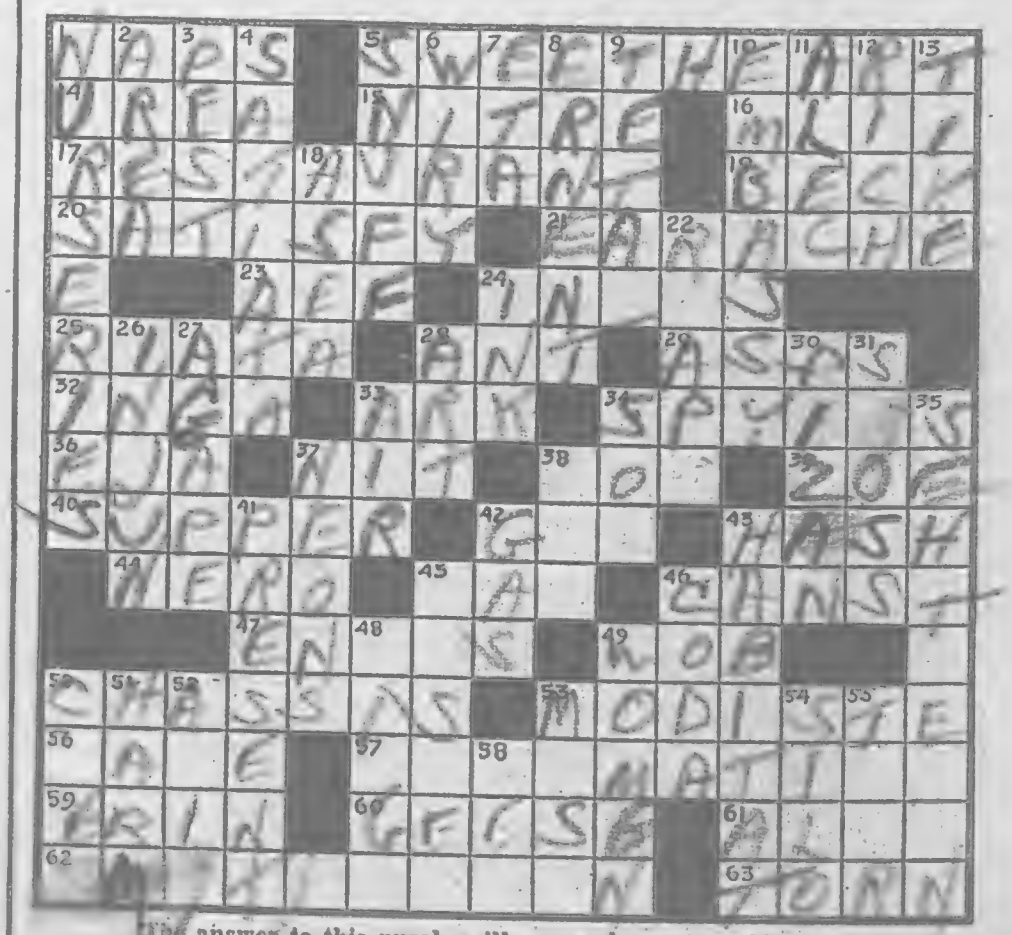
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Little things Big Business Men grab after lunch
5 Only woman member of Sigma Chi
14 That body acid again
15 Wrong kind of glycerin for chapped hands
16 A grand-fifty-two
17 Worst place to go if you want a square meal, served promptly
19 —— and call
20 What that cigarette which shall be nameless, lest we give it a free ad, is said to do
21 The result of listening to too many operas
23 America's Eisenhower Force (abbr.)
24 Real estate with lots of bathing beaches (pl.)
25 Tiara, anagrammatically
28 This has antomic energy
29 They bite but do not bark
32 The critical dean
33 They must have had a circus on this boat
34 Profession of dwellers in House on 92nd Street
36 Extol Jap Atomization (abbr.)
37 Lousy egg
38 Last message from Adm. Donutz
39 Miss Akins, the playwright
40 Master Tucker's musical desire
42 Half bull, half baloney
43 All cut up
44 Fiddle-faddle Roman fathead
45 Swindle
46 Art able to?
47 Invest
49 Women Outpop Babies (abbr.)
50 Detroit skeleton
53 If this cut-up's prices were only equal to her name!
56 Hearty American
57 Human pretzelizer
59 Irish isles (are smiling!)
60 Arctic fliers
61 Oh, for the —— of a dove!
62 Atom the atomic bomb reduces you to
63 All tattered and ——

VERTICAL

1 Bawl rooms
2 Only thing not found in a completely modern apartment
3 Victim of DDTotal war
4 Feed to the teeth
5 Sneeze powder
6 Built phonily
7 Greek B's contents
8 Serious chap
9 Every summer ends with one
10 The Ambassador Arms
11 One smart chap
12 The kind of people responsible for high income taxes
13 Cockney song: —— oh, —— Those Lips Aw'y!
18 Marinely adrift
22 Apers (anag.)
24 What squirts from Mr. Waterman's fountain?
26 An honest red
27 What Radio City leaves bucolics
28 Super paint job
30 Kind o' no-good critter from Snake County
31 Precipitates soapflakes
33 Cause of inflation in rising rubber
34 Bottle-fed adult
35 According to the cynic: Persons who never give offense unintentionally
37 There're broken hearts for every one of these on old B'way
38 Ninny
41 The rate of exchange on this goes up sharply after Xmas
42 What an old tank gets at a filling station
43 Dwelling place for members of the Who's Zoo
45 Black-gold geyser
46 Musical term
48 One of Chopin's minor melodies
49 Reasons why men get stirred up before they settle down
50 Gent's name (abbr.)
51 Hurt
52 Al is A-1 in a Turkish parade
53 Shelley owed everything to her
54 Fodderestaurant
55 A plugged Nicholas
58 Your brakes need oiling!



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Guess they'll enjoy sitting by the fire, too"

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I'M TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

Continued from Page 33

Reluctantly Joe looked up. The worst had happened all right. It was the redhead he had met down the road. She was grinning at him.

Dimly he heard Mr. Hope say, "Son, this is Sally—our third daughter."

The thing to do, Joe later told himself, was to keep busy. That was where poor Bill and Jim had made their mistake. Time hung heavy on this job. When a storm took the wires down, you were busy enough—but mostly the days were a dull routine of patrolling lines, reading the power-load meters at the substation occasionally, and phoning in a daily report. Joe told himself he'd keep so busy he wouldn't have time to think of anything but work.

"I never saw such a man to work," Mrs. Hope complained one evening at supper.

From across the table Joe felt Sally's eyes smiling at him. Sure, he thought, and look what it got Bill into! He mumbled, "Lots of things to do."

"Last winter," Mr. Hope said, dumping another spoonful of sugar in his coffee, "Jim an' me played lots of dominoes. Do you play dominoes, son?"

Joe muttered that he didn't. Sally laughed. "Joe doesn't do anything but work. He's afraid some girl might hook him."

"Sally!" Mrs. Hope exclaimed.

"It's true," Sally said. "Look at him blush."

"It's not true!" Joe said hotly. "Never saw a girl I was afraid of."

"You're afraid of me."

Angrily he looked up, to find the cowboy Pete staring sullenly at him. Pete never had much to say at the table, but Joe had noticed that his eyes were continually stealing to Sally, studying her covertly. The cowboy grunted, and left the table.

Mr. Hope frowned. "What in tarnation got into Pete? He didn't take second helpings of anything tonight."

"He's jealous," Sally said.

"Of whom?"

Joe bolted without waiting to hear her reply, but he felt her amused eyes following him.

THE weather turned cold during the next few weeks, and Joe half-heartedly painted the substation steel again. He patrolled the lines until he knew the position of every pole and crossarm with his eyes closed.

One evening when he climbed down off a pole he found Sally sitting on the running board of his pick-up. She looked up and smiled. "Hello."

He started unstrapping his hooks. "What are you doing here?"

"Been out riding. Thought I'd stop and say howdy."

Removing his tool belt, he tossed it and the hooks into the back end of the pick-up. He frowned when he saw a saddle and bridle lying atop the coils of rope and wire.

"Where'd these come from?"

"I took them off my horse and turned him loose. I decided I'd ride home with you. It's almost supper-time."

"Maybe I'm not hungry yet. What if I'm not going home?"

She shrugged airily. "I'm in no hurry. I'd enjoy a ride anyhow."

Clamping his mouth in a straight line, he got in the pick-up. She slid in beside him. He turned the car around and headed down the road. She looked at him in surprise.

"I thought you said we weren't going home?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I just said maybe I wasn't hungry yet."

She looked at him accusingly. "Say, do you think I'm chasing you?"

"Oh, no," he answered with mock vehemence. "You're too dignified to chase any man."

"Because I'm not," she went on placidly. "You see, I've got a boy friend."

"What's that to me?" He smoked silently for a while, watching the gravel road come toward him. After a while he said, "Who is he?"

"Pete."

He turned and stared at her. "That big lug? What in the world do you see in him?"

"Oh, lots of things. He's—well, he's cute."

JOE put his hand to his forehead and groaned, *"Women!"*

"What's wrong with women?"

"They use the word cute for everything from babies to elephants. I'll bet if you looked down into the Grand Canyon you'd say it was cute!"

"It is, in a way—but not like Pete is cute."

"He's nothing but a big, slow, dumb, awkward cowboy. Why, if you were married to him—"

"I didn't say I was going to marry him."

"But you said—"

"Of course," she added thoughtfully, pursing her lips, "I *might* marry him."

Joe lifted his shoulders in a weary shrug. "I give up."

They drove the rest of the way in silence, but as he pulled to a stop in the ranch-house yard, Sally put a hand on his arm and said softly, "Joe, are you mad at me?"

Even through his wool shirt and jumper he could feel that the hand was warm. He noticed that the fading sunlight had turned the copper of her hair into spun gold. His collar felt suddenly sticky and tight.

"Me?" he said gruffly. "Of course I'm not mad at you."

She smiled. "I'm glad. I really wasn't trying to make you jealous."

"Jealous!" he roared. "Why should I be jealous? I don't care if you've got ten big dumb cowboys for boy friends! Me get jealous? Nuts!"

Abruptly he broke off, slammed the car door, and stalked into the house.

IT had been a quiet, pleasant day, unusually warm for January. As the supper bell rang, Joe put his book aside, walked across the room. Two months more to go. Never in the history of the valley had there been such a mild winter. There had been only two storms, puny ones, the first of which he had slept through, and the second of which had required a half hour's work. Still, he told himself, he was doing all right. Bill McGuffey had been married in less time than he had spent here already. Jim Peters had been solidly hooked by then. He was doing fine—except that he was going slightly nuts.

Glumly he left his room and joined the others at the table. According to custom, Calvin Hope ate in silence until the second cup of coffee, then he leaned back, hooked his thumbs in his suspenders, and fixed his gaze on Joe.

"Took a load of feed over to the Holloways t'day," the rancher observed. "They're fixin' up for a big party tomorrow night."

"Dancing?" Sally asked eagerly.

"Yep. Got the orchestry hired an' everything."

Her eyes sparkled. "Gee, dancing!"

"Huh!" Pete grunted sullenly, "dancin' is silly. Just a buncha people stompin' around like a lotta locoed hosses!"

"It isn't silly. It's fun!" she exclaimed. She looked at Joe and appealed, "Isn't it?"

He kept his eyes on his food. "Isn't what?"

"Dancing fun. I'll bet you're a good dancer."

Joe didn't like the sneer that was forming on Pete's lips. "Oh," he said deliberately, "I do all right. Never heard any girls complain."

Joe went for a walk after supper. As he was returning to the house he saw a cigarette end glowing redly near the porch. Pete's bulky form loomed up.

"Hello," Joe said.

"Say," Pete grunted, "you figurin' on takin' Sally to that dance?"

"Well—"

" 'Cause I'm warnin' you you better not. She's my gal, see?"

Turning on his heel, Pete disappeared in the direction of the bunkhouse. Joe went into the kitchen, where Sally and Mrs. Hope were starting to wash the dishes. He took the dishcloth away from Mrs. Hope and said, "Go in the living room and sit down." Meekly she obeyed.

Pouring hot water into the dishpan, Sally looked at him queerly. "Do you feel all right, Joe?"

"Shut up and listen. Do you want to go to that dance tomorrow night with me?"

She blinked. "Why, Joe!"

"Well, do you?"

"Sure. Only, Pete—"

"Let me worry about Pete. Now

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(*Continued from page 54*)
let's get started on those dishes."

JOE had to admit that he enjoyed the party at the Holloway ranch. The orchestra, made up of local talent, wasn't bad. Sally wasn't a bad dancer, but she danced too close.

She looked up at him, eyes shining. "Having fun?"

"Sure. Only—"

Only, he figured he ought to tell her he had brought her to the party only because Pete had said he'd better not.

"Hi, Pete," somebody called. "Come in and have a cup of cider."

Pete, Joe noticed, looked like he'd already had a cup of something. Sullenly his gaze circled the room. "Don't want no cider," he muttered. "I'm lookin' for a fella." His eyes settled on Joe. "An' there he is."

Joe stopped dancing as the room grew quiet. "Who, me?"

"I told you not to take my gal to no dance."

"Well, I did."

"Yeah. An' I'm goin' to whup the tar out of you for it."

He came charging across the room like a bronc with a cocklebur under its saddle. Sally said "Oh!" and seized Joe's arm, but he smiled and pushed her aside. He could handle Pete, he figured. These big dumb cowboys didn't know anything about scientific fighting. Let him swing a wild one, then, when he missed, give him the old one-two.

Pete swung from his boot heels. Only it wasn't so wild. As the room went dark, Joe wondered what had caused the fuse to blow. . . .

HALFWAY home he came around enough to be conscious of a white cottony substance drifting against the windshield, and he muttered, "What's that?"

"Snow," Sally answered. "Lie back down on my shoulder."

He was able to navigate a little when they reached the ranch. Sally helped him into the kitchen, guided him to a chair, and then bathed his eye with a cold wet rag. "Feel better?" she murmured tenderly.

"Yeah." He shook the cobwebs out of his head. "Guess he clipped me a good one, didn't he?"

"The brute!" she blazed. "You were right about him, Joe. He's nothing but a big, dumb, awkward cowboy." Soothingly she stroked his forehead, leaning over to look at his eye more closely.

He was still a bit dizzy, so he reached up and took her hand in his. He liked the feel of it. "Sally," he started, then decided it would be better to do it first and talk about it afterward. So he started to kiss her.

Then the phone rang.

Sally went to answer it. In a moment she was back. "For you," she said.

The dispatcher's crisp clear voice jolted the last of the cobwebs away. The snowstorm, it seemed, was worse outside the valley than in it. One of the sixty-six-kilovolt lines which crossed the valley had burned down. The automatic circuit breaker had kicked out, but before the repair crew could start its work, Joe would have to open the manual switch in the valley substation.

"Got you," Joe said. "I'm on my way now. I'll give you clearance inside an hour."

It was a five-mile drive to the substation and the road was already covered with snow, driven in before a bitter cold wind. This, Joe thought grimly, was the storm he'd been hoping for all winter. Only now that it was here he wished he hadn't hoped quite so hard.

A SHIVER of relief ran over him as he thought of the close call he'd had back there in the kitchen. He had been a sucker! Nearly fell for that same old line that hooked poor Bill and Jim. Good old storm.

Fumbling with numbed hands, he unlocked the switch on the sixty-six-kilovolt line and lifted the handle. He threw his weight against it. The switch did not open. Again and again he pushed, but the switch blades far above remained stuck tightly together.

Flashing a light upward, he cursed, for the flat copper blades were jammed tightly with ice. That meant he had to climb up and break it loose.

It was a tough, dangerous job. Climbing the ice-coated steel was like moving over greased glass. Around and below him stretched the high-voltage copper bus wires, waiting for him if he should slip. When he did reach the switch, he had to hack at it for long minutes to chip it free.

At last it was done and he started down. Easy, he told himself. Easy does it. He let himself down over an I beam, reaching downward with one foot for another hold. And suddenly his numbed hands slipped.

The fall was not far, ten feet at the most, and he was able to throw himself clear of the girders and light on the ground. But he lit hard. Awfully hard, he thought groggily as he stirred and tried to get up.

A river of molten pain, starting in his left ankle, ran upward through leg, thigh, back, and neck, to burst in a blinding flood in his brain. He sank back with an involuntary gasp. The numbing realization came to him that the ankle was broken.

He lay there for a while, fighting the pain. Slowly, then, he turned over and inched his way toward the switch stand. Inch by inch he pulled himself erect until, standing on one leg, he was leaning against an upright girder with his free hand on the wooden switch handle. Somewhere miles away, he knew, a crew of repair men was impatiently waiting for clearance on the line. If only the switch would open!

He swung the handle around. The copper blades above parted from their clips, swinging open with a metallic clang. With a smothered sigh of gratitude, he slipped the lock into the bracket and snapped it shut. Then a sudden wave of pain caught him again and he toppled to the ground in a dead faint.

"AND tomorrow," someone was saying. "I'll drop by and see how he's getting along. The leg ought to mend nicely, but if he's caught pneumonia—"

Joe opened his eyes. He was lying in bed in his own room. The pain had vanished from his leg. He certainly didn't feel like he was catching pneumonia. He felt all warm and cozy.

"Hey!" Sally exclaimed. "He's opened his eyes!"

"Why not?" Joe growled. "I'm awake. What are you doing in here? How did I get home?"

"I brought you home," she answered, "and I'm here because I'm your nurse." She turned and looked at the white-haired man about to leave the room. "Doctor, is he allowed to talk?"

"As much as you'll let him," the doctor laughed. He shook a finger at Joe. "Son, you'd better be good to this lady. If it weren't for her. you'd still be out there in the snow."

Joe thought that over until the doctor had left the room, then he looked at Sally. "*You* found me and brought me home?"

She seemed suddenly shy. "Dad and me," she nodded. "You see, I heard you tell the dispatcher it would only take you an hour, and when you didn't come back, I knew something had happened. So I made dad come with me to look for you."

"Oh."

"But you needn't thank me," she added hastily, "because I sort of did it for myself as much as for you. You see, when you started to kiss me—"

"Who says I started to kiss you?" he interrupted.

"—and the phone rang—why, then I knew you felt the same way about me that I did about you, and so—"

He kept looking at her. "So what?"

"Gee, do I have to say everything!"

He lay there for a minute, thinking. He thought about poor Bill. He thought about poor Jim. Suddenly he found himself feeling less sympathetic toward them than he had before. After all, when Patricia and Ruth had got to chasing them, they had had two good legs they could have run like the devil with if they'd wanted to. But here he lay flat on his back. He'd put up a good fight. Until now.

Sally reached out for his wrist to take his pulse. He turned his hand over, took hold of her arm, and pulled her to him, muttering, "Might as well get this over with."

As he kissed her he thought that at least the lineman who drew the valley job next winter would be safe: Mr. and Mrs. Hope were fresh out of daughters.

THE END

"Your mother was a remarkable woman—but not that remarkable!" cried Elsie

"LOOK, WOMAN!" roared Elmer, the bull. "I mean remarkable! *No buts about it!* My mother had a brain—and she used it to make up her own recipes!"

"Dear, nobody ever—" started Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Nobody ever caught her traipsing around on a night like this to *swap* recipes!" warmed Elmer. "She didn't need anybody to tell her what to put in a pan!"

"And, perhaps," gently suggested Elsie, "that was why some of her recipes didn't pan out so well. But then, dear, she didn't have the advantages women have today. Look at the help we get from the testing

kitchens of great food companies like Borden's! They pre-test recipes for us. *They* invent wonderful, new dishes, too—"

"Ha! Ha!" chortled Elmer. "I can just see those big shots at Borden's wading into a mess of dough!"

"But it's not like that *at all!*" protested Elsie. "The kitchen at Borden's is run by especially trained home economists. They do amazing things with food—to make it exciting and nourishing. They're clever—they can balance a meal quicker than you can say *'Borden's Homogenized Milk* has cream and Vitamin D in every sip!' "

"*I*, personally," groaned Elmer, "want to

go back in the house and close my ears."

"If you did that," chirped Elsie, "you'd miss the news about the taste tests on *Hemo.*"

"Taste tests!" exploded Elmer. "How in thunderation do you test a taste?"

"Oh, we don't just test *a* taste," laughed

Elsie. "We test tastes by the *thousands!* As an example, we had men and women of all ages, children by the *schoolful,* sip Hemo

flavored many, many ways. The most popular was used in the finished product."

"I'll be a finished product," stormed Elmer, "if I stand around in this cold. I need something to warm me up."

"There's nothing like a steaming bowl of rich cream soup made with our wonderful *Borden's Evaporated Milk,*" said Elsie, "to put you in a warm glow all over. You know our kitchen has originated *slews* of easy recipes for that product—exciting cream sauces, pie fillings, casserole dishes—"

"Stop, woman!" commanded Elmer. "If

you have all those busy bees working for you in Borden's kitchen, why, I ask you *WHY,* should you be roaming the countryside to get a recipe from a mere housewife?"

"Oh, *I* was going to give out the recipe," explained Elsie. "I want to show Mrs. Roberts how to make a mince pie with the *minimum* of work. With *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* of course! It's the fruitiest, spiciest mince meat that ever gladdened a

holiday . . . Besides, dear, I *had* hoped we could make a sort of party out of the trip."

"Party?" brightened *Elmer.* "Why didn't you say so before? Let's go! Maybe you can forget Borden's for an hour or so!"

"What!" exclaimed Elsie, "at a party? Parties call for refreshments. And you know *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets* are *the* grandest refreshments! What flavors! And the girls in Borden's kitchen tell me they're wonderfully nourishing, too."

"Stop it, Elsie! Turn off the record!" begged Elmer. "Sign off, will ya, *please?*"

"Certainly, dear," agreed Elsie. "But I must do it my own way—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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WHEN DADDY COMES MARCHING HOME

Continued from Page 29

pital in another part of England, where he'd been sent from France. His letters were sometimes written in this writing, sometimes in another, gayer one. She tried to imagine who wrote them for him—a nurse perhaps, or a Red Cross girl. He still made no mention of how or where he was wounded. Sometimes, during the night, when she was half asleep, she would see him with one arm in a sling, his right arm; and sometimes, when the dreams were extra bad, both arms were bandaged. It couldn't be his legs, because he had written several times that he had been out walking in the grounds of the hospital. "It's lovely here," he'd said. "Great lawns and fine big trees, just like the park at home," and she would think affectionately of the good old days in Manchester, when she was just a child, of course, and they would go walking sedately in one of Manchester's less sooty public parks.

FOR Jill the war had really been over for many weeks, ever since she had first heard her father was wounded. Ever since the letter had come from the hospital, she had been impatient and absent-minded with excitement. The two of them could go back to Manchester, and she wouldn't have to live with her aunt any more, and set the table for endless dinners, and wash hundreds of greasy plates, and dust innumerable rooms, and help count laundry, and clip the front hedge and mow the lawn, and run the errands, and find time to go to school too. She did not complain, because it was only what all the girls of her age did. Servants were unknown, and someone had to help.

But she led a secluded, secret life. No one attempted to grow close to her, and she did not particularly want them to. When she had first arrived in Blackpool, after those terrible days in Manchester, she had heard her aunt discussing her with the lodgers.

"My little niece is going to live with me. She was in the blitz in Manchester and had an awful experience. She's very strange, but I suppose it's a kind of reaction. Best thing is not to worry her too much with questions."

"Perhaps she's sensitive because she stammers," one of the lodgers had suggested, helping himself to a plate of steaming hot pot.

"Oh, no," her aunt had replied. "She never did stammer before. It seemed to come after she got that awful shock. We're hoping it will go away soon."

Just at that moment Jill had slipped into the room.

"Let's not talk any more about it," her aunt said brightly, gazing over the child's head. "She's very s-e-n-s-i-t-i-v-e," spelling the word out carefully. Jill, who had been able to read and spell for more than three years, had not been fooled at all. Actually she had welcomed the role of sensitive child, because it removed the need for talking and the tearing embarrassment of her stammer, which hadn't improved and, if anything, had grown much worse.

SHE had gained a little weight and had managed to mix with the children at school, the robust, rosy-cheeked seaside children who might have lived a whole planet away from Manchester instead of barely fifty miles.

Everything, of course, had revolved around the postman, who soon grew to recognize her waiting at the gate for him. He would sort out the letters, gazing over his spectacles, and pretend there was nothing for her. Then, as an afterthought, he would hand her an airgraph, all especially for her, with her name printed in awkward letters. She did not have to guess who it came from. Who else would write her a letter which would be photographed onto important microfilm, then flown halfway around the world, reprinted, and delivered right to her door? Sometimes she had wished her father would realize she was growing up and no longer a little girl of five.

She had sent him one or two pictures, and she had received some from him, too, from the Middle East, showing him standing in a short-sleeved shirt, with his eyes crinkled up against the sun, his sergeant's stripes on his sleeve. But he seemed to imagine her a tiny girl. "Oh, we'll have such fun," he would write. "I will buy you a lovely new doll's pram—and the prettiest doll in the world and we will wheel it all through Platt Fields and buy a big ice-cream wafer and have a grand time together." She would sigh and write him, in her unformed childish scrawl, "Daddy darling, I am ten years old and haven't used a doll's pram for years, I don't play with dolls any more," writing on cheap blue-lined paper torn from an exercise book, tongue stuck in cheek, a little old woman weighted down with grief who didn't play with dolls.

He had come back once, years ago, but she could hardly remember it. It was just after she had come to live in Blackpool and he had had emergency leave to Arrange Things. It was after he had come back from Dunkirk and before he had left for new overseas duty.

Daddy, she considered, was very handsome. Before the war, in that odd, unreal existence of which she was so little aware, he had been a truck driver for a big wholesale house and made quite good money. She and mam and dad had lived in Manchester, in a house which was exactly like the ten houses on each side of it and all the houses in the near-by blocks. Occasionally dad would come home late on Saturday night smelling very peculiar and laughing loudly. Mam would be angry at first, then they'd make up, and Jill would climb out of her cot and patter downstairs in her bare feet and long woolen nightgown and the three of them would drink strong hot cocoa and eat Bath buns.

Sometimes they would get up early on Sunday, and mam would dress Jill in one of her prettiest cotton dresses, and they would catch an "excursion" to Blackpool. How different Blackpool seemed in those days! Or perhaps it was because she was young then.

The sands had been golden and clear and the sea stung and slapped her legs and millions of people lay around the shore and sat on deck chairs and she and dad would go to see the Pierrots while mam dozed. Then she would sleep on dad's lap in the train, still clutching the remains of a lollipop, and she would hardly remember being bathed and put to bed. Sometimes, when they went on an excursion, dad would visit auntie, who was his sister, for an hour or two. So Jill and mam would walk up and down the Prom, laughing at the people, buying peppermint-candy sticks with the word "Blackpool" printed miraculously all the way through, and the letters never wore off, no matter how hard you sucked.

Jill, huddled in the draughty shelter, did not consider that Blackpool could be quite the same again, because mam would not be there. Blackpool was changed, anyhow. 'Itler had changed it. 'Itler had been responsible for so many tremendous changes in so many lives, that twelve-year-olds were inclined to accept him as an inevitable occurrence, like a thunderstorm, or whooping cough, or an extra cold winter.

She knew, though, things could now be different. With dad coming back, they could start again somehow. Perhaps they wouldn't go to Manchester, at that. Perhaps dad could get a job as a truck driver in some other city. The names flashed through her mind like a geography lesson — Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton—oh, endless other places.

SHE read the letter through again. She wished he would say how much or how badly he was wounded. Her aunt knew, Jill could tell. Sometimes she caught her aunt whispering with her uncle, and when she interrupted them they would look at her with troubled, puzzled eyes. Her aunt had made several attempts to tell her, but could not. They think I'm a child, she said to herself, they treat me like a child. But I'm old enough to *know*, then I can hide it away from my face when he sees me. Perhaps his face is all damaged, the way some soldiers' were: she had seen them walking in and

(*Continued on page 60*)

DIXIE BELLE

Among flowers, universal in their charm, there are outstanding favorites. So it is in gin! DIXIE BELLE has that over-all superiority which makes it a favorite. Suave bouquet, clean, bright flavor... expertly distilled from choice grain neutral spirits and Nature's finest fruits, herbs and berries. Truly a superb GIN.

A Favorite in GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

Tune in! The Woody Herman Show every Saturday on 183 ABC (Blue) Network stations... 8:00 P.M. (EST)

(*Continued from page 58*)

out of convalescent homes. She didn't want to have a terrified or shocked expression on her face. She wanted to be bright and cheerful when she opened the door for him.

Of course she hadn't been so brave with that other thing, and they were probably remembering it. But she had been so much younger then! And no one had warned her what 'Itler might do to her personally.

FOR a long time she hadn't thought about it. She had really learned how to push the thoughts, the memories, right down at the back of her mind. She had a system. Every time she thought the memories were going to come, she'd have an alternate thought. This might be either reciting a piece of poetry, or doing her twelve-times table, or making up a story, or thinking about the pantomime that she had seen last Christmas.

It worked very well, too, although there were always those unaccountable dreams that brought everything back clearer and more vividly, and she would wake up screaming—but subdued screaming at that, because even subconsciously she knew she mustn't let her aunt and uncle hear her. On the whole, however, she had learned to master those memories. On the surface she was a quiet, well-behaved child with only a bad stammer to mar her personality.

She fidgeted restlessly in the shelter, where she had curled up to read her father's letter, realizing she had better go back home and help auntie serve supper. It must be getting late. Also, she wanted to put on her Sunday dress, just *in case* dad came this evening. My, he'd find her changed!

Maybe she could talk about That Time with dad and it would help ease the hurt a bit. If she really told him about it, she felt sure it would be a big help.

"They just *made* me go to school, although I wanted to stay home with mam those days," she would tell him, and in her mind her voice flowed smooth and even, like the girls' in the movies, with no stammer or hesitation or the racked, helpless feeling when the words wouldn't come out.

"There were air raids every day and mam wanted to keep me home with her, but they sent an inspector from school and said I had to go to school, even if there *were* raids. We had a big cellar at school, and when there was an alert we all trooped down there and stayed until the all clear. Mam explained that I really was safer there, because we didn't have any cellar at home and weren't close enough to a public shelter to rush out to one. So I had to go to school, and if I hadn't, mam would have got into trouble."

Those were some of the things she remembered. Mam kissing her extra hard in the morning, then watching her from the door until she turned the corner. And rushing home from school at four o'clock and finding mam waiting in the doorway, watching the street anxiously for her. Another kiss and hug and a big tea with perhaps a precious egg and some jam and bread and home-baked cake and milk or, as a special treat, tea. Then reading letters from dad—Jill would listen while mam read them over and over again. Then the cozy evenings, while mam sat for hours writing to dad, her pen scratching busily, and the light shining down on her silky brown hair and soft smooth skin. Later, Jill felt the hopeless inadequacy of her own letters to her dad. How could she ever hope to equal mam's flowing letters? What could she write about? School? Aunt and uncle? The lodgers?

"One day the minister came from church to see mam and he said, 'Why don't you take your little girl and live in Blackpool for the duration with your sister-in-law, Mrs. Hampson?' And mam replied, 'Oh, I don't like to give up my home. This is where we were so happy, and if he should come back unexpectedly, I'd like him to find us just as he left us.' Then the minister said, 'But don't you think you should consider your little girl? Why not send her away? I could arrange to have her evacuated. I could even have her sent to Canada or America, if you would prefer it.' Then mam looked at me, her face all crumpled up and sad, and I started to cry, real loud howls, like when I wanted something badly. And she hugged me and said, 'I think there is danger everywhere, and at least we are together here.' So he had a cup of tea and left.

"Next day I went off to school as usual, and about eleven o'clock there was an alert which was no surprise, because we'd had a lot of daytime alerts. I hated alerts in the daytime. At night it wasn't so bad. I'd crawl closer to mam in bed and we would put our heads under the covers and pretend not to hear the sirens howling at us. But at school we all had to line up and march down to the cellar two by two, and wait down there, sometimes two or three hours, before the all clear was sounded."

JILL walked out of the shelter and hung over the sea wall watching the waves. She could hear her voice, flowing smoothly, telling her dad all about it. This was how she would tell him.

"That day the alert sounded and we went downstairs, but after a few minutes we knew it wasn't just a warning, because there was the most awful crump sound not far away, followed by another, and then another. The teachers looked at one another and pretended to be very bright and cheerful. We sang Forty Years On, When, Afar and Asunder, Parted Are Those Who Are Singing Today, and Annie Laurie, and Christmas carols and hymns, and even God

(*Continued on page 62*)

RAILROAD DOLLARS
Switch Back to All of Us

In their essential service to the nation, the American railroads during 1945 again hauled an enormous tonnage of freight for an average charge of less than one cent per ton per mile, and carried millions of service and civilian passengers for fares averaging less than before the *First* World War. For this job the railroads received less than 9 billion dollars. And here's where the money went:

41% FOR WAGES

This money, paid to 1,400,000 railroad employees, buys homes and furniture, food and clothing, education, insurance—helps make local business prosper.

32% FOR MATERIALS, ETC.

More than two-thirds of this was paid to a broad cross section of industry which furnishes railroad supplies. This money helps to make better business and more jobs in every state and almost every county in the country.

16% FOR TAXES

Railroad taxes are spent for the support and services of government—national defense, public safety, schools, hospitals. None of this money is used to provide tracks for trains—although some of it is spent by government to help provide and maintain the highways, waterways, and airways used by other forms of commercial transportation.

6% FOR INTEREST, RENTS, ETC.

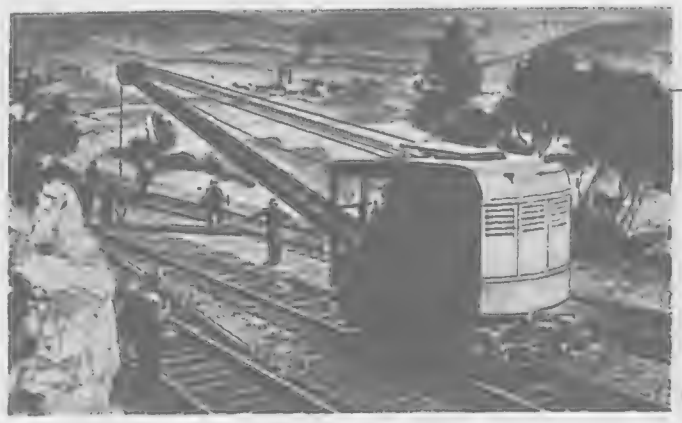
The greater part of this was paid to those who have loaned money to the railroads and receive interest in return—including the millions of men and women who have an investment in railroads through their life insurance policies, savings bank deposits and the like.

3% FOR DIVIDENDS

This three cents out of each dollar was paid to about a million individual citizens who have invested their savings in railroad stocks—helping to provide the "tools" with which railroad employees do their work.

2% TO WORK FOR THE FUTURE

That last 2 cents of the railroad dollar is for investment in the better railroads which continuing research is making possible—better equipment—better service—more jobs—to help provide, *for us all*, in better and better fashion, the rail transportation upon which this nation depends.



AMERICAN RAILROADS

(*Continued from page 60*)

Save the King, because we couldn't think of any more tunes and the bangs were getting louder.

"It was a long time, almost four hours, before the sirens sounded again. We went back to our classrooms and waited for orders. Sometimes after a really heavy raid they would let us go home early. But this time teacher kept wriggling around and had us read stories, but we were all hungry and wanted to go home.

"After awhile Mr. Peters, who was the A.R.P. man in our block, came in, looking all grimed and filthy and his eyes had red rims around them. He whispered to teacher and they both looked at me, and teacher said, 'Jill, come here a minute.' It was such a funny feeling. I could feel all the children staring at my back, as if forty little pins were sticking in me. Mr. Peters said, sort of husky, 'Jill, I want you to come home with me for a while; and I couldn't understand it at first, because he doesn't live in our row of houses, as you know, but a little way off. Suddenly I could see what he meant, and although he put his hand out, I ducked underneath it and ran down the school steps and out of the playground and through the streets, running and running through all the dust and the smoke that hangs around after a raid, and here and there a piece of shrapnel was still hot on the ground. We used to collect them for souvenirs, but I didn't stop, because I had to get home quickly, although I knew what I'd see, and yet I had to run quicker and quicker."

Jill pulled her cardigan closer around her and started to walk toward the house. It was late, she knew, but her thoughts held her tight, and her story had to be finished; she had to finish rehearsing it.

"And when I got to our street, nearly all of our block was gone. Just a huge hill of broken stones and glass and still smoking in parts, and people standing around, kind of helpless. I pushed my way through to where I thought our house had been, and stared, and there wasn't anything there but a lot of bricks and rubbish and pools of water where the A.F.S. had been. I kept shouting, 'Mam! Mam!' but somehow no sound come out of my mouth. Then I saw a bit of our kitchen dresser sticking out through the bricks, and part of a bed, and I couldn't bear it any more and I started running and running again."

She had run and run until all her breath had gone and someone had found her leaning against a wall, her eyes wide and staring, her face begrimed with smoke and sweat. They had taken her to the home of an A.R.P. worker, found out her name, and contacted her school. Within a week she was in Blackpool, a strange quiet little girl with an odd stammer and black-shadowed eyes.

Oh, it didn't remain as vivid as that; nothing could. Especially when you are just a small girl. But somehow it had its effect. For instance, she didn't like dolls. When she saw little girls playing with dolls, she thought of mam petting her on her lap. So she would go to the public library and read instead.

As she neared the house, she automatically straightened her hair, pushed the letter out of sight, and speeded her steps. She began to form phrases to explain to her aunt why she was so late, when she saw the two soldiers walking toward her. The gate of the house was halfway between them before she recognized one of them.

She ran up closer and peered in his face, and her heart sang, "Dad! Dad!" And then she stopped suddenly, because she realized he didn't know she was there. The other soldier said: "'Allo, miss."

"Hello," she said primly. "Why, daddy, how lucky! I was just walking from the beach and I saw you!"

"Jill!" He bent down and hugged her warmly.

She disengaged herself and said to the other soldier, "Well, corporal, that was very nice of you to keep dad company on the way home. But I don't think we need you any more!"

The corporal grinned and gave her a smart salute. "O.K., major. I'll be getting along. 'By, 'Ampson. I see you're in good 'ands there. I'll give you a buzz in a few days to see 'ow you're gettin' along."

SHE slipped her hand into the crook of her father's arm and turned him into the gateway.

"You're just in time for supper. All we have to do is set another place—that is, if you're not too sick of mutton and cabbage and potatoes!" She paused and watched him feel hesitantly for the steps.

"I just finished your letter and was sitting on the Prom, thinking about you, and there you were!" They stood in the hallway, with the strong odor of cabbage drifting toward them, and the clatter of knives and forks coming from the dining room.

Her aunt stood watching them from the dining-room doorway. "Auntie," said Jill, "here's dad, in time for supper." She clutched his arm, staring toward her aunt. The older woman looked back at them, at the blind soldier and the thin pale face of the girl with the glowing eyes. She heard the bright forced tone and, despite its brightness, noticed the tears tumbling down the child's face.

The child guided the soldier into the narrow hall and closed the door. A strange exultation filled her as she led him into the dining room and faced the lodgers.

"Everyone," she said, "I want you to meet my dad. He's home for good." And as her voice rang out clear and true, the aunt noticed also that never once, since she'd greeted her, had the little girl stammered.

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"Get a load of who goes for Pepsi-Cola, too!"

HEARING AT ITS BEST

TELEX

"There, there honey, don't cry. Daddy will fix your dolly. You know Daddy can fix 'most anything. Remember honey, when Mommy felt just like your poor dolly? Well, Daddy fixed it so Mommy could hear again."

How fortunate this little girl; and especially her mother. You see, Daddy is a Telex Consultant.

With his knowledge and skill in fitting the new super-Telex, he has brought hearing happiness to his wife, the happiness of hearing and understanding of all those dear sayings every mother *must hear* . . . . Just as the Telex consultant in your community can help you to find near-natural hearing with distinct "Every-Syllable" Clarity.

The new super-Telex is the latest achievement of the famous laboratories that created the world's first wearable vacuum tube crystal hearing aid bringing even those who have only a small amount of residual hearing, TRUE hearing happiness.

Both in advanced manufacture and pre-eminence of performance, it is the finest contribution of electronics now available to those seeking marked improvement in their hearing ability.

Four tiny Pentode tubes in a "push-pull" circuit . . . an exclusive Telex feature . . . provide for the deafened the best "Every Syllable" Clarity for all voices, under all conditions, now known to modern science.

Write or phone your nearest Telex Hearing Center for an appointment to compare the new super-Telex . . . fitted to you personally through the most scientific methods. Enjoy true HEARability with every-syllable clarity. "Test a Telex"—FREE—

Telex instruments available in three shades: neutral flesh tint, soft pastel gray, and black. Neutral colored earpieces . . . first introduced by Telex as standard equipment.

TELEX

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

BIG THINGS ARE STIRRING IN THE MIGHTY NORTHWEST

Continued from Page 19

vision come true," said Jackson. ". . . In America a new chance has always meant going west. We seek to give modern application to Horace Greeley's famous motto. 'Go west, young man, go west,' is still pretty good advice."

The CVA bill would set up a regional board of three. The members would report to the President and Congress, as do the directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, but they would be responsible to no particular government department or Cabinet member. Headquarters would be in the Northwest, probably at Portland, Oregon, or Wenatchee, Washington. They would be appointed by the President with the assent of the U. S. Senate and would direct the diverse resources of the Columbia River from the British Columbia border to the sea.

THEY would develop water power for industries, farms, and homes. They would protect the Chinook salmon runs, most valuable fish resource in the United States. They would improve navigation all the way from the Columbia's stormy mouth to Lewiston, Idaho, at the lower end of Hell's Canyon. They would have charge of irrigating the 1,250,000 acres of the Columbia Basin with a network of canals, an enterprise which the late President Roosevelt referred to as a "Promised Land." And beyond all the present projects, they would render the final verdicts on a vast variety of future undertakings—new dams and powerhouses, immense fish hatcheries, deep navigation locks, 230,000-volt transmission lines, great networks of irrigation ditches and canals.

Mitchell and Jackson see a regional authority as the one practical way to ensure full development of the country's last frontier. They believe that a host of federal bureaus, all reporting to different heads in Washington, D. C., makes for competitive chaos rather than unified co-operation. They also favor regional autonomy, with important decisions reached in the Northwest rather than 3,000 miles away in the national capital.

Many labor unions and the powerful Oregon, Idaho, and Washington State Granges favor the CVA proposal. So does a chubby Wenatchee editor named Rufus Woods, who in 1918 first suggested the construction of Grand Coulee, man's biggest construction job. Wood is a Republican, but not all members of his party agree with him. The Oregon State Legislature, with Republicans in control, has condemned the CVA proposal as calling for a "super-

(Continued on page 66)

Menu Foresight

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Serving Schlitz to your guests is like
bringing out your best
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"Nothing's too good for
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Durham Barber-type

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. N, MYSTIC, CONN.

(*Continued from page 64*)

bureaucracy." Judge Robert Sawyer, veteran Oregon conservationist and vice-president of the National Reclamation Association, believes that CVA would impede development of the West. He thinks the Army Engineers and the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation have demonstrated far greater competence to do the job.

Opponents of CVA contend that the sponsors plan a colossal political organization extending into seven states and jeopardizing state governments. Supporters of CVA reply that the opposition is dominated by private utility companies.

In the final analysis, President Truman's stand may decide the issue in Congress. He has indicated that he favors some kind of regional authority for Columbia's valley, but he has yet to give specific backing to the Mitchell-Jackson bill. Until then, foes of the CVA can say that the President has yet to make up his mind.

However, most inside political observers in the Pacific Northwest are willing to wager their fishing tackle that Mr. Truman will endorse the bill introduced by the two young congressmen. This bet seemed safe when the measure was approved recently by Mon C. Wallgren, Governor of the State of Washington and Harry Truman's close friend. The new President's first vacation trip was a visit with Wallgren in the Pacific Northwest.

"Mon Wallgren wouldn't be backing CVA," said a political insider in Olympia, Washington's capital, "unless Harry Truman intended to put his O.K. on the bill, too."

Many famous American rivers will be part of the CVA if it is established —the Snake, the Salmon, the Willamette, the Clark Fork, the Flathead. But one river will dominate the entire undertaking—the Columbia.

Second in size in the United States only to the Mississippi, the Columbia, 1,400 miles long from the Canadian Rockies to the Pacific, has been called the greatest power river in the world by no less an authority than Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the engineer who built the biggest dam ever constructed outside the United States—the huge Dnieprostroy project in Russia. And he lived to help plan a project six times bigger—Grand Coulee.

If Senator Mitchell and Representative Jackson succeed in passing their CVA bill, Grand Coulee will be the key unit of the new authority. Four ocean liners the size of the Queen Mary could be placed on the parapet of this great dam. In bulk it exceeds the ten next largest dams combined. Behind the dam extends a broad lake 151 miles long, stretching to the Canadian boundary. This lake is already one of the West's leading recreation spots, and last summer it was named in honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

COLONEL COOPER'S prediction, that power could be generated more cheaply at Grand Coulee than any other place on the globe, has been proved correct. Columbia River power is now sold at wholesale to the new industrial plants along the stream for 2 mills a kilowatt-hour. This contrasts with 3.25 mills in the Tennessee Valley Authority, the next lowest rate in the nation. Many utility companies charge a rate of 10 mills or more.

The existence of Grand Coulee's 2,646,000 horsepower brought about the erection of the huge Hanford Plutonium plant on the sagebrush flats where the Columbia and Snake rivers join. A few miles from where Captain Meriwether Lewis first saw the Columbia, the U. S. Army Engineers built this key unit of the

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

TENTRUM: Temper in a tepee.

TAPID: Warm-water faucet.

PEDUSTRIAN: One who walks along a dry country road.

SOPPER: Meal of bread and gravy.

THUGGESS: Riches from robbery.

BACC-CANAL: Where the wine flows.

BOYSON: A young male buffalo.

HAIRCOT: Barber's bed.

NOGTURNAL: A Tom-and-Jerry night-cap.

POLLTICE: Mustard plaster for a coughing parrot.

atomic-bomb project. The plant was located at Hanford for two reasons —the 230,000-volt transmission line linking Bonneville and Grande Coulee dams, and the fact that the deep and icy Columbia offered the best facilities for cooling the tons of red-hot slag and residue incidental to the production of the ingredients in this stage of the atomic bomb.

The Hanford atomic works cover thousands of acres at the lower tip of the tract which is expected to provide family-sized farms for returning soldiers. Congress, in fact, has begun consideration of a bill to give former servicemen prior rights to this land, and the measure has been reported favorably in the House. Mitchell and Jackson have included many of its provisions in their CVA bill. Secretary of the Interior Ickes has said that completion of this irrigation undertaking will "make 17,000 fertile farms available to returning veterans, and provide jobs for 25,000 men on construction in the immediate postwar period."

IF the CVA proposal is approved by Congress and the President, the three directors will have charge of the most elaborate land-settlement project in history. The Coulee land will grow any crop from alfalfa to peaches. This already has been demonstrated on experimental farms in the near-by area. The Coulee farms would be limited in size. A single man could own only forty acres; a family, eighty acres. This is to prevent corporate farming as a business venture.

Not only power, irrigation, and fertile land will claim the attention of the CVA directors, if the regional authority plan is enacted. Dams also mean hazards to the millions of fish that migrate up the Columbia each spring and autumn. Chinook salmon must reach the spot of their birthplace or they will not spawn. Grand Coulee Dam, for example, shuts off the salmon from the Columbia's last, lingering reaches. The largest Chinook salmon always spawn far upstream. In an experiment to save the most spectacular fish runs in the United States, the salmon have been artificially hatched and the resulting young released into streams which enter the main stem of the Columbia below Grand Coulee. Thus far the experiment has worked. Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, believes the Chinook runs are safe *to date*. He emphasized this qualification, for he fears that construction of additional dams on the river may wipe out the lordly Chinook, largest of all salmon.

Such a decision would have to be faced by the new CVA board. Kilowatts or fish? Nature's bounty or man's industrial techniques? Can both exist side by side in the same river?

The migrating salmon can surmount Bonneville Dam, 370 miles down the Columbia from Grand Coulee, by flipping up a series of curving fish ladders. Grand Coulee, as lofty as a forty-story skyscraper, is too high for such devices. The Bonneville ladders are wide concrete steps over which the water falls in gentle cascades. Their construction cost $7,022,000, but the Fish and Wildlife Service believes they have been worth it. Millions of salmon have journeyed through them.

Naturalists agree that the Bonneville salmon ladders have been a success. Yet the upstream migration is not the only peril which threatens these nomadic fish. Do the baby Chinooks, the tiny fingerlings, travel safely downstream to the sea, where they grow to maturity? Tests conducted by the Oregon State Fish Commission cast doubt on this question. The fins of 100,000 fingerlings were clipped in two distinctive patterns. Fish marked in one way were released below Bonneville, those marked differently were put in the water above the dam. The proportion of these two groups caught in the lower river indicated that a fourth of the baby salmon die in the plunge over the spillway.

Indians who fish the Columbia and sports fishermen and biologists insist that the damage to the $10,000,000 annual salmon industry by additional dams would more than erase the benefits in irrigation and power development. Advocates of the Columbia Valley Authority answer that dams and fish can exist in the same river. They say that the projects actually will stabilize the Columbia and cover treacherous rapids where many fish once were buffeted to death against the rocks.

These are some of the problems which will be at issue when Congress votes on the question of a Columbia Valley Authority.

"There are parts of this nation that are not as favored as the Northwest," Franklin D. Roosevelt said not long before he died. "I am thinking about those people as well as you people. You have got room for them here in the Northwest where they can make homes, where they can live happily and prosperously." Will a regional authority modeled on the TVA supervise and manage the development of this wilderness in the West? Would such an agency improve the value to the nation of our only remaining region where men can sink their plows in new ground?

THE TVA is now an integral part of the South, where it has bolstered the economy of the Tennessee Valley. The proposed Missouri Valley Authority, still a highly controversial plan, would deal with the problems of the Middle West and the Great Plains, the nation's breadbasket. The CVA, most unique of all, would go to work on our last frontier, whose development is the issue at stake in the question of a Columbia Valley Authority.

THE END

Advertisement

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Get the jump on the other guy by getting a better breakfast—including milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." "Up-an'-at-'em" nourishment in Wheaties. Plus high-scoring flavor. A crack combination of zesty toasted tastes and mellow malt-sweet syrup. Eat your Wheaties—every day!

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THEY'VE TAKEN THE "BITE" OUT OF FROSTBITE

Continued from Page 21

Lange and Boyd thought of a well known but little used drug which prevents blood from clotting when added to the blood stream, or at least prolongs tremendously the time it takes for blood to clot. This drug was *heparin*. They took eleven rabbits, exposed a hind leg of each to freezing. Every one of them lost its leg by gangrene.

Then they took another eleven rabbits, gave them the same frostbite exposure. But this time they shot some heparin into the rabbits' blood streams. All eleven retained their legs, and only two had some slight surface sores.

BUT working this miracle on rabbits was a far cry from doing the same thing on humans. The doctors knew that Dr. Loewe, working at the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, had been using heparin for the treatment of subacute bacterial endocarditis. This strange disease involves an infection of the blood stream in which the germs concentrate on the lining of the heart and start a growth. Blood clots form around this growth, and presently fevers and muscle aches come as a forewarning of an eventual fatal brain injury caused by a wandering blood clot or embolism.

Until recent years this disease was 99 per cent fatal. Then the sulfa drugs offered a ray of hope, a ray that went glimmering when extensive tests showed a death rate still swinging in the higher 90s. Penicillin proved more effective, but even it didn't work too well until Loewe combined it with an old but little used drug called heparin.

Heparin was tricky to use. Loewe had to devise a method of giving it evenly and over a long period of time. Finally he had a combination that worked. The death rate from subacute bacterial endocarditis dropped to the low 20s and it is still falling as doctors learn the intricacies of the new technique.

As Lange and Boyd had shown, if heparin could be put into the blood stream in human beings in just the right quantities, and soon enough, it could keep the sludge of red cells in the unfreezing blood vessels from hardening into actual, permanent blood clots. The original work on bacterial endocarditis had been done at the Brooklyn Jewish Hospital, and there were several scores of men and women walking around Brooklyn in the fall of 1944 who should have been dead of the disease but weren't, thanks to Loewe and his heparin-penicillin treatment.

The word spread about the frostbite tests, and soon Loewe found himself flooded with offers of assistance from his patients.

On the upper arm of each of a selected group, a porcelain crucible filled with dry ice was held against the skin for thirty minutes. This was the "control" bite, to be left untreated. Six days later, an inch or so away, another frostbite was induced. Again the cold—more than 22 degrees below zero, centigrade—froze the skin and underlying flesh solid. But this time heparinization was started immediately.

Thus, on each of a group of volunteers, two identical frostbites were introduced by the same methods, for the same length of time, at the same temperature. But the matched "bites" didn't follow the same course of development. The first "bites"—the untreated ones—developed into open, festering sores. Giant blisters formed and then burst to disclose a hardened scaly base. Four weeks after the first exposure, the control "bites" still showed ulcerated tissues and lack of healing.

By contrast, the heparin treated "bites" developed smaller and far less angry blisters. The blister-bases didn't harden. By the end of two weeks, the burned areas showed merely a slight inflammation. By the end of the third week, the heparinized burns had almost completely disappeared.

THUS Lange, Boyd, and Loewe proved that prompt and adequate treatment with heparin would minimize or entirely prevent the tissue damage that followed severe frostbite. They proved that gangrene need not inevitably follow a severe frostbite injury. But they did more than that. For they had given these volunteers heparin in a new way.

Ordinarily, heparin had been administered by an intravenous drip method; that is, a solution was suspended in a bottle above the patient's bed and dripped through a tube and a needle into an arm or thigh vein. This might be all right in a hospital, but you can't rig up an intravenous drip, even if you have one, in a blizzard-bound mountain shelter.

The solution to this final problem, which will make it possible for any country doctor (and even for trained rescue workers in an emergency) to treat frostbite victims as soon as they reach them, was found by Dr. Loewe in an adaptation of another old idea.

For some years physicians have been implanting pellets and capsules of hormones under the skin for later slow absorption by the body. Loewe and several associates tried the same technique for heparin several years ago. They abandoned it as too complicated and too hard to control. But Loewe didn't abandon the central idea. He still wanted some way of shooting a twenty-four-hour or a two-day supply of heparin into a patient at one time and then having it slowly and continuously do its work in the blood stream.

He found that way in the Pitkin menstruum, a preparation developed

Once there was a
Plain Jane Dish
Dull she was, and a little
flat (and that is the best
that can be said of same)
But into the picture came
a sauce! A great brown
cheery, zesty sauce,
Heinz "57-Sauce" by name.
Well, this fine sauce was
the lusty type that brought
along the lure of far
romantic places
where the temple bells are
ringing and the air is full
of spicery. So what became of
the little Dull Dish? The answer
is Wheeeeeeeee - such oomph! - such
glamour! Such you-know-what!
Or if you don't...well why
don't you try and see for
yourself? For it may
be hash or it might be stew,
or maybe it's fish or a casserole dish.
But when HEINZ 57 SAUCE
comes on the scene
It's a Dish!
For Heinz "57" is
the sauce that makes
plain foods *taste good.*

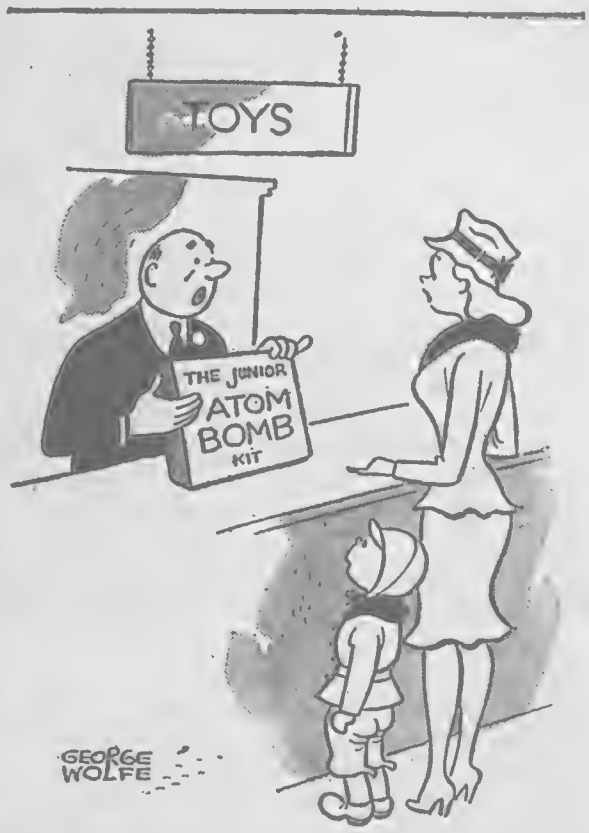
by Dr. George Pitkin, which liquefies at eighty degrees. Today, heparin is put up dissolved in the Pitkin menstruum and packed in glass ampoules. To use it, a doctor holds it for a second under a hot-water tap or above a pocket lighter. Then he draws the liquefied menstruum into a syringe and shoots it under the skin of his patient's thigh. There the solution will stay as a reservoir, being slowly absorbed.

By using doses proportioned to the patient's body weight, the doctor can be fairly certain of raising blood-clotting time from a normal of nine to fifteen minutes to anywhere from thirty to sixty minutes. And with clotting action slowed up, the blood stream will wash away the silted red cells instead of piling up more red cells and blood platelets upon the barrier until a permanent clot forms.

Even after the dose is injected, the heparin is still subject to the doctor's control. The prefigured dosage will do its job accurately enough on the average patient. About 5 per cent of all people have blood that is more than normally reactive to heparin. For them, if clotting time is raised too high, a cold pack over the skin reservoir of heparin slows absorption into the blood stream and clotting time falls below the sixty-minute point. Another 5 per cent may need a faster-acting dose. So a hot-water bottle put over the heparin injection speeds up absorption.

Unfortunately, the new technique came too late to help airmen of the Eighth Air Force or other combat troops. But from now on, protection can be afforded any frostbitten person who can be reached with heparin. Soon the drug will be a standby in every country doctor's black bag, and when hunters, fliers, and children lose their way, they'll no longer risk losing fingers and toes.

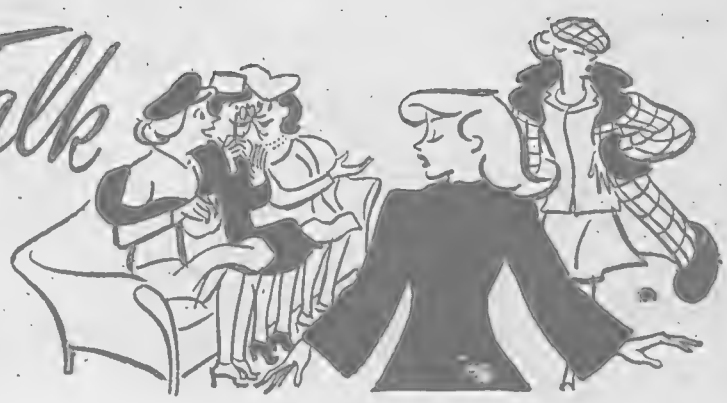
THE END



"We can't sell you this set unless your boy is an American, British, or Canadian citizen!"

LIBERTY

Woman-Talk

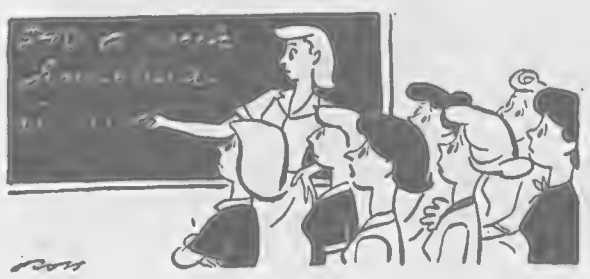


BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

DON'T KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!—Now's the time to take the shirt off your back and the unused clothes and shoes out of your closet. Henry J. Kaiser, national chairman of the Victory Clothing Collection, hopes to obtain 100,000,000 serviceable garments, as well as a proportionate amount of shoes and bedding, for overseas relief. The drive, which started on January 7, will continue through the 31st. Local campaigns have been organized in 6,816 communities. Check your newspaper for details as to where to leave your contributions.

FABRICS OF THE FUTURE: Evening gowns, slippers, handbags, and hats made from Velon, a new plastic yarn, paraded before the fashion press at a cocktail party given by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company at New York's Ritz-Carlton. Developed by the rubber company from man-made fibers, Velon had been woven with gold lamé into magnificent brocades, as practical as they were luxurious. Fashion writers were invited to examine them, spill water, foods, beverages, and even ink on them. All spots were quickly sponged off with plain soap and water. Mr. Firestone pointed out that evening slippers of Velon would not scuff, no matter how many maladroit gentlemen danced on them. Sunfast, fadeproof, and mothproof, Velon fabrics will one day make rich draperies and upholsteries too. First used by the Army as screening to protect our fighters from man-eating mosquitoes in the Pacific, Velon window-screen fabric was also shown in lovely colors, to promote the new idea of screening homes in yellow or pink, thus counteracting the drabness of ordinary screens. Waterproof Velon, woven into raincoat fabrics, is a natural. No date was given as to when Velon would be available to the public. . . . Another plastic material is being turned out by the National Carbon Company. Made of salt, coal, limestone, and water, Krene is rolled out by chemists like a pastry. It is mildewproof, waterproof, and practically untearable. Now shown in solid-color shower curtains, and matching ruffled window curtains, Krene will eventually appear in checked, striped, and flowered versions. Its sponge-ability makes it especially attractive to fastidious housekeepers. . . . Unique Fibers, Inc., features coats, sweaters, suits, and robes made of such fanciful fabrics as "Natura Minkasha," a blend of mink, muskrat, and wool. It is very light, soft, and warm.

HELP!—Parents, especially mothers, of children between the first birthday and the first grade will find help and amusement in the new national magazine, Two to Six. Full of informative and entertaining articles, it even goes so far as to include a regular scrapbook feature to be cut out by small fry. The first issue contains color picture pages suitably captioned, "Do you know what a horse eats?" and "A horse is naturally a friendly animal." Wisely, the editor, Irene Parrott, and her assistant, Deirdre Carr, have seen to it that the instructions concerning the use of the scrapbook pages are flexible and inviting, *i.e.*, "The large simple forms on the following pages can be readily cut out by children just beginning to be interested in using scissors. Older children will probably want to cut closer to the figures. Whatever way they want to use the material will be the best way for them."



DOWN WITH GLAMOR!—Dr. James M. Egan, field director of the American Red Cross, told of the many British brides of American soldiers who have gone through Red Cross "deglamorizing" schools to rid them of oversumptuous notions as to what life in the States is like. He said that tales spun by Hollywood and our own romantic soldiers have put dreams of palaces and limousines into heads that may be sadly disillusioned by tight living quarters and the dishwashing and housekeeping inherent in a thirty-five- to forty-dollar-a-week income.

$100 MONTHLY
IF SICK or INJURED
PLUS HOSPITAL BILLS PAID!

SICKNESS BENEFITS! Policy pays for loss of time due to sickness, a regular monthly income for as long as 3 months, up to $100.00 PER MO.

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ACCUMULATED CASH! Policy pays for accidental loss of life, limb or sight up to $4,000, accumulated to $6000.00

PLUS HOSPITALIZATION! $650.00
Pays $5 per day and other hospital expenses. For maternity up to $50. Sickness and accident, as specified, to over. . . .

Added millions can now afford all-round insurance protection! This policy, issued by an old-line, LEGAL RESERVE company, costs but $1-a-month; yet it provides liberal amounts of QUICK CASH when sickness or accident strikes . . . to replace lost income, pay hospital bills, etc. Covers *any* and *all* accidents, *all* the common sicknesses. NO waiting period for benefits!

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION required! No red tape! Policy issued BY MAIL at BIG SAVINGS. Ages 15 to 69. Actual Policy sent for 10 days' FREE Examination. ACT NOW! Write for it today. No cost. No obligation. No salesman will call.

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Without cost or obligation, send your GOLD SEAL $1-A-MONTH Policy for 10 DAYS' FREE INSPECTION.
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No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let
GRAY HAIR
CHEAT YOU

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps *all you now have to do is comb it once a day* for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. That's all you have to do. *No muss; no fuss; no mixing.*

Nothing could be simpler and easier to use. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This No-Risk Test

Buy new Kolor-Bak at your drug or department store today. The makers positively guarantee it must make you look years younger and far more attractive or your money back.

Next Time Make It a Southern Comfort Manhattan

From then on you'll *always* make them with Southern Comfort. Here's how:—⅔ Southern Comfort—⅓ Dry Vermouth—Add ice—Stir and strain into cocktail glass—Garnish with a red cherry.... But bear in mind, The Grand Old Drink of the South is 100 Proof. Your Southern Comfort Manhattans, Old Fashioneds and Highballs will be wonderful, but ... *Only Two, Remember...No Gentleman Will Ask For Three!* Write for recipes.

There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

America's Most Versatile Drink

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK

Continued from Page 35

and its long inside released some twenty or thirty passengers, business in the Apple-Green Tavern began to be fairly brisk.

Some of the bus passengers crossed the street and came into the tavern to drink or eat, or both. Through a window Henry was looking languidly at these as they approached, when he was alerted by a pang of manly interest. What gave it to him was, most naturally, a most beautiful girl.

The rain had stopped and a sudden temporary great shaft of sunshine enveloped her gloriously as she walked, laughing, across the street. Thus she was all rosy gold: her fair hair, her beaver coat, her tan stockings—even her tall-heeled sandals on the reflecting wet asphalt of Main Street—seemed of sparkling gold. She was tall, richly outlined, almost startlingly graceful. Her eyes, once seen, were unforgettable—radiant cornflower blue.

"*What* a dame!" he said, almost aloud. He had no eyes at all for her companion, a brown-faced small young man who wore new clothes and carried three heavy suitcases and a large pigskin satchel.

THE pair came through the doorway—Henry's rosy-gold girl still laughing—and moved toward a table not far from him. He stared, and she, approving, gave him a nice glance; but her companion gave him more than one; then advanced upon him shouting heartily.

"Big Harry Brown! Big Harry! Well, of all the—" Suitcases and pigskin bag were dropped upon the floor; Henry's shoulders were beaten uproariously. "Whatch doin' in Emmonsville, Big Harry, of all places in the world?"

It was a comrades' reunion. Henry, on his feet, explained not more than that he was in Emmonsville waiting for an eastbound bus, and his happy friend said that he, too, was connecting here with a bus, not Henry's but one for Cincinnati. "Why Cincinnati?" he asked uproariously. "Going to visit the wife's grandma there, that's all! The wife's, I said, didn't I? That's all, just the wife! Big Harry Brown, meet Grace. Meet Grace on her honeymoon. With who? With me, that's all! Married Tuesday night!"

Henry, well roused from his deep gloom, warmly congratulated them both, especially Grace, newly Mrs. Horace Cooper, whose shapely hand he was unduly pleased to find cordially reciprocative of his clasp.

"How simply wonderful!" she cried. could you let us sit at your table?"

When they were seated, with the bags under the table, a waitress carried a lavish order to the bartender—champagne cocktails for three, the jovial bridegroom's invita-

tion. The beaming, beautiful bride, however, had little more than sat down when she jumped up. "Just two minutes," she said with an affectionate touch of her fingers upon a shoulder of each of the gentlemen. "I just have to put through a call to my grandmother and then us three chums'll have a real chin, Big Harry! I'll be right back."

The bridegroom's brow was abruptly shadowed. "Listen," he said. "That jerk's not going to turn up here, too, is he? It ain't him—"

She filliped pretty fingers against his cheek. "Silly boy! My grandmother's got to know we're on time up to now, don't she, darlingest?"

Horace Cooper's brow unclouded and he slapped Henry's knee. "How's that for the prize of the world, old rugged? Look how she moves! Wait till she takes that fur coat off! Look at everybody in the place staring at her! Look, now, all trying to get a gander at her through the glass of the booth. How'm I for a picker?"

"Some people," Henry admitted grudgingly, "have all the luck."

"You said it! All the luck! 'Some people?' Me!" Horace's elation knew no bounds. "Have *I* got all the luck? Wow-wowie! Y'ought to hear her sing! Boogie-woogie absolute tops. Dance? Oh, boy, oh, *boy!* Day they let me out didn't I head for my old burg of Cleveland, Ohio. First evening home, me for the night spots! Walked right in on her doing a turn at the biggest of 'em all—and did I grab her? Right spang out of the claws of the wolf pack! Boy! Fell for her first look she gimme and her for me!"

"Her for you, too?" Henry asked wonderingly; then made amends: "Well, after all, you're no such bad-lookin' little Joe, and you always got money to throw around, and—"

Horace hadn't listened; he was doing the talking. "Got her in a taxi after the show. 'I bet you're already married, doggone it,' I squeals, ribbin' her. 'Want to count my alimony?' she comes back at me, and y'ought to heard her silvery laugh! Showed her to my folks right the next day and they all hollers hurrah, nothing's too good for us heroes out o' the Army, go to it! Boy! Wish I could show her to some more of our old good Joes like you, Big Harry. They might be sore they didn't see her first themselves; but they'd be glad for their good old buddy Horace, wouldn't they?"

"Sure, Horace," Henry said.

HORACE was so busy with self-congratulation that he didn't feel any interest in anything else. The bride, however, returning and followed by every entranced male stare in the place, was more altruistic. When Horace, with perhaps too much the air of a showman, had removed her beaver coat, she sat down between him and Henry and at once asked why her new husband hadn't told her he had such a marvelous-looking ex-G.I. buddy.

"You are; you're marvelous—so big-mannish and yet so wistful. I adore wistful men," she said to Henry. "Don't blush! I don't know, though; maybe you'd better go on blushing. It's intriguing; it's terrific! Do you think Horace'd mind if I and you saw a good deal of each other?" Her shoulder touched Henry's and her alluringly laughing face was close to his. "Not by any chance you aren't going to be on our bus to Cincinnati, are you?"

"Listen," Horace said, sobered. "He ain't. I'd trust him, though. Honest I would. Anyway, I'd trust him better than I would a plaid-coated, blue-pants, fat-necked, fat-faced old married man named Ackers from Cleveland."

Mrs. Cooper laughed musically and patted not her husband's hand but Henry's. "Isn't he a pet, though!" she cried. "Goes bang like a firecracker every time he gets jealous. Mr. Francis Ackers may be married but he isn't old and he isn't really fat, either. He was divine to me in Cleveland."

"Yeah!" the volatile Horace said, openly sulky. "Divine on our wedding trip, too! Funny how, right now, his business requires him to take that automobile trip and turn up in every hotel we've hung up at."

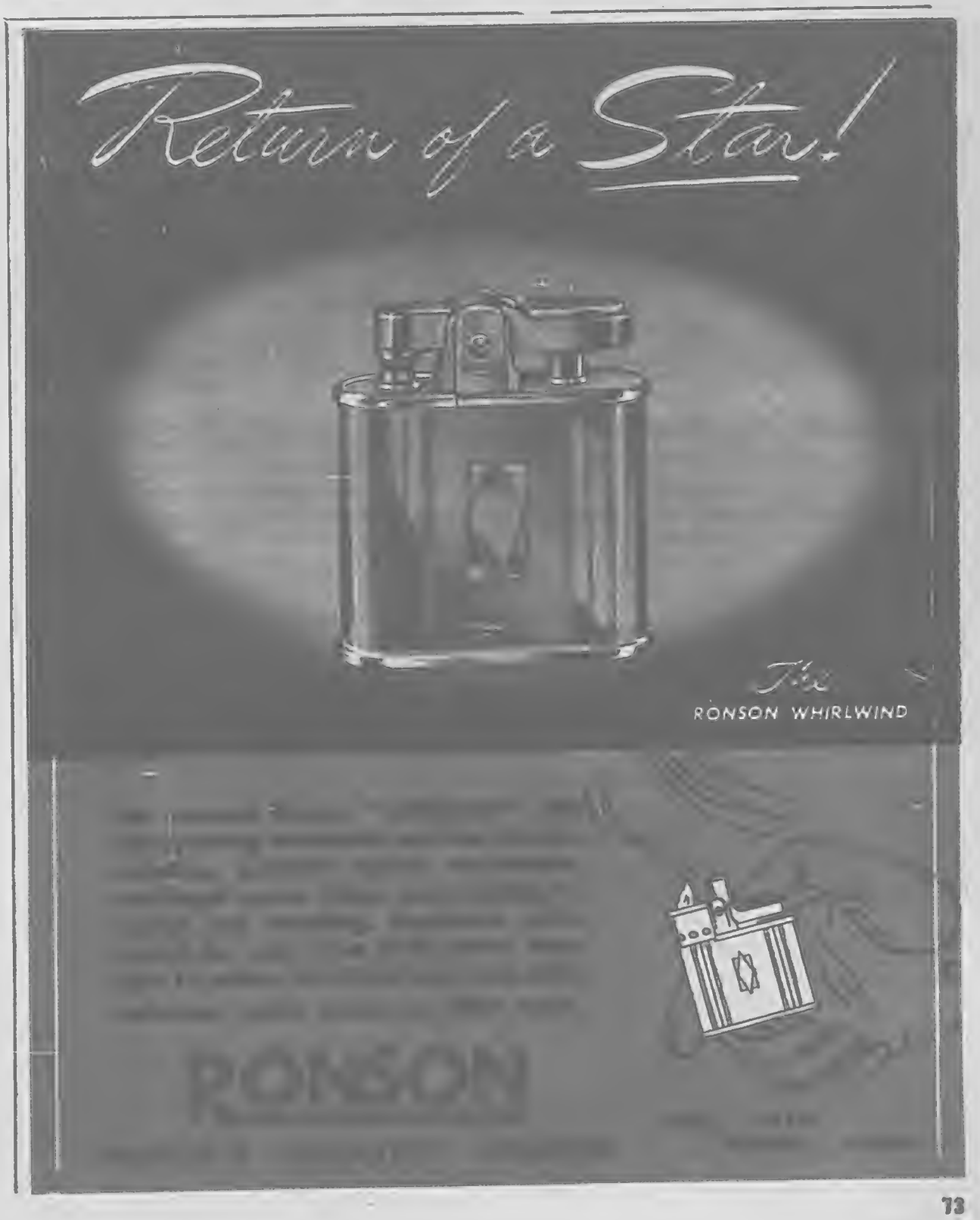
The bride denied this. "He did not! We didn't see Mr. Ackers in Bellefontaine at all, and that's where we were only last night."

"Yeah," Horace said. "Thought it'd be slicker to skip at least one place, I guess!" He leaned toward the new wife. "Listen! On the level, was it honest your grandma you phoned to just now?

"Jealous of grandma now!" Mrs. Cooper clapped her hands. "First my old friend, Mr. Ackers, and then grandma! Did you *ever* see anything like him?" she asked Henry; then added cozily, "Now let's talk about you, Big Harry. Tell me all about yourself."

"Not much to tell," Henry said, trying to be modest, but proving himself to be only and simply a man. "I don't usually have much to say about myself; I wouldn't know where to begin. Of course I was glad to get out of the Army, like everybody else. I was born and grew up in New Hampshire, where my folks always lived. It's nice there—hills

(*Continued on page 75*)



INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

They Make The Temperature Rise

Out of the pages of the novel that kept America agog last winter, steps the sloe-eyed spitfire from London's slums who climbed the ladder of love to become England's most indiscreet Duchess!

★ ★ ★

And your blood pressure will rise all over again when you see the screen version of Rosamond Marshall's racy best-seller,

"Kitty"

Paulette Goddard has been handed the juiciest role since Scarlett O'Hara came swinging down the pike, and Miss G. has the seductive time of her life as the first of the flaming redheads who's got enough men for four women.

★ ★ ★

And she's more than enough for Ray Milland, safe and sound after his "Lost Weekend." Ray turns in still another sock performance as the engaging rascal who starts her off on the greatest Gold Rush in history.

★ ★ ★

Their motto was *meet 'em, marry 'em and memorize their bank accounts.* But all his plans went out the window when Kitty began purring a romantic tune of her own!

★ ★ ★

This lavish and riotously entertaining production comes from Director Mitchell Leisen, a man who knows that spice is the variety of life.

★ ★ ★

Your favorite theatre will show "KITTY" for what she is any day now.

Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HELEN PARKER

DOLL FACE *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, Carmen Miranda

DOLL FACE is several things at once. It's (*a*) a scrubbed-up version of Louise Gypsy Rose Lee Hovick's play Naked Genius; (*b*) the film debut of charming Perry Como, a little lad with a great big voice; and (c) a heck of a long wait for Carmen Miranda to do a musical number.

The story of a strip teaser (Vivian Blaine) who moved uptown to the Broadway stage on the publicity value of her ghost-written autobiography is gone over once, and lightly. The burleycue flavor doesn't have nearly the authenticity that Lady of Burlesque had, but enough bawdiness is suggested to produce a sigh for the "good old days" of the runway and the shouts of "Take it off!"

(Incidentally, nobody takes anything off, so don't be disappointed on that score.)

Blaine, who plays Doll Face, has one of those unusual composite faces and looks and sounds like a lot of other people. Most of the scenes are stolen clean away from her, Numero Uno of the Thieves being La Miranda, whose droll puss always convulses.

Wait till you get a load of Chico-Chico, the hottest samba ever to be transplanted to the Temperate Zone!

"We'll write your autobiography and we'll call it Genius de Milo!"

Dennis O'Keefe, in charge of the male love interest and comedy department, is an extremely likable guy when he's not imitating Red Skelton. He's Mike Hannegan, holder of the Doll's contract and also of her heart.

The music is solid, and the jive hounds will be particularly pleased with Dig You Later.

Doll Face is a familiar face, but with a good-humored, good-looking set of features, none of which is missing.

FRONTIER GAL

(Universal)

Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron, Andy Devine

ABOUT half the excitement possibilities of this picture are exhausted before they're through giving the screen credits. Behind said credits there's a chase on horseback, culminating in Hero Cameron's swinging himself to safety in a tree.

Salome, Where She Danced, was a delightful parody, and, in a milder way, Frontier Gal is a travesty on the highly standardized Western film. All the stock tricks in the book are employed. It reaches an almost farcical climax when little Beverly Simmons, child of saloon owner Yvonne de Carlo and righteous rancher Rod Cameron, runs away—but 'way away—out to the end of a dead log overlooking a quite large waterfall. Her rescue is one of the squirmiest, scariest, and, for sheer corn, funniest scenes in any contemporary movie. For a parallel, you would have to go back about forty years to The Eagle's Nest and the infant who was carried off in that picture by an eagle that had already been to the taxidermist.

De Carlo's technique is borrowed largely from Theda Bara. Cameron looks like Randolph Scott's younger brother and is the same straight shooter Bill Hart was, except that after all these years of progress he's allowed to kiss the girl.

Panther Woman de Carlo objects to the ties of marriage.

There are two refreshing things in this horse nonsense. One is Andy Devine's portrayal of Big Ben and the other is Fuzzy Knight's singing of a sort of calypso ballad called Johnny's Comin' Home.

There's enough glamor, Technicolor, and good-natured kidding in Frontier Gal to make it more than strictly Saturday-afternoon fare.

(*Continued from page 73*)

and lakes and good food—and I went to school there and got along about the same as other pupils. Maybe I got better marks than some; I expect likely I did. It wasn't so much that I was any great amount smarter than the rest, though, I guess. Well, so when I got through high school, I—"

He paused, perceiving that her attention wandered. At a table about ten feet distant a young man with thin hair and an earnest thin face was looking fixedly at Mrs. Cooper.

"Oh," Henry said. "Friend of yours?"

"I got a good many," Mrs. Cooper responded frankly. "Seems like I do remember that face from somewhere." She laughed and gave Henry's chin a frolicsome little slap. "Listen. You aren't going to be jealous, too, are you?"

"Maybe I could," Henry said almost gaily and was gaily rewarded.

"I think you're cute!" she whispered, and for a dazing moment Henry's simple heart seemed bursting into a shower of flowers and music. The sensation was brief. The thin-faced, thin-haired, earnest young man who'd been staring at Mrs. Cooper had come forward.

"Look. I beg your pardon," he said, "but don't you remember me, Vance T. Johnson? You were one of the Gilded Giddies in that Silver Show Boat floor show at Milwaukee, Christmas week, and we all had a big party Christmas Eve. It was you got me to sing Mandalay, don't you remember?"

"Why Vance Johnson!" Mrs. Cooper cried, and couldn't have been more gracious. With exclamations of wonder and welcome she gave him her hand across the table, while he, all aglow and apparently unaware of the introductions she was performing, sat down, facing her ardently.

"I didn't get to see half enough of you in Milwaukee, Grace," he said. "Not half. Not a quarter! It was my last night there, you see, because I had to make Rochester the day after Christmas. Ever since Milwaukee I been wondering I don't know how many times if I wouldn't pair up with you again somewhere." He laughed companionably, seeming to include Messrs. Cooper and Brown now in a pleasant fellowship, and chattered rapidly on.

SLOPPY simp! Henry thought, revolted. His recent automatically produced heartful of music and flowers vanished out of him, leaving behind it a slight mortification and a tendency to regard Horace as a pathetic figure. Horace, meanwhile, was truculently regarding himself as an offended figure. He proved this when Mr. Johnson paused after a too personal inquiry.

"See you got your baggage under the table, Grace. Where you going from here?"

"Cincinnati," Horace replied for her harshly. "Cincinnati, see? To visit our grandma, hers and mine, see?"

Mrs. Cooper explained: "Maybe you didn't understand, Vance. I was introducing my bridegroom, Mr. Horace Cooper." She pressed a forefinger into Horace's cheek. "This one."

"Bridegroom? Am I sunk?" Mr. Johnson made mournful outcry. "Of all the luck! Just when I—" Then he rallied surprisingly. "Cincinnati? On the bus? Well, isn't that something, anyhow? Emmonsville took me only half a day. *I'm* going to Cincinnati myself. Us waiting for the same good old bus! Married or single a guy doesn't get a chance to sit next to a girl like you every day."

"Listen!" Horace tried to sound jocular. He didn't. "Whatch mean, next to a girl like you? Just how next are you expecting to—"

He was interrupted. A curly-haired man, middle-aged but chubbily jaunty in a plaid tweed jacket, blue slacks and brown suède shoes, had entered the tavern and, apparently looking for just the right table, halted himself conspicuously. With gestures of amazement. "Well, of all

BILL LOST NO TIME WHEN...
CLOUDBURST AT NEWTOWN!
TWO-FOOT RISE DUE HERE ANY MINUTE. WE'VE GOTTA DYNAMITE THE DAM TO SAVE THE TOWN
COME ON MEN. THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
OUR JOB'S DONE. THE LEVEE WILL HOLD NOW. LET'S EAT
DRIVE UP TO MY HOUSE. SIS HAS BEEN FEEDING THE GANG ALL NIGHT
SIS, THIS IS BILL SPAULDING —OUR COUNTY ENGINEER
COME RIGHT IN. I'LL HAVE BREAKFAST READY BY THE TIME YOU CLEAN UP
HE LOOKS ALL IN
TALK ABOUT A SLICK, EASY SHAVE! GEE, THIS IS REFRESHING. WHAT A BLADE!
THOSE THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN... AND SAVE MONEY TOO
WHAT A CHANGE. WOW, HE'S GOOD-LOOKING!
RAY'S BEEN PROMISING TO BRING YOU OUT, MR. SPAULDING
I WISH HE'D DONE IT SOONER YOU'RE MOST GRACIOUS
I HOPE IT WON'T TAKE ANOTHER FLOOD TO GET YOU HERE AGAIN
I SHOULD SAY NOT. HOW ABOUT SUNDAY?
ATTA BOY, BILL. BUT REMEMBER TO SHAVE WITH A THIN GILLETTE
THIN GILLETTES GIVE YOU SMOOTH, COMFORTABLE SHAVES THAT FEEL AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK. THAT'S BECAUSE THESE KEEN, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED BLADES ARE PRECISION MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR ACCURATELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE SMART AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. TRY THIN GILLETTES. ENJOY SWELL SHAVES AT A SAVING THAT'S REAL
THIN Gillette

the series of coincidences!" he exclaimed loudly. "Me sitting around the Emmonsville House all day waiting for a phone call from—from Cleveland—and here was this jolly party going on and I never—"

"Why, Francis Ackers!" Mrs. Cooper jumped up to extend her all-welcoming hand. "How on earth did you happen to hit Emmonsville today of *all* days? Just think, this makes actually the third place we've been you happened to turn up at! Join the party! This is Mr. Brown that's been in the Army with my Horace, and that's Mr. Vance T. Johnson of Boston—and I think you already know my husband."

"He ought to," Horace said, "by this time!"

"Horace, presh—" Mrs. Cooper with gay good-fellowship still retained Mr. Ackers' hand. "Put another chair at the table and order another round. Make it five this time, Horace, hon."

"Me? No soap!" Horace rose. "Look at the time! That Cincinnati bus is two and a half minutes overdue already. Yes, by golly, look there!" He pointed toward a window. "She's rollin' in right now and she only stops here about a minute and a half. Get a hustle on!"

Mrs. Cooper made a cheerful lamentation as he more than brusquely put her fur coat upon her. "Think of breaking up such a party just when it's getting so good! All right, honey, don't jerk me. You're coming too, aren't you, Vance?"

"You said it, babe!" Mr. Johnson was retrieving a hat, overcoat, and small traveling bag from the table at which he'd previously sat. "On to Cincinnati!" he cried, rushing to join her. "The city of my dreams!"

The bride, however, was now holding Henry's hand. "Not your bus? But isn't there somebody you ought to see in Cincinnati?" she urged. "It's a lovely city. Really, aren't you coming, too?"

"No. I—"

"Can't possibly?" She spoke in a low voice. "Ah, too bad! But don't look so down, Big Harry! Something tells me you and I are meant to meet again some day. Don't forget me!" Then, accompanied closely by Mr.

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is Worth a Pound of Cure!
PHILIP MORRIS!—proved
less irritating to nose and throat
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aroma . . keener smoking pleasure!
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America's Finest Cigarette

Johnson and also by Mr. Francis Ackers, who said he'd just see them off, she made her laughing way to the door. Horace contrived to get the handles of the four pieces of luggage into his two hands and followed bumpingly.

Through the window Henry watched the group. Crossing the street, Mr. Ackers and Mr. Johnson kept as close as they could to Mrs. Cooper—that is, one against her right side, the other against her left—while Horace, struggling after them, first made efforts to intervene between his bride and Mr. Ackers, then to dislodge Mr. Johnson.

A loud tweed cap, removed from a round curly-haired middle-aged head, waved toward a beautiful face beaming down through a bus window and the great machine moved smoothly away toward Cincinnati. Smiling fatuously, Mr. Ackers strolled back and invited Henry to join him at the bar.

When Henry declined, remaining seated at his table, "Why so morose?" the chubby man inquired. "You *could* get a train for Cincinnati that'd land you there less'n an hour after the bus."

Henry was brief: "What I want with Cincinnati?"

"So? She didn't give you her grandma's address?"

"What use I got for it?"

"You didn't fall for her?" The chubby man's surprise increased. "Strange! We all do. My mistake." He went to the bar, came back with a filled glass and, standing, spoke benevolently: "Wonderful creature she is—quite beyond words!" He laughed down at Henry ingratiatingly. "You'd think so, too, if you knew her better. Whoosh! Can she make the money fly! I ought to know. I was her second husband."

"Her what?"

"Her second. Oh, not the one just before this one," Mr. Ackers said, and became serious. "I was the only one she ever really loved, though"—he paused; then, with solemn idiocy, he added—"or ever will."

HENRY made no response. He was more or less stupefied. But one sharp emotion pierced his numbness; it was the emotion of pity—pity for a once moderately intelligent comrade. Poor old Horace! He used to have *some* sense sometimes—in the Army.

He sat and sat, staring down at the apple-green table until an apple-green waitress—she who'd first served him—came impulsively to his elbow. "Listen, fella," she said. "I thought you wanted that eastbound bus. Look there! You better run."

Again Henry glanced through the window. "No, I was expecting maybe a couple Joes I know would come in on it. I see they didn't. So long."

He went out to Main Street, turned to his left, and, frowning deeply under a down-bent wet hatbrim, walked slowly through a renewed drizzle all the long way to a filling station separated by three muddy vacant lots from a small white cottage at the end of South Street. Beside the oil pumps he halted and looked through November early twilight toward the cottage.

There was a long back yard behind it, and against the rear fence a small wooden shed. From the door of the shed there came forth the slender figure of a smallish girl who held in her arms a larger load of firewood than she should have tried to carry.

She was little, but walked sturdily, and somehow it was visible that she had patience and acceptance—as if she steadily did her best, no matter what, and if no reward at all could be looked for; but there was a loneliness about her that went to the heart.

Henry came on, walking even more slowly than before. The scrawny asters his wife had planted for him were dim in the wet twilight as he opened the gate. He stood looking fixedly at the dead little flower bed for some moments, then entered the cottage by the front door, left his raincoat and hat in the closet, and went into the sitting room. Mattie was always quick. A new fire had already begun to crackle under the mantelpiece; the room was rosy, the one easy chair in the house had been drawn up to the blaze, and a pair of large slippers warmed on the hearth. Everything was quiet—Henrietta was surely asleep—and peace was upon the small house.

Mattie came in from the kitchen. Her hair was neat, and under a white apron she wore a trim pink dress. "Get your wet shoes off and your feet to the fire, dear," she said. "I'll have sup—dinner—ready in half an hour. There'll be fried chicken, Henry."

He looked at her troubledly. "Where's—where's Mr. Mern?"

"Father? He told me to say goodby for him. He was sorry you didn't come back before he had to catch his train. He waited as long as he could."

"Where's he gone?"

"Why, home to Ashtabula." She was surprised. "He only came down to help me get things ready for you, but he couldn't stay away from the farm except these few days. I thought you knew that." She pushed him down into the easy chair, knelt, and began to remove his shoes.

He leaned forward, staring at her so hard that she was worried. "What's the matter? What are you thinking?"

Henry smiled at last. "Oh, nothing," he said, took one of her busy hands, held it, and kissed it. "Nothing—except I was just thinking some people have all the luck. I mean me, honey."

THE END

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THE THROPP FAMILY

written by LAWRENCE LIPTON
illustrated by BONLOU

IS OZZIE HOME, MRS. THROPP?
NOT YET, JACK. HE'S DOWNTOWN WITH HIS DAD.
TALKING BUSINESS!
BUSINESS? WHAT KIND? HOW COME?
OZZIE GOT A BIG REWARD FOR CATCHING THAT AWFUL MAN FOR MR. HIPPLEBY.
-AND HE'S GOING TO GIVE IT TO DAD, MAYBE.

I TELL YOU I DON'T **NEED** A SODA FOUNTAIN, OZZIE! FOR TWENTY YEARS MY STORE---
DON'T BE AN OLD FUDDY-DUDDY, PATER- THIS ANCIENT STALL COULD USE A BIT O' FACE-LIFTING!

A TOUCH OF MODERNITY IN THIS MOSSY DEN WOULD LOAD OUR COFFERS WITH SHEKELS
BUT MY OLD CUSTOMERS WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT- HERE COMES MRS. FRIMM-- I'LL ASK HER!

GOOD MORNING, MR. THROPP, I'LL HAVE A ONE-CENT STAMP, PLEASE.
HERE YOU ARE, MRS. FRIMM
GREAT JUMPING JEEPS--HE CALLS **THAT** A CUSTOMER!

DO YOU THINK A SODA FOUNTAIN WOULD ADD ANYTHING TO MY STORE, MRS. FRIMM?

DEFINITELY NOT! A DRUG-STORE SHOULD SELL ONLY DRUGS!

SEE? I TOLD YOU I WAS RIGHT--

BALDERDASH, PATER! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO POLL A FEW PEOPLE AHOY, HEPCATS! A FEW QUESTIONS, PLEASE!

SHOOT THE QU ERY TO ME, DEARY!

LISTEN, SQUARES-- SHOOT ME THE AVERAGE FOLD-ING MOOLA YOU BUGS FILCH FROM YOUR PARENTS EACH WEEK.

I NET $2.50 EVERY MONDAY--

I GET $1.50-

I'M A $3 THRUSH--

I GOUGE TWO SLUGS--

TO FEED OUR FACES-**BUT NATCH!**

ALL REET, GATES-NOW HOW DO YOU SHED MOST OF YOUR MOO?

I'M A MALTED-MILK MANIAC.

ME, TOO!

ME-I'M A COLA BURPER.

WHAT WOULD YOU ALLIGA-TORS THINK OF A NEW NECTAR NOOK IN THROPP'S?

ARE YOU KIDDING, JACKSON?

THAT WOULD SAVE US A WALK DOWN-TOWN!

YOU'RE SOLID, FAT STUFF!

MURDERIS-TIC, MISTER!

NOW WHICH DO YOU WANT, PATER--ALL THAT ADOLESCENT PURCHASING POWER--OR MRS. FRIMM AND HER POSTAGE STAMPS?

YOU'RE MURDERISTIC, JACKSON--YOU WIN!

Continued next week

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THE Federal Government is setting a fine example as an employer in providing veterans with the maximum possible job opportunities. Civil Service concessions to vet applicants should be of interest to us all, smoothing the way for veterans to land a variety of tempting jobs with annual vacations, medical care, pensions—all backed by Uncle Sam.

Interested

Even during the war years the U. S. Civil Service Commission was busy blueprinting a program for returning servicemen. The first step was taken back on March 16, 1942, when most government jobs being filled were tagged "war service"—that is, good only for the duration and six months. This guaranteed that the positions, if continued after the war, would be thrown open to competition by the time all vets were demobilized.

The purpose of reopening all these exams was not only to make up for the veterans' time spent in the service, but also to repay them with the special consideration they so rightfully deserve.

Under the Veterans Preference Act of 1944, competition in examinations for many specified positions is restricted to veterans. Still other "preferences" include the boosting, by five or ten points, of the scores veteran applicants make in Civil Service exams. Five points are given to any honorably discharged serviceman who served during a war or campaign. Ten points are added to the rating of vets with an officially established service-connected disability.

When the disability prevents them from qualifying, their wives are entitled to the ten-point preference.

Ten points are also given to unmarried widows of veterans.

If you're interested in a Civil Service job, apply to your nearest Second Class post office, or the branch or regional office of the U. S. Civil Service Commission. Here you must prove that you are entitled to "preference" by filling out Preference Form 14. For most jobs requiring special skills, the applicant must take an examination. For other positions, the vet's experience and training, as shown on his application, will determine his eligibility. And remember—if the Federal jobs don't suit you, there are many *state* Civil Service jobs to aim at.

A top Federal Civil Service representative told me that the appointments in his agency, if handled properly, offer great opportunity and security to veterans. To secure these, we must realize that the chances of entering Federal or state service are usually the greatest in the lower grades.

It is here that most of us will have to start and learn the Government way of doing business.

In Civil Service, advancement comes from within—one has to work his way up!

* * *

James Picano, Pittsburgh, Pa. Service with the Red Cross does not entitle you to Veteran Preference toward obtaining a Civil Service position. This is classified as service in a civilian capacity *with* the armed forces. Preference is given only to veterans *of* the armed forces.

* * *

Philip Carroll, Yakima, Wash. Your wife would be entitled to ten-point veteran preference if your pension were based on a service-connected disability. Since yours is non-service-connected, the Civil Service Commission was justified in refusing to add the extra points to her score.

* * *

M. E. McComb, Wheeling, W. Va. If you were ordered to report for induction prior to leaving your job, your employer must re-employ you—provided other conditions of eligibility for re-employment are met. He cannot be forced to take you back if you left your job because you wanted a preinduction vacation, however. See your local draft board for full clarification of your particular case.

James Addams, Cleveland, Ohio. You have every right to question your broker's fee of $50 for securing a loan guaranty for you from the Veterans Administration. No commission or brokerage fee may be legally assessed against a veteran by anyone representing him for this part of the deal. Fees for appraisal, title research, etc., are chargeable, however.

* * *

Robert Hawkins, Barnes, Ala. Don't let your National Service Life Insurance lapse! If you're too ill to work, and have been for more than six months, apply to the Veterans Administration on Form 357 for a waiver of premiums. As soon as the Veterans Administration sends you a statement of entitlement to this waiver, you can stop paying until you are well enough to go back to your job. This is one of the principal benefits of your policy. Instead of losing the security of insurance because you are too sick to keep up the payments, you pay nothing and the insurance remains in force.

* * *

Crew of the U.S.S. Scuffle, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. I was greatly surprised by your letter upholding the traditional sailor's uniform. There has been so much scuttlebutt about changing it, I assumed it was the wearers, like yourselves, who wanted it changed. Your logic seems well founded, at that, when you say that despite changes in times and methods, the Navy uniform has remained basically the same—therefore, it must be O.K.

It's O. K.

Arthur Russo, Canton, Ohio. You can get a home loan application blank at your local bank, or at any federal or state lending agency. Ask for Finance Form 1802, Application for a Home Loan Guaranty.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

DIAL-TWISTING FOR A LIVING

Continued from Page 23

One of the concern's most unique jobs came when ration points for butter often changed overnight with unexpected suddenness. Since many OPA dictums were announced on the radio late Saturday nights, Sheffield Farms, a large dairy firm, found it impossible to notify its numerous dealers and distributors of the changes in time to enable them to act accordingly by Monday mornings. The unintentional collection of too few or too many butter points was an aspirin-consuming situation for the dairy people and a neat poser for Radio Reports, but they found the answer. Names and addresses of Sheffield's dealers and distributors were filed with the Western Union Telegraph office. As official news of changes in butter point values came over the air, Radio Reports phoned the telegraph company and dictated a prearranged wire, which went to all names on dealer list A, B, or C, as the circumstances warranted, and customers again became point-happy.

IT is relatively easy for monitors to keep their ears attuned for radio mention of names of individuals or concerns that are subscribers, but it calls for fast thinking to read behind the lines of a news item, or of a comment, and always determine with accuracy whether it is of interest to a customer, and if so, which one.

One night last May the Detroit office recorded the following: "Here in Michigan, approximately 1,800 employees of the Blank Company will return to their jobs on the midnight shift tonight. Members of the CIO United Automobile Workers Union voted unanimously to end a five-day strike. . . . The company has promised to speed payment of war bonds to workers and to straighten out its payroll system."

Neither the concern nor the union named in the broadcast was a subscriber, but hidden in those words was a message of value to a client. That "special" was sent to the New York office of a large accounting-machine manufacturer, which promptly notified its Detroit representative to find out what accounting system the Blank Company used. If it was theirs, the agent was told to straighten it out in a hurry. If the concern wasn't using their method, perhaps the representative could interest them in one that would speed up payrolls and bond deductions. The latter proved to be the case and a sale was made.

What started Radio Reports, Inc., was a chance conversation between its originator and president, Edward F. Loomis, and a friend who heads up the public-relations department of one of the nation's biggest industrial institutions. It was the summer of 1936, the CIO was expanding, and numerous people, including labor spokesmen, had things to say pro and con about the situation over the radio.

The public-relations man was constantly getting demands from one or more of his bosses that he "get a copy of Boake Carter's script from last night! He talked about us." Or, "The speaker on that labor program said some things that aren't so. Get copies of his talk so we can study it and suggest corrections!" Furthermore, the bosses differed among themselves regarding what actually had been said, and that holds true today. The average person retains far more detail of what he sees than of what he hears.

RADIO stations generally dislike or refuse to release program scripts, and if the public-relations man did get a copy of what was said, several days had elapsed, the news was dead, and the bosses were deep in other problems.

It seemed to Loomis, himself a former newspaper and publicity man with the keen perception proverbially attributed to a New England Yankee birth and upbringing, that something could and should be done about the situation. Figuring that a daily radio reporting service which presented comment and news in di-

Wild unruly hair *freezes* his chances until...

He discovers what's *'just right'* to keep hair handsomely groomed all day long

HOBO HAIR

Tousled, unkempt hair is strictly taboo in the business and social world. Neatly groomed hair always helps make a good impression. So try Kreml Hair Tonic — it's made *especially* to keep hair neatly in place — *so handsome looking* all day long.

VILLAIN

With that ridiculous, greasy, oil-slicked look — he appears like the villain in an old-time melodrama. Truly a laughing stock! Kreml keeps hair neat as a pin yet *never* pastes hair down or leaves it looking or feeling oily or greasy.

ORIGINAL SNOWMAN

His shoulders are always covered with a snowfall of dandruff flakes. How slovenly he looks. How women "freeze". Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and removes loose dandruff. Kreml leaves scalp feeling so clean and refreshed, too.

CARNIVAL KING!

Wins prize with his Kreml-groomed hair. Kreml always keeps his hair looking *so handsome*. Just "enough body" to Kreml to make hair stay in place. Yet "light enough" so as to never plaster hair down. Use Kreml daily for better-groomed hair.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp • Removes Dandruff Flakes
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

'INVISIBLE' LIQUID
proves wonderful for
SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

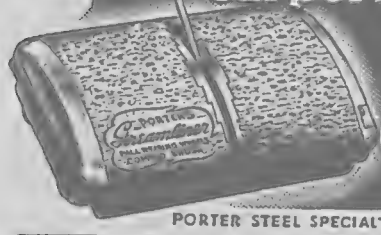
Promptly Relieves Itching— Aids Healing!

First applications of wonderful soothing medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula—promptly relieve intense itching and burning of Eczema, Psoriasis, Athlete's Foot and simple skin rashes due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless, *invisible* Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. Amazing record of success. 3 sizes. All drugstores.

ZEMO

PORTER
Carpet Sweeper
COMBS its brush surface to sweep rugs EASIER, CLEANER



PORTER STEEL SPECIALTIES, SHELBYVILLE, IND.

"S.M.'s"

CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN

"SM's" [pronounced S-Ems] are available *only* through properly licensed pharmacists. Never sold by mail or mail order houses. Consult your physician — purchase from your pharmacy.***S. M. Laboratories, Seattle 1, Wash.

gested form should be worth $200 a month to prospective customers, Loomis pushed a few doorbells. The response was gratifying. Four large business concerns promptly agreed to take the service. "The first customers came so easily," says Loomis, "that I thought, This is duck soup; all I have to do is go out and get a few more subscribers and I'll spend winters in Florida and summers in the Berkshires."

But it didn't pan out that way. The first goal, accuracy in reporting what anyone says over the air, was found to be almost an impossibility so far as expert stenographers and the best stenotype operators were concerned. The ever present element of human fallibility brought too many discrepancies between the transcripts and the originals, and when you're in the business of quoting people, you'd better be right to the last dot of an "i." The only answer was recordings.

MEANWHILE, one of the promised customers reneged, leaving the income from only three to offset mounting expenses. Those three have consistently remained on the books ever since the first Overnight Digest was issued on September 14, 1936, and for several months they were the only ones on the books. Expenses piled up meanwhile. Then one day the clouds broke with a telephone call from the office of Martin Egan, then in charge of public relations, under Thomas W. Lamont, for J. P. Morgan and Company.

They had received a sample of the Daily Digest, Mr. Egan's secretary explained, and would like to know more about it, sometime when Mr. Loomis was "in the neighborhood, and it was entirely convenient." Loomis still insists that the express subway train which sped him down to Wall Street was powered by snails suffering from arthritis. Now, with 350 subscribers, the gross approaches $200,000 annually.

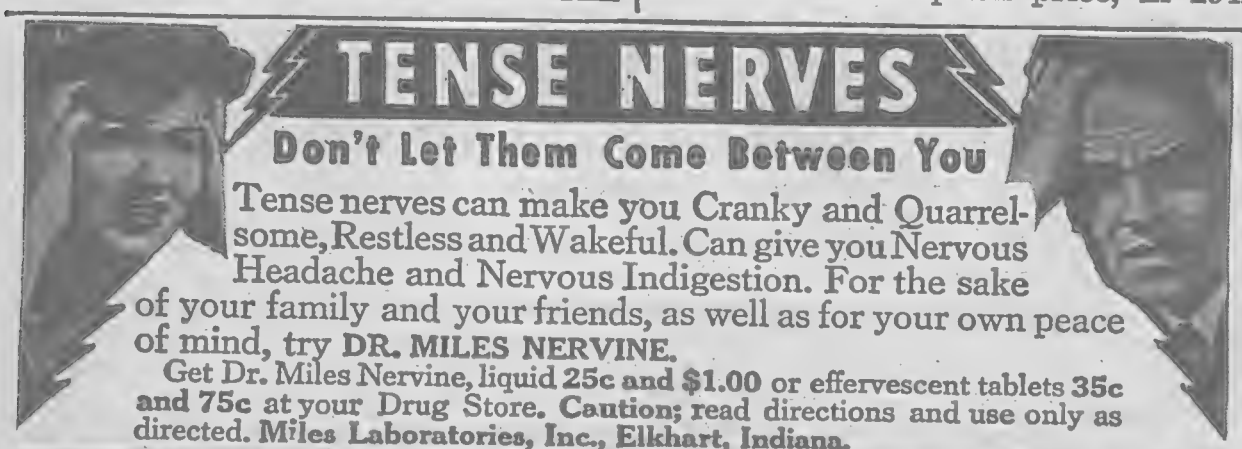
The increase in Radio Reports' customers from less than a handful to the present 350 may be attributed to several reasons, not the least of which was a drastic cut in prices for services. Gambling that production-line methods and intensive sales efforts would work together to permit a lower subscription price, in 1942 Loomis set the fee for the Daily Digest at twenty-five dollars a month instead of the former $200, with extra charges for "specials." It worked, too.

In the nine years since Radio Reports' first Overnight Digest was "put to bed," news broadcasts have steadily multiplied. To prepare that initial edition, P. R. Rieber, editor of the firm's publications, recalls there were not more than seven evening broadcasts, and only parts of them were recorded. Fifty-one are now checked nightly in the New York office alone between 6 P.M. and midnight. Seventy-five others come in during the daytime, the majority of which are recorded. Programs literally pile up at certain hours, and no one person possibly could hear them all, which is another reason for the expansion of the listening business.

During 350 hours a week, or better, of broadcasting time, including some 2,000 programs from many stations, more than 4,000,000 words are recorded. This is accomplished by recording complete programs on seven-inch plastic disks, which accommodate a fifteen-minute broadcast on each side. The batteries of radios and recording machines in the several offices fill upward of 60,000 disks a year with who-said-what-about-whom or -which, and when. Interestingly enough, all the bulky sixteen-inch aluminum records that accumulated in the first six years of business have been retained in storage—something like two tons of Americana as voiced by radio from 1936 through 1940. Those records cost sixty cents apiece as compared with the nine-cent plastic disks now in use.

NEWS and comment programs produce some zany requests from non-professional listeners. The pet gripe at Radio Reports is the person who phones in: "Last night at seven o'clock over WEAF I heard Joe Blo talk about the Nut Manufacturing Company. Can I get a transcript?" Hours of checking reveal it wasn't WEAF; it was WMCA, and Joe Blo didn't broadcast at seven o'clock. He was on the air at eight-thirty, and he didn't discuss the Nut Manufacturing Company; that was the sponsor mentioned in the commercial. Sometimes it turns out it wasn't even Joe Blo. Remember, you may not be able to trust your ears, but you can trust the recordings.

Varied are the uses to which radio's daily avalanche of spoken words are put. A steel company requested transcripts of many programs to be used in the study and preparation of a prospective radio show. Motion-picture producers and book publishers have utilized radio quotations from air columnists as "blurbs" to promote their products. Surveys and analyses have been made to determine comparative attention paid by broadcasters to one side or the other of controversies.


TENSE NERVES
Don't Let Them Come Between You
Tense nerves can make you Cranky and Quarrelsome, Restless and Wakeful. Can give you Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try DR. MILES NERVINE.
Get Dr. Miles Nervine, liquid 25c and $1.00 or effervescent tablets 35c and 75c at your Drug Store. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.
DR. MILES NERVINE

One of these showed that of 107 news and comment programs concerning a wage dispute, 106 ignored management's position. Another study was carried on by CIO-PAC, with Radio Reports supplying much of the raw material, in an effort to find out whether some programs are biased for or against labor. Radio Reports even uncovered a fictitious commentator who spoke on a network for over a year. It turned out that Phillip Keyne-Gordon "was not a man; he was a mob," according to one of the five people who had been involved in the production of the mythical "Mr. Keyne - Gordon's" commentaries.

Many cars on commuter trains running into New York City were designed to seat three people on one side of the aisle, with the usual two-passenger accommodations on the other. Through the years, however, bridge foursomes composed of commuters came to consider occupation of a couple of three-man seats facing each other as essential. Kibitzers who tried to sit next to the players were given the silent-stare treatment. During the wartime shortage of space, the railroad said all seats should be available. The howls of protest from the card players reached New York radio commentators, and Radio Reports received an order to send all mention of card playing on trains to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Incidentally, "squatters' rights" won for the card players.

THE END

SHANGHAI— LAST-FLING CITY

Continued from Page 25

tained Japanese and puppets during the occupation, but it wasn't the profitable—or, to be fair to the girls, the pleasurable—business it had been with Americans before the war. In fact, they'd abandoned the taxi dancing field to Chinese girls because they couldn't live on Japanese and puppet frugality. Americans give a girl not one but a fistful of tickets a dance. And a girl's percentage is larger on whisky-soda than on tea.

Realism, however, is not the whole story of Shanghai's foreign pleasure girls. Beneath lies some of the grimmest tragedy in the world, especially in the case of the Jewesses. They come from Shanghai's colony of nearly 30,000 Jewish refugees who fled Hitler's Europe in the late '30s. Many were well-to-do in pre-Nazi days, but most of them hit the Shanghai beach penniless, and there's no crueler beach anywhere. While those with professional talents, like doctors, managed fairly well, the majority remained destitute or made a bare existence competing with Chinese coolies. And their daughters —once gay, laughing *Mädchen* in Hamburg or Stettin—became the overrouged girls behind Shanghai's

YOUR COLD: How to fight it

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

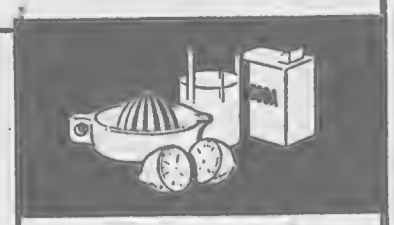
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3 **Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS — FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

For relief of muscular stiffness, soreness, and painful minor bruises, the value of massage has long been recognized. Properly applied, massage tends to improve circulation, remove waste products of fatigue.

Now you can give effective massage at home, to yourself or others — easily, inexpensively, with Oster Massagett. Patented *suspended motor action* delivers rotating-patting movements to your fingers, for light or deeply penetrating massage that feels so good.

Thousands of Oster massage instruments are in use, professionally and at home. Massagett costs only $19.50. Send coupon for free booklet and name of your dealer.

FREE! Booklet on Massage and Massagett

Authoritative, illustrated booklet tells what massage is, how it works, what it may do for you. Shows many popular applications. Mail coupon for free copy.

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Dept. 1126, Racine, Wisconsin

Send me free Oster Massage Manual and also name of my Massagett dealer.

Name_____

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City_____ (__) State_____

Dealers: Write for information

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

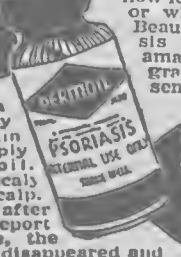
If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.



SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5724, Detroit 4, Mich.

bars and the easy pick-ups on the taxi dance floors. The Japanese worsened it by herding the Jews into a cluttered ghetto. Those who'd built up businesses were ruined and more daughters had to enter Shanghai's teeming professional ranks. Probably no other group in the world has had so large a percentage of its children driven to degradation.

The White Russian girls are somewhat better off. They belong to an established colony of about 25,000 White Russians who began coming to Shanghai a quarter of a century ago, after the Red Revolution. Practically the entire colony now is applying for Soviet citizenship, but Soviet authorities are taking the view that since it took these Whites so long to make up their minds, they might as well wait a while longer. Thus far, only about 10 per cent have been granted Soviet citizenship.

The girls themselves have never been in Russia. They're strictly Shanghai and therefore unique. They're sophisticated and extremely beauty-conscious and are probably the best-dressed single group of women to be found anywhere. At the same time they've inherited that strange Russian mixture of realism and sentiment which permits certain liberties that more literal-minded Americans might term promiscuity. It was almost to be expected that the first reported marriage of an American serviceman in liberated Shanghai should have been to a White Russian. The girl happens to have a Portuguese husband already, which the American may or may not know about—or care about.

Shanghai has other women too—French, English, Italian, and Indian, and, of course, an almost unlimited number of the most Westernized jive-happy Chinese girls in China.

THE Army had barely begun staking out a determined and expensive monopoly on the city's womanhood and night life when Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid brought his U. S. Seventh Fleet up the Whangpoo and loosed a swarm of white-clad sailors, fresh from the Pacific wastes, on the Shanghai Bund.

Now, Shanghai had been glad to see the Army, but American sailors and marines have been favorites of much longer standing. In some cases, Russian girls left the Army for the Navy as fast as they'd left their husbands for the Army. And before the first week was over, five sailors were dead from poisonous Hongkew liquor.

There seemed to be a strong relation between the Navy's popularity and its free spending. I was in front of the Palace Hotel the day after the fleet came in, watching sailors pairing off with girls who'd come to the Bund to meet them and heading up Nanking Road in pedicabs. A Russian friend started laughing and pointing at two sailors and their dates passing us in the vehicles.

"Do you know what that girl with the sailor in front just shouted in Russian to the girl behind?" my friend asked. "She said, 'My man's all right. I just saw his money.' "

On the Navy's third day in port, a cloud of paper fluttered past my open window on the fifth floor of the Cathay. I decided it must be confetti—and then a terrific bedlam rose from the street. I saw people looking up expectantly at the hotel. Then another cloud of paper fluttered by. It was made up of 1,000-dollar and 5,000-dollar CRB notes. The Navy had the floor above me.

Sailors also would buy a large suitcase the moment they hit shore, then start to shop. As for paying a ricksha coolie, they preferred handing out a U. S. dollar bill (150,000 CRB) instead of bothering to count out 10,000 or 20,000 CRB the coolie asked for. Ricksha coolies soon began demanding a U. S. dollar bill from every foreigner.

AMERICAN prodigality upset ordinary Shanghailanders, who saw prices rising beyond their CRB salaries. It became the same story that has followed our armed forces wherever they've gone—Calcutta, Cairo, or Rome. As the Shanghai edition of the Stars and Stripes editorialized: "Well, we've done it again. We came, we saw, we raised the prices. . . . Do we think for a minute that the American serviceman is wise enough to use his head and save his money? The truth is—we don't!"

Although they grasped for our dollars and flinched at our spending, Shanghailanders knew they were lucky that the war had ended as it did. They'd seen the Japanese preparing for another Manila—storing up supplies and erecting street defenses. Then the war ended and Shanghai became the only major city in any war theater left unscathed. Not only unscathed but bulging with luxury goods and pleasures.

Shanghai does need plenty of renovation, though. The Japanese let things go to pot. Streets are cracked, the telephone system is full of static, and practically every faucet in the city needs a new washer. Most of the steam radiators and various other metal fixtures, including monuments like the Bund's World War I cenotaph, were carted off for scrap.

Two items defeated the Japanese—the pair of bronze lions in front of the Bund's British landmark, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank building. These beasts were famous in the Shanghai region. Their forepaws had been rubbed shiny by countless superstitious Chinese who hoped to acquire some of the strength and wealth of the British Empire. The Japanese loathed them and g'eefully ripped them up when their Shanghai scrap-metal drive began, only to find they were concrete lions covered by a thin skin of bronze. So they were tossed in a godown, where the British recovered them. Now

there are Chinese rubbing their paws harder than ever.

The valuable American Club library, one of the best in the Far East, also was saved by a turn of fate. Y. M. Kuo, a wealthy Chinese architect and club member, bought all 3,000 volumes when the Japanese put the books up for auction. Now Mr. Kuo has returned the library to the club with his compliments.

A slightly different sort of restoration was accomplished in the case of Anna's House, the last of the famous "American Houses" so much a part of Shanghai culture a half century ago, when Japanese sea captains carried Barbary coast girls to the China port without charge—for certain considerations. Anna went home to the United States shortly before the war, leaving her brothel in the care of a Russian woman who calls herself Jeannette. Jeannette managed to keep operating throughout the occupation with seven girls—three Russian, three Chinese, and one German Jewess. She expects Anna back soon and will be proud to turn back the estate intact.

ANOTHER unchanged and always fascinating Shanghai feature consists of the personals in the newspapers. They reflect as well as anything the completely cosmopolitan and somewhat uninhibited ways of the city. Here are some samples:

Would anyone kindly assist very attractive young lady unsuccessful in finding Italian gentleman with beautiful gliding car?

Neutral lady, 30 odd, wishes to meet independent English or American gentleman, 40-50, for friendship, outings.

Young foreigner, 25, likes to meet nice Chinese girl.

Intelligent Iraquian lady, 35, seeks social companionship with respectable gentleman.

All in all, Shanghai has survived another crisis. Exactly what the future holds—what new Chinese restrictions will take the place of extra'lity—no one can foretell. But Shanghai's future has never been certain since the day the foreigners started building it on the Whangpoo's mud flats. Yet the incredible city has always survived in more or less the same wide-open pattern.

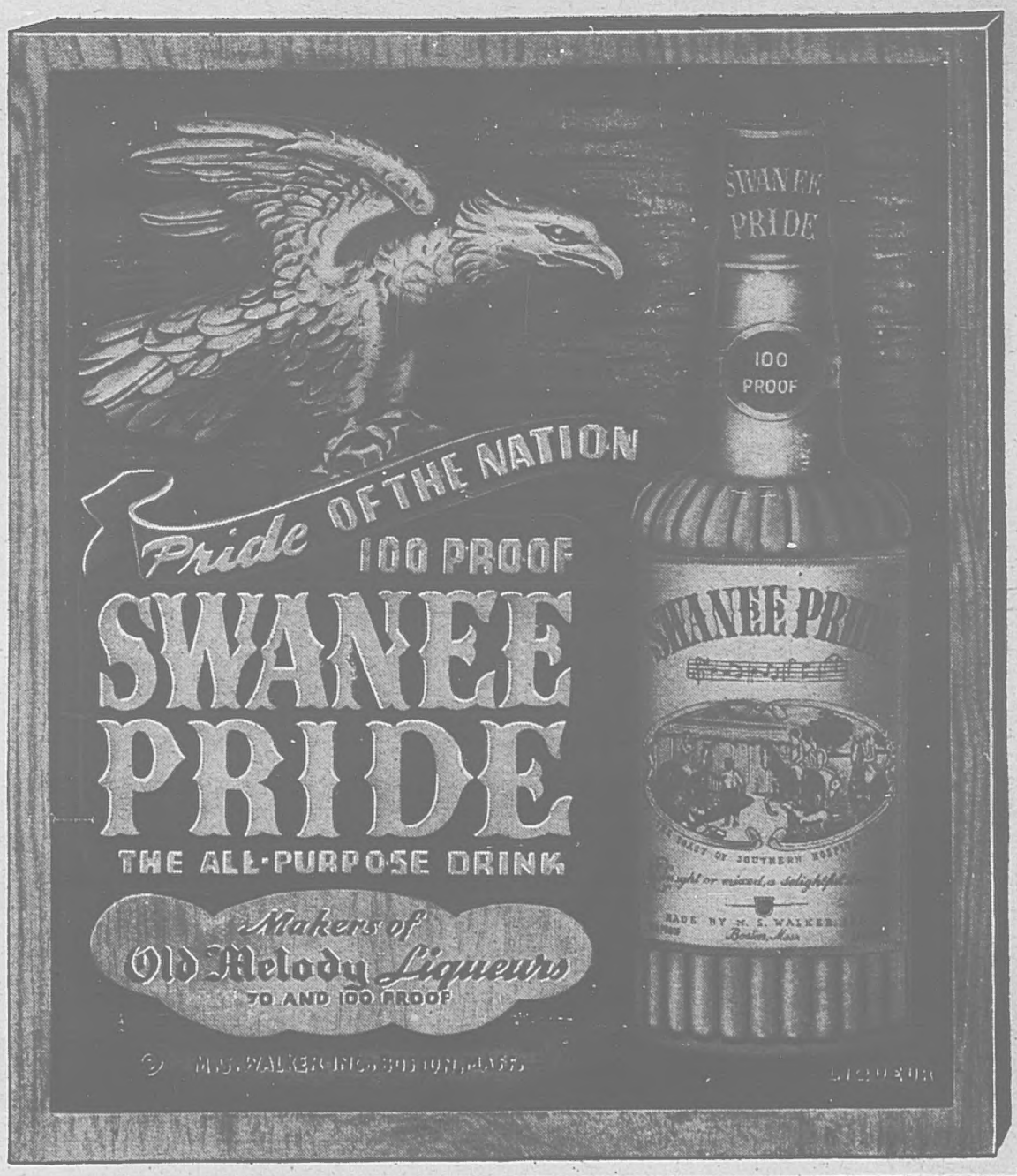
At present, anyway, Shanghai's the wonderful last-fling city of the Pacific war, and the American soldiers and sailors are taking to it as their fathers took to Paris in the last war. A young lieutenant expressed it this way in a poem published in the Stars and Stripes:

I've sweated it out in the Chungking heat
And the dirtiest holes in Yunnan,
And now I am here, and I find it sweet,
And I'm having my fun while I can.

So give me a bottle and give me a blonde
And a night club on Bubbling Well
And a bill that's the price of a U. S. bond—
Tonight is my night to yell!

And, brother, they're yelling.

THE END

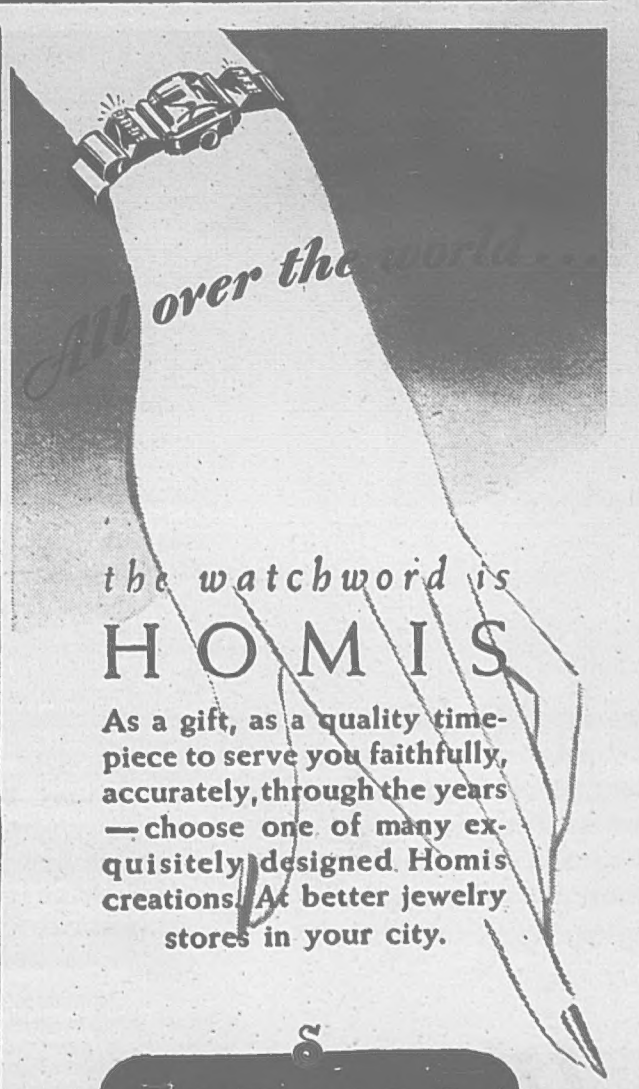


POEMS WANTED
For Musical Setting
Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate consideration and **FREE** Rhyming Dictionary.
RICHARD BROTHERS
48 WOODS BUILDING — CHICAGO 1, ILL.

PSORIASIS
PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Then write today for FREE important information. You needn't invest one cent!
PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-39, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio

ADVERTISING • PUBLICITY
You can learn this fascinating, profitable business AT HOME! Open your own agency. New, personal instruction plan gives you complete training.
There is big money in advertising!
DON'T DELAY—WRITE TODAY
ADVERTISERS' TRAINING SERVICE
420 Market St., San Francisco 11, California

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"
Without Painful Backache
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



the watchword is
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As a gift, as a quality timepiece to serve you faithfully, accurately, through the years—choose one of many exquisitely designed Homis creations. At better jewelry stores in your city.
HOMIS
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Manufacturers of fine timepieces since 1898
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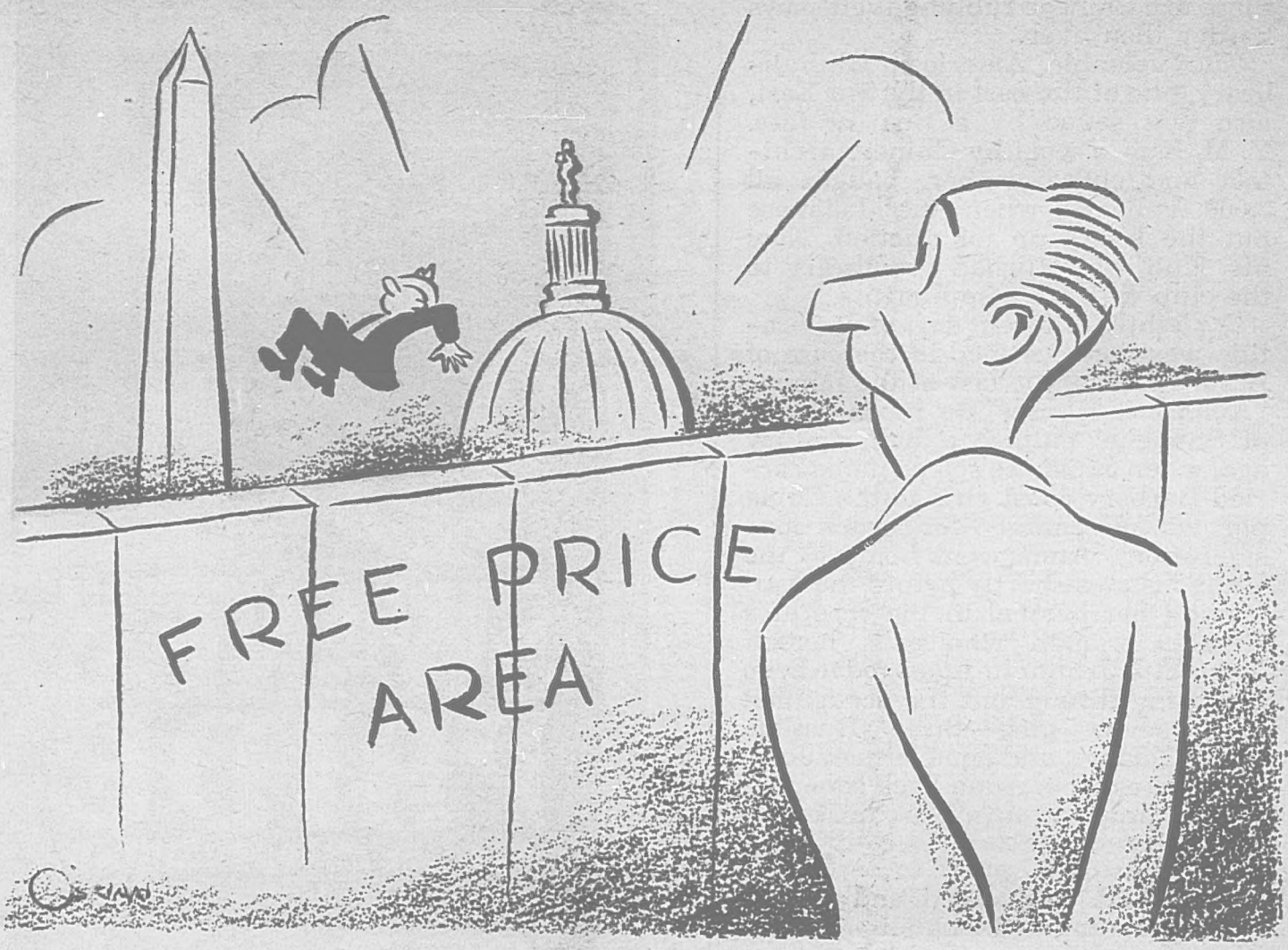
JAN. 26, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



FACT FINDING ON PRICE CONTROL

INASMUCH as fact finding is now the order of the day, we suggest to Mr. Chester Bowles that he conduct a little experiment which might be interesting in relation to the controversy which rages over the continuance of price control.

The controversy in a nutshell is as follows: Bowles says price control by government must be continued beyond June 30, when his present powers expire, and until such time as supply catches up with demand. Otherwise prices will shoot sky-high and we will be off on a hell-roaring inflation spree. His critics say price control retards the creation of supply to satisfy the demand. They claim the lifting of controls will stimulate production and inflationary tendencies will be smothered in a flood of goods of all kinds.

Naturally, every one of us is interested in this question. It is important for Congress to make the proper decision. The consequences to all of us are too great to take a chance on the theories put forth by one side or the other, no matter how well argued. None of us wants inflation, but we all want and need full-scale production and the jobs it provides. We suggest that Bowles submit the question to a sort of laboratory experiment which would give us an indication as to whether he is right —or his critics.

As we understand it, the price administrator's present powers permit him to impose or lift controls at his discretion, either by classes of goods or by areas. We suggest he lift immediately all price controls in the District of Columbia. If Bowles is right, the cost of living will balloon upward and keep going. If his critics are right, there will be such an abundance of merchandise of all kinds that is available, attracted to the area by a chance to make an honest dollar, that the rise will be stopped dead in its tracks and prices will fall as sellers begin to compete with each other for customers.

While the results of such an experiment would not be entirely applicable on a national scale at this time, we would get a pretty good indication of when, how, and on what it is safe to lift controls. We would discover to what extent people preferred goods at any price to keeping their money in their pockets. We would find out how closely supply must approximate demand before prices stop rising. By carefully calculating when this point would be reached in the case of various items of merchandise, we would know when to turn them loose.

Of course, conducting this experiment in the District of Columbia would be valuable in more ways than one. Whatever happens, it would be right in Congress' own front yard and would affect each member personally and perhaps painfully. No congressman whose wife is giving him an earful every night about the rising cost of living will have to be argued with very much about the need of price control. On the other hand, if his wife is finding merchandise she wants plentiful in the stores and at prices she considers reasonable, while the folks back home complain of shortages, he'll be firmly convinced that OPA has outlived its usefulness.

Paul Hunter

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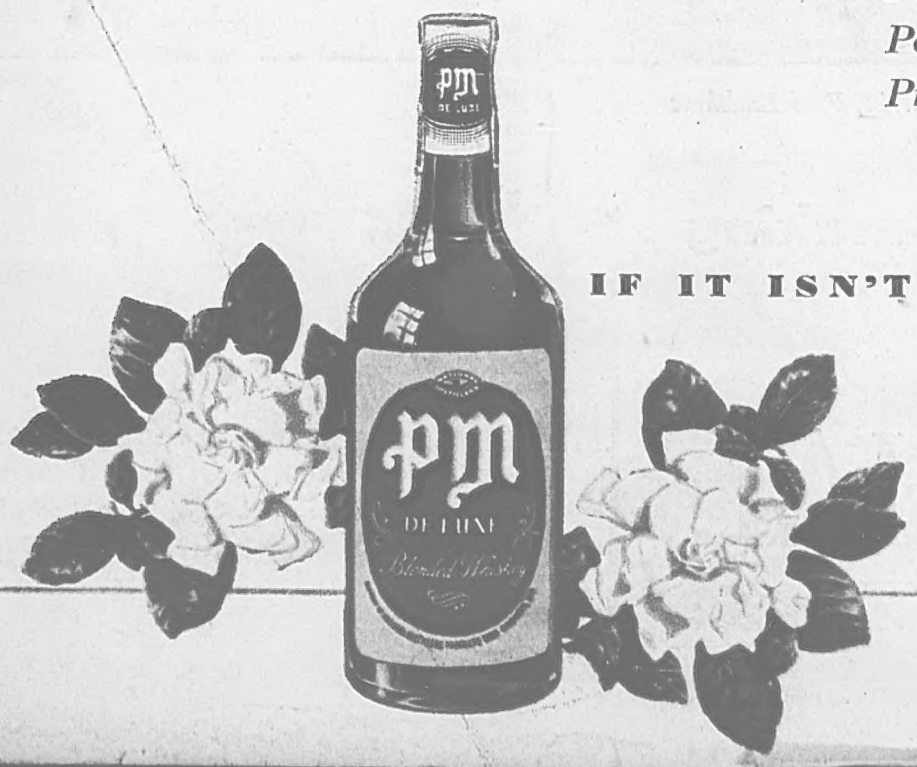

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